THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1[illegible] Benj. Franklin

APRIL 18, 1914 — 5cts. THE COPY

Government Telephones—By Will Payne

"FOREWARD": Here is a Kuppenheimer feature—the Foreward model exclusive and original with us—one of the most notable achievements in the clothing business in a dozen years. Designed to fit perfectly that large percentage of men—62% to be exact—who have a tendency to lean slightly forward. Not necessarily stoop shouldered but who carry the head and neck slightly forward.

You perhaps know by experience how a regular coat "kicks out" in the back, or pulls away from the neck, does not hug closely and fit accurately. The Foreward model does away with this difficulty entirely. It is based on exact data, gathered over a period of four years in over 3000 good clothing stores. This model does not differ from any of the other Kuppenheimer Clothes in fashion.

MEN: We want you to take particular note of this FOREWARD model, because it is typical of the things we are doing to raise the efficiency level of the clothing business.

Two years ago we stated our belief that more could be done than anybody was doing toward certain niceties of fit and tailoring that would still further increase your satisfaction in a good suit of clothes.

With tailoring shops, equipments and methods the most progressive, the most scientific in the world, we are working toward this definite end—that more men can go into the store, pick out a suit they like, put it on, and wear it—without the change of a button.

We wish you would do us the courtesy, and yourself the service, of calling on the Kuppenheimer dealer in your community. Ask to see the Foreward model, or some of the other models in your size, and especially adapted to your type of figure.

Our book, "Styles for Men," mailed on request

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO

Copyright, 1914. The House of Kuppenheimer

Big Ben

Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox

APRIL 18, 1914

Made in LaSalle, Illinois, by Westclox

YOU awake in the morning, snug and comfy, right where you are.—He's standing by your bedside, waiting, friendly, eager to help:

"The *morning tub* makes winning men, there's time to get it, says Big Ben."

"A *clean-cut shave* makes keen edged men, let's lather well, says Big Ben."

"A *short, brisk walk* puts blood in men—let's walk partways, says Big Ben."

You try it once, you try it twice—best thing you know—good old Big Ben!

He's punctual, he's loyal, he's big all over and good all through. Calls two ways—five minutes straight or every other half minute during ten minutes. $2.50 anywhere in the States, $3.00 anywhere in Canada. "*Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox*".

For Men, Women and Children

Trim, Neat Appearance Is Always Assured In Holeproof Hose

HOLES never show unexpectedly. And Holeproof fits the ankle perfectly. More than a million people wear Holeproof Hosiery because of its style, comfort and reliability.

But few know what it costs to *combine* such style with the comfort and "*the guaranteed six months' wear.*"

Please let us tell you. Then go try these hose.

Holeproof Hosiery

The Finest Cotton

The 32-cent yarn, which can be had in this country, is not good enough for Holeproof.

We buy only Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarns, and we pay an average of 74c a pound for them.

No maker can pay more. 74c is the average top market price today.

Thus we begin on Holeproof with the World's best material.

Our Expensive Machinery

Then we use in the making every modern machine regardless of what it costs us—even though such a machine betters only a single stitch.

Our Mercerizing machine, imported from Switzerland, and its equipment, cost us many thousands of dollars.

We spend *for inspection* $60,000 yearly—just to *guard against the smallest flaws in the finished product.*

Hosiery made like this cannot help but be better.

Let One Box Prove It

Six pairs of Holeproof will wear half a year without holes or tears. *That is guaranteed.* If any of the six pairs fail in that time we will replace them with new hose free.

Don't you want to *try* Holeproof?

Here are style, comfort and wear—in the sheerest weights if you want them—the finest hose made for men, women, children and infants.

It will be to your lasting advantage to prove it. Go do that today.

The genuine Holeproof is sold in your town. Write for the dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book that tells all about Holeproof.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Company, 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England

By Invitation, Member of HICE LEADERS OF THE WORLD ASSOCIATION

$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's; $2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's and children's; $1.00 per box for four pairs of Infants'. Above boxes guaranteed six months. $1.00 per box for three pairs of children's, guaranteed three months. $2.00 per box for three pairs of men's *silk* Holeproof socks. $3.00 per box for three pairs of women's *silk* Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed *three months.*

Holeproof Silk Gloves For Women

Write for the free book about Holeproof Silk Gloves, and ask for the name of the dealer who sells them. These are the *durable*, stylish gloves that every woman has wanted. Made in all sizes, lengths and colors. (535)

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 186 *PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 18, 1914* *Number 42*

GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES

By WILL PAYNE

PRACTICALLY all the telephones in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales are operated by the British Government; but the telephone is a much less extensive and important institution there than it is in the United States.

For example, the nice little boy in the blue-and-silver uniform who showed me to a room in the London hotel, manfully lugging a bag a full size larger than himself, pointed to a row of pushbuttons on the stand.

"When you want a valet," he explained, "you push this one; when you want a maid you push this one; when you want a waiter you push this one."

On the stand was one of those T-shaped telephones with the topheavy appearance of which the English domestic drama has made American playgoers familiar.

"But if I want a valet or maid or waiter I can telephone," I suggested.

The nice little boy regarded me with grave dubiety for a moment. Evidently telephoning for a servant was a novel idea to him.

"No, sir," he decided; "you must push the button."

So one discovers immediately that telephones in England are not so universal a means of communication as they are with us. I suppose there is no American hotel with any pretension to smartness that relies on pushbuttons.

When an American would telephone as a matter of course, an Englishman is quite apt to push a button, send a telegram, write a letter or dispatch a messenger. The greatest business institution in the British Isles is, of course, the Bank of England; and the only reference to this institution in the London telephone directory is as follows:

"Putney, 934. Bank of England Sports Club. Roehampton."

In lighter moments Englishmen may telephone; but when the sports are at work in Threadneedle Street they rely on more time-honored means of communication. To be sure the Bank of England is a peculiarly conservative establishment. Latterly no stranger may enter its doors except by bringing a satisfactory letter of introduction, and a rosy-cheeked giant in flaming gold-and-scarlet clothes stands at the portal to see that no unvouched-for stranger enters. However, the fact that the bank gets on very comfortably without a telephone shows the comparatively restricted use of that instrument in England.

For Business Purposes the Quality of the Service is More Important Than the Price

In January I was talking with the Chicago manager of an extensive business concern that has offices in several cities. The talk was interrupted by a long-distance telephone call.

"How do you find the long-distance service?" I asked.

"Very good now," he replied. "I often get New York in a couple of minutes. If it should be over five minutes twice running I should make a complaint. It frequently happens that I talk with New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and Cleveland—all within half an hour."

"But you have private wires?"

"Not at all," said he. "We simply told the telephone company that the amount of money they got out of us would depend entirely on the service they gave us. It is expensive, of course. Long-distance tolls in this office alone run five hundred dollars a month; but that isn't the point. With a fast, dependable service we can put through business with a speed that makes the toll bills inconsequential. A slow, uncertain service would be a nuisance at any price."

Slow Connections and Slipshod Service

I DO not mean that getting New York in five minutes is the Chicagoan's average experience. I do mean one can get that kind of service in the United States by insisting on it and paying for it. The main point is that for business purposes the quality of the service is more important than the price.

I remember a good many years ago hearing a broker denounce the telephone company—not because it charged him a hundred and fifty dollars a year for each of his six telephones, but because it did not charge him three hundred dollars and give him twice as fast service.

There is no question that the fast, dependable service possible in the United States is not possible in England. The government telephone system has not got it to sell at any price. A month after that Chicago conversation I was in the office of the London manager of an extensive concern and asked him the same question.

"Our English telephone service," he replied very soberly, "is the worst in the world. In talking to coast towns—say, sixty or seventy miles from here—if it is in the morning, when business is light, I expect to get the connection in ten or fifteen minutes. If it is in the afternoon it takes twenty, thirty, forty minutes or an hour. To get satisfactory communication with Paris we have two fixed calls daily—that is, at certain specified times in the day we get the Paris connection; and we save up our talking for those fixed times. Just before you came in I called Liverpool and got the connection in five minutes. Next time it may take fifteen, twenty or thirty.

"The charge here, you know, is for a three-minute talk. Two times out of three, I should say, at the end of three minutes you are cut off without warning. Then it takes longer to get the connection reëstablished than it did to secure it in the first place. The trouble doesn't seem to be with the equipment, but with carelessness at the exchange. You call: 'Regent, seven, four, three, two.' 'Seven, four, two, three,' says the operator. 'No, no; seven, four, three, two,' you say. She repeats 'Seven, four, three, two' very deliberately; then gives you Seven, four, two, three!

"The telephone service was never good here," my friend added. "After the government took over the lines it got decidedly worse. Recently there has been an improvement; and finally no doubt the post office will get the service in hand."

Government Ownership a Failure

I CHOSE this particular manager first, because he is an Englishman and a Liberal; but all of the many telephone users I talked with substantially agreed with him. It is true that blaming the telephone is a popular occupation everywhere. I would undertake to gather a bushel of telephone complaints in New York or Chicago in a day's time; but Americans complain of a good many things Englishmen would accept as quite satisfactory, while Englishmen would regard as intolerable other things that we take rather as a matter of course—and I do not think there is any doubt that the English telephone service is inferior to ours.

In January last, after the post office had been operating the telephones for more than two years, the Daily Mail inquired editorially:

"Why is it that government ownership management of telephones is practically always a failure? Why is it that for every thousand Europeans there is only one telephone, while for every thousand Americans there are fifteen? Why is it that not one of the many discoveries that have transformed the telephone industry in the last thirty years has emanated from a department of state? Why is it that throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain and the Continent hardly a single efficient long-distance service is to be found?" And so on to the extent of nearly a column.

True, the Daily Mail is an opposition paper and may be prejudiced; but very recently the Evening News has undertaken to tell the London public how to use a telephone. Its introductory announcement says:

"It was in January of last year that we first discussed the scheme with the authorities of the post office. The showers of criticism that have fallen since that time prove that the public have had very real grievances. On the other hand, the restrictions that are imposed on all government departments in the issue of statements to newspapers have prevented the telephone officials from replying or explaining.

"Now the Evening News has the distinction of being accepted as a medium between the post office and the great London public. . . . The scheme was postponed for a year at the request of the post office, whose hands were full as a result of taking over the National Telephone Company. . . . The post office will permit our special commissioners to have full access, with expert aid, to all mechanical plants, to see the workings of the exchanges, to inquire into matters that have led to complaints from subscribers. . . . Largely, we may say, the telephone problem is a new one in England. It has been neither studied nor used as it should have been, and as it is studied and used in America."

The Evening News, I may mention, claims to have three million readers and is an eight-page paper. At this writing it is giving up two full columns on the editorial page once a week to this new and important matter of instructing the public in the use of telephones,

explaining how mistakes and delays arise, and so on. This strikes me as interesting evidence as to the state of telephone service in London.

No doubt every newspaper reader knows that the British Government took over the privately owned telephone lines; and that fact is often cited as a precedent for the United States—as though for our government to take over the Bell System would be substantially what the British Government did. However, except that each country has a government and a telephone system, there is hardly a point at which conditions in the two countries are comparable.

In the first place the British Government had been in the telephone business for many years. Long before the purchase of the private wires its lines in London were in active competition with those of the National Telephone Company—the concern roughly corresponding to our American Telephone and Telegraph Company, or Bell System.

In 1901 the government made an agreement with the company which contemplated that it should take over the company's lines in London and amalgamate the two competing systems; in fact the year before the government did take over the privately owned lines the post office was operating nearly eighty thousand telephones in London, or over half as many as the National Telephone Company had in that city.

Moreover, a number of cities, such as Hull, Glasgow, Swansea, Brighton and Portsmouth, had municipally owned telephone systems; so years ago public ownership and operation of telephones was a well-established fact in England.

More important still, the National Telephone Company operated under a license from the British Government. This license was granted in 1881, to run for thirty years; and it provided that at certain periods the government might buy the company's plant and take over its business.

Thus there was always a perfectly simple, definite method by which the government could take possession of the privately owned lines. There could be no denial of this right or any dispute about it, because it was stipulated in the license under which the company did business. And at the end of thirty years the government could put the company out of business by simply refusing to renew its license. In its relations to the government the company was in the position of a tenant with an expiring lease.

Great Britain's Comparatively Simple Task

I NEED hardly point out how different the situation is in the United States. Our telephone company has no contract relations at all with the Federal Government. Its charters are derived from the several states. It is not dependent on Washington for any of its powers or privileges. In undertaking to buy it, therefore, our government would be in a position very different from that occupied by the British Government when it undertook to buy the National Telephone Company.

In 1905, then, the British Government was already in active competition with the National Telephone Company. There was nothing to prevent it from extending that competition indefinitely. The company's license had but six years more to run. At the end of that period it must go out of business unless the government chose to renew the license, in which case the government could exact such terms as it saw fit.

Naturally when the postmaster-general announced, in 1905, that he would take over the company's plant and business at the end of 1911, when the license expired, the company had nothing to do but acquiesce—and it had not very much to say about the terms, either. The terms were that the government would pay the value of the existing plant—or of such portions of the plant as it deemed suitable for its use—not at cost price, but at the valuation at the date of the taking over; in other words, at cost, less proper allowance for depreciation. It paid nothing for good will, earning power, value as a going concern, or any other intangible asset.

Of course the company made a protest; but its protest went for nothing. A select committee of Parliament, which considered the subject in 1905, pointed out that "it would be possible to put an end to the existence of the company in ways that would be most unfavorable to the company." In other words, the postmaster-general was in a position to enforce decidedly harsher terms, because the company, already under governmental competition and with an expiring license, was largely helpless.

The company signed the agreement that its plant and business should be transferred to the government on December 31, 1911; and at midnight of that date the postmaster-general took undisputed possession of the whole property—but without making any payment for it. The little detail of paying was deferred for more than a year.

The terms were that the present value of the physical plant be paid for. The company and the postmaster-general agreed that the first cost of the plant had been a little more than fifty million dollars—that is, that the materials, freight, labor, and so on, used in constructing the plant came to that much; but beyond that initial point they differed very widely.

For example, the company claimed over eight hundred thousand dollars as cost of obtaining right of way; the postmaster-general thought two hundred thousand dollars covered that item. The company asked over a million and a quarter dollars for rent of premises, insurance and maintenance of plant until it began producing revenue; the postmaster-general cut out that item altogether. The company claimed over ten million dollars for local engineering and administrative supervision; the postmaster-general allowed three millions. The company claimed ten million dollars on account of interest during construction, costs of raising capital and expense of obtaining subscribers to its telephone system—on the ground that nobody could set up a going telephone concern without incurring those expenditures; the postmaster-general denied all these claims. The company figured the depreciation on its plant at ten million dollars, and the postmaster-general at over twenty millions.

In short, though the principle on which the plant was to be valued was not disputed, and the original cost of the labor, materials, and so on, was agreed to, the company figured that it was entitled to receive more than a hundred million dollars, while the post office figured that forty-five million dollars was the proper sum—which indicates that there is always opportunity for a wide difference of opinion in valuing a large concern of this sort, even when the basis of valuation has been agreed on.

As the two were unable to agree, the matter was left to arbitration, as provided for in the stipulations; and the arbitrator was the Railway and Canal Commission, which is another department of the government. This is very much as though our government and telephone company, being unable to agree on the value of the telephone plant, should leave it to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Only the telephone company would hardly do that.

The postmaster-general mentions in his annual report, as though it were a rather remarkable fact, that the arbitration proceedings before the Railway and Canal Commission occupied seventy-four days; and I recall that some English newspapers commented on the circumstance as though legal proceedings continuing for seventy-four days were something extraordinary. At the end of that period the commission gave a judgment awarding the company sixty-two million dollars, or less than two-thirds of its original claim; and that practically settled it.

I have gone into this at some length in order to show what a simple thing it was for the British Government to take over the privately owned telephone lines as compared with our government's taking over the American lines. In seventy-four days, for instance, the first motion would not have been made in the United States in the first court.

Still more important is a comparison of what the British Government took over. As I mentioned above, it already had about eighty thousand telephones in London, and in acquiring the National Company's system it got about a hundred forty thousand more. It also got about four hundred thousand telephones in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, outside of London. In short, measured by the number of telephones, the system the British Government acquired was not a great deal larger than the combined systems of Chicago and Philadelphia. There are four million and a half subscribers to the Bell System in the United States; and the total number of telephones, I believe, is more than ten times the number taken over by the postmaster-general.

A Starved and Run-Down System

THE purchase price was sixty-two million dollars, which is a small matter as government finances go. Recently, in recommending government ownership of telephone lines in the United States, Postmaster-General Burleson submitted a report showing that the entire telephone system of the country has a capitalization of approximately nine hundred million dollars, but suggesting that the appraised value of the properties would fall considerably short of that. Yet it is very obvious that the purchase would involve an expenditure beside which the British Government's investment in telephones would appear insignificant.

Quite as important as the financial problem is the further circumstance that the employees of the National Telephone Company at the time of its acquisition by the government numbered eighteen thousand, while the Bell System reports a hundred and thirty thousand employees.

In that connection I may mention that when the postmaster-general announced his intention of taking over the National Company's plant and business he said nothing about taking over its staff. "But the staff," in the words of a contemporary review, "took up the matter energetically, both by direct representation and through members of Parliament," with the result that the postmaster-general agreed to take over practically the whole staff as government employees. The only exceptions, I believe, were a few higher officers receiving more than thirty-five hundred dollars a year each.

The government has had the lines two years and a quarter. To be sure that is a comparatively short time. When it announced early in 1905 that it would take over the lines at the end of 1911 the National Telephone Company very naturally stopped making extensions and improvements—or, rather, it kept capital expenditures as low as possible. If a landlord notifies a tenant that the lease will not be renewed the tenant naturally spends no more money on the property than he has to. There is no question whatever that if our Government seriously proposed to purchase the privately owned telephone system, the company that owns it would immediately begin taking out as much money and putting in as little as possible. Inevitably the service would suffer.

Thus the British Government came into possession of a plant that had been starved or meagerly fed. In the language of the postmaster-general, in his report for the

(Continued on Page 69)

In Striking Against a Government the Men Usually Have Public Opinion Against Them

HEART OF GOLD

By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE things you need for holding down a job as ticket seller in a box office are firmness and decision of character. A man comes up to the grilled window and wants a seat in the fourth row for tonight. You spin a stack of tickets under your thumb and extricate one while he gets his money out. Of course it is not in the fourth row, and the moment he looks at it he will see that it is not, because it is marked N 7 R.

There is no swindle about it, because when he asks you what row the seat is in you tell him it is the thirteenth; and of course if he shoves it back at you and wants his money you will give it to him. However, if you have executed your part of the transaction with enough assurance—if you have said thirteenth to him in a sufficiently inhuman, detached sort of way—the probability is he will look at you as though you were an automatic lunch-vending machine that had just handed him a ham sandwich when he thought he was dropping his nickel for a piece of custard pie; and he will go away puzzled, but harmless.

Of course with regular customers who have learned your name, who push their money in to you and say: "My regular seat, you know, old man!" you can afford to be different—almost human.

It was not a regular customer at the Globe, however, who worked his way up to the head of the line at the ticket window at the particular moment when this story begins. Indeed his preoccupied look suggested that he might not be a customer at all. People sometimes did come up to the box office to see whether they could buy a postage stamp, or to inquire the way to La Salle Street, or to ask for a small cash donation. And many people came asking to be passed into the theater free.

"If a Big Rube in a Paper Collar Comes Round Here and Asks for Mrs. Strong—Nothing Doing!"

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

The big, brown-faced, worried-looking young man outside the window did not precisely suggest any of those inquiries—did not look like a fool, or an incompetent, or a beggar, and not at all like a person who expected to get into a theater without paying his way. Obviously, however, he had more than a seat in the fourth row on his mind, and he had got as far as saying, after a momentary hesitation, "Could you tell me——" when the man behind the grille cut in with a "One? Tonight?" And taking the other's silence for assent, the ticket seller snapped out a ticket to him. "One dollar!" he concluded.

The big young man outside looked rather confused, cast a panic-stricken glance over the file of people who awaited their turn, plunged a hand into his pocket, rang a silver dollar on the glass, took his ticket and left the window.

The ticket seller was aware of him for a while longer standing about in the lobby in an indecisive sort of way, moving up toward the door now and then, but always shying off before he actually handed in his ticket. He had not the air of a person engaged in a struggle with conscience—wanting desperately to go in and equally desperately afraid it was wrong. Neither had he the look of one of those wabbly neurasthenics who never can make up their minds. A rather decisive young man ordinarily, one would have said. Finally, when the ticket seller was beginning to find the problem really irritating, the brown young man gave up his ticket and went in.

Even when he was fairly planted in his seat—and it was by the irony of fate a seat in the fourth row—when the curtain was rung up and the show began, still he refused to act like a regular member of the audience. He paid very little attention to what was happening on the stage, except for a look of profound distaste over some of Tom O'Hara's jokes, and a deep bronze blush now and then when a section of the chorus came on in costumes that revealed more than they left to the imagination. He scrutinized the audience a good deal, twisting round in his seat in a way that distinctly irritated his neighbors to right and left. Altogether it was an inexplicable way of acting in a theater.

"I'd like to know what's the matter with that big guy out there?" Tom O'Hara said to Zora Ffoliet as they made an exit together after one of their scenes. "Did you see him—that big sunburnt rube with the paper collar?"

"Could I see anything else?" said Zora vindictively. "Ask an artist to work against a thing like that! They ought to give him a free pass to the Salvation Army and send him on his way."

"What sort of looking rube?" Hazel Dering wanted to know.

Hazel was playing the title part in the piece. She was a slim, black-haired, green-eyed girl—an exotic Eastern type who found no difficulty in looking the dangerous adventuress—with the heart of gold, of course—that her part called for. She had not been on yet, was sitting on a property cotton bale they used in the second act for two ponies, dressed as pickaninnies—that is to say, in brown tights and tunics of bandanna handkerchiefs—to pop out of. As a seat in the wings it was rather in demand, because it was padded.

Hazel did not succeed in getting much of a description of the offending rube from Tom and Zora. She asked for particulars and they gave her indignation. A chump like that had no business to come to the theater! He was spoiling the house.

"But what does he look like?" Hazel persisted.

"He looks," said Tom O'Hara, "like a piece of cheese!" And with that he stalked off downstairs and Zora up, to their respective dressing rooms.

Old George Featherstonhaugh, who was almost as much of a fixture at the Globe as its owner Willy Lord himself, or as Freddy Boldt the stage manager—in his prime he had made a specialty of the bass parts in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas: the Colonel in Patience; Pooh-Bah in the Mikado; the Sergeant in the Pirates; and so on—George leaned back precariously against the cotton bale and demanded:

"Why this interest in the appearance of rubes when you have a better-looking man at your feet?" It was a high bale of cotton and he was at her feet, rather. But he meant no harm. That was old George's way.

"It gives me the Willies every time I hear of one!" said Hazel. "I'm worried about old Keziah."

"For heaven's sake, Hazel, cut it out?" said George Featherstonhaugh. "Worry about somebody else for a change. Worry about me. I need it. I'm getting fat. Have you noticed?"

This was jocular. He had weighed two hundred and forty pounds for the last ten years; but it was easy to understand his good-humored impatience.

Keziah Strong, the wardrobe mistress at the Globe, was a very well-loved old lady, but distinctly, so far as he could see, nobody to worry about. She was precious old, of course, and with her white hair and the maze of wrinkles that covered her square, competent, kindly, grandmotherly face she ought by all the sentimental laws of the fitness of things to sit by a baseburner in a white little New England cottage, knitting socks, instead of spending twelve laborious hours a day in a theater, taking care of the costumes. A certain amount of concern for her was natural enough. Hazel, however, as George Featherstonhaugh implied, was inclined to run the thing into the ground. She had adopted old Keziah from the first—a friendship that was almost as remarkable a phenomenon as Keziah herself. They lived together in a tiny flat somewhere on the North Side. Hazel's attitude toward her was as fiercely protective as that of a hen to its solitary chick. Woe to the chorus girl who tried to impose on the old lady's good nature—in the way of darning tights, for instance!

Hazel had been a chorus girl herself and there was not one of their tricks she did not know. She had a way of dropping into the wardrobe room two or three times in an evening, like a hawk into a flock of sparrows. She was reasonably popular among the ponies and the mediums, who average rather ambitious, smart and cleanly in their ways; but among the big, lazy showgirls she was anathema. I do not know why smartness and cleanliness and ambition should vary inversely as the size in a chorus—but they do.

"Put on the reverse English," George advised. "Let Mrs. Strong worry about you."

"What do you mean—worry about me? What's the matter with me?"

The girl had asked the question fiercely. The intensity of the stare her green eyes turned on the big Englishman's face would have disconcerted most men.

"Well, I worry about you," he said placidly. "You haven't looked right to me this winter. You've had that cold of yours for three months. What do you weigh?"

"A hundred and four."

"In that big fur coat of yours?" he asked.

"None of your business," said Hazel; but she reached over and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Look here, Feathers!" she went on. "You forget it! I'm all right—see? So don't try to start anything."

"Right-o!" he said, though not very enthusiastically, at the end of a little silence; and he scrambled up, with her pretended assistance, to a seat beside her on the property cotton bale.

"Blaze away!" he said, puffing. "What's the matter with old Keziah now?"

"It's her son," said Hazel, "her 'boy Newton.'"

"Well, that's something to worry about all right," George mused, "if he's like some I've known. Why do you suppose it is that the best kind of people like that—and they don't come any better than old Mrs. Strong—have such rotters for children?"

The girl did not look at him, but she gave him a friendly little pat and took up another angle of the subject:

"She's the best there is, all right! You said something then. Look here! What do you know about this? She falls in love with a guy. . . ."

"Wait a bit," said George. "Old Keziah, you mean?"

"You bet," said Hazel. "Listen! She waited for him fifteen years. They were engaged that long—fell in love when they were kids. His mother—she was a lulu, all right—wanted him to go into a bank; but he decided he ought to go to college, and he worked his way through because the old lady wouldn't let him have any money. And then there was a couple of years more when he was studying to be a doctor. He gets through with that, and they are all ready to be married when his mother gets a stroke or goes silly or something, and he has to take care of her. She has a dislike for Keziah and has fits whenever

her name's mentioned. The doc's got a brother who did go into the bank, but he digs out for Boston, and there is nothing doing for Keziah until the woman dies. But she waits all the time—fifteen years—and then they get married. They're married just one year and he dies."

George made sympathetic noises preparatory to speech, but Hazel did not mean to be interrupted just yet.

"No—listen!" she said again. "A month after he dies she has a kid—this boy Newton of hers. Her husband's left her a house with a pretty good yard round it and two thousand dollars of life insurance. Well, then the brother turns up—the one that lit out to Boston. He's married to a swell dame there and he's got all colors of money; and this is what he says: He says: 'Give us the kid. We haven't any of our own. Without him you'll get along all right—ten dollars a month from your insurance, and this house and yard. Think what you'll be doing for the boy! He'll get a swell education, make his friends among the upper classes—all that sort of thing!'

"Well, Keziah tells him to go to hell! 'I'll give him as good an education as you can,' she says. 'He's all of his father that I have left and I'm going to keep him.' So the brother gets sore and goes back to Boston and never lifts a hand for her.

"And Keziah gets up out of bed and goes to work. She's worked ever since. She says this job of hers in the theater's a cinch—and I guess it is to her. Why, she used to go out sewing all day—every day—for the other women in the town. And, on the side, she ran her house and cooked her meals and took care of that boy of hers—made all his clothes till he was fifteen—and kept a garden and raised chickens and a few pigs. She punched in every morning at five A. M., and from then till she hit the hay at ten she never stopped work. She never touched one cent of that life insurance. That just stayed warm and cozy in the bank, piling up interest.

"Well, and when the kid's twenty years old she pulls it out of the bank and hands it to him. 'There!' she says. 'That's what your father left to you. You can go to Amherst College, where he went; and when you get through you'll have enough left to make a start.' And what does he say? 'I don't want to go to Amherst,' he says. 'I've had enough of this stick-in-the-mud New England. I'm going out West.' And she never makes a holler—gives him the money and lets him go.

"She sticks round for a while all by herself, working away just the same. And then, all at once, she does a getaway. I never asked her why. Something must have happened, you can see that—maybe her neighbors got nosey and found out something the kid had done out West. It must have been something fierce or she wouldn't have sold her house and her furniture, and come to Chicago all by her blessed old self; never knew a soul here, or thought she didn't; had an idea, she said, of putting an ad in the paper—Plain Sewing Done.

"And then—what do you know about this?—just as she gets off the train she walks right into the boss—there in the station. He's just starting out for the Coast. It seems she knew him when he was a boy. He came from her town himself; and he wants to know what she's doing out here, and she tells him—asks if she can do any plain sewing for him. And he laughs—can't you hear him—and gives her a job as wardrobe mistress. She's never been in a theater before—front or back."

"It would be interesting to know what she thought of us, just at first." George was smiling over the idea. "Some shock, I should say."

"Not a bit," said Hazel. "She's too blessed innocent. Don't you see? She just took us all right in, without stopping to ask whether there mightn't be something wrong with us." She said it a little unevenly. "Gee!" she concluded after a reflective little silence.

"Her kid must be a prize pippin, all right," said George Featherstonhaugh, "to let her work like that. What's he doing?"

Something about mining, Hazel thought. Old Keziah was not very definite about it.

"Grafting on her all the while, I suppose?" George suggested.

"Sure!" said Hazel, "though she keeps it dark from me. She never let me know that she sent him a sou. She's a tight old party with her information. Never told me this story, except a teaspoonful at a time—when she thought I needed it, I guess. And I did, all right—you can take it from me!"

"You're a good scout, Hazel," George said irrelevantly after a little pause while the bustling chorus crowded past them on to the stage to work up her entrance cue.

The girl slipped down from her cotton bale, and the next moment he alighted heavily beside her.

"I don't know!" she said with a worried shake of the head, reverting to the mystery of the boy Newton's occupation and presumptive misdoings. "He's got her goat all right. She gets a letter every Monday morning and it looks to me as if she was scared. She waits for 'em and she don't open 'em for a while, and her old hand shakes so she can hardly do it when she makes up her mind to. And then she presses her old lips together and goes off to the theater and never says a word; but I think she's sort of expecting him to turn up. Every time the doorbell rings or the telephone goes she gives a jump."

George muscled up a big right arm reflectively.

"Well, if he does come," he said, "and starts any rough stuff, just tip me off, will you? I think I could just about settle the hash of that kind of a Johnny."

"He won't have any hash to settle when I get through with him," said Hazel; and then mechanically she uttered the peal of light-hearted laughter that was supposed to prelude her entrance to the stage.

She had no trouble finding the big rube. It would have been impossible to avoid seeing him. He was so big and so unhappy that he stuck out of the audience like a sore thumb. He was spoiling the house—there was no doubt about it. The chill he radiated for half a dozen seats in each direction would have been invaluable in a cold-storage plant, but it was a deadly thing in a theater.

Hazel did not get indignant about it, though, as Tom and Zora had done. She smiled a little inside over the look of cold disapproval with which he regarded her; and when she lighted a cigarette, swung herself up on a table and crossed her legs—as all adventuresses do in all musical comedies—his look of shocked disgust was something she half liked him for.

The reason for this negativeequivalent to liking lay in the conviction which had grown up in her mind that he could not be the person whom, on Keziah's account, she dreaded. A boy who had cheerfully taken all his mother's earnings and skipped to the West would not be acting like that. He would be very dressy, trying to show his class by sitting in the front row and wigwagging a date with one of the showgirls.

Really I think she might have got it a little straighter than that—might have got some inkling of an idea that there was something to be said for the Western wanderer; that to be the conventionally dutiful and protective grownup son to a strong-bodied, iron-willed, independent old lady like Keziah was no easy job.

Hazel had, of course, no data for his career after his departure for the West. She had never heard of the Colorado School of Mines nor of the profession of mining engineer. She had read in the Telegraph all about the miner who came staggering out of Death Valley with a million dollars' worth of nuggets, and who tried to blow it all in on the way to New York and back.

"I'm Tryin' to Figger it Out"

Consequently her notion of a miner was of one who lighted dollar cigars with ten-dollar bills, chucked gold-pieces to the bellboys at the Waldorf or the Annex; and, to a certain sort of the members of her own profession, represented what they would make a first choice of if a fairy turned up and offered them three wishes.

This was Hazel's idea of a miner who had struck it. Until he had struck it he was—see almost any of the Western moving-picture films for her authority—a good-hearted vagrant putting up an ineffectual struggle against temptations of various rather vivid sorts; panhandling his way about among his contemptuously tolerant comrades and given to sentimental, teary memories—reënforced by looks at an old locket—of a lonely, pathetic, white-haired old mother back in God's country.

She, of course, supposes him dead, and lives—in the shadow of a mortgage—on occasional donations from the kindly villagers.

Then, just as the mortgage is foreclosed and she is being turned out into the street, a noisy party comes joyriding by in an automobile and she recognizes her son that she thinks has forgotten her. It turns out that he has thought her dead, too, and is trying to spend a thousand dollars a day of his newly acquired wealth to drown his grief. So he begs her forgiveness and takes her to live in a palace.

It had annoyed Hazel a good deal that the story of Keziah and her boy Newton would not work out like that. There was no chance for Newton to present the well-worn alibi, because obviously he knew all about his mother—where she was, at any rate, and presumably what she was doing, as was proved by the letter from him that came every Monday morning, with the same Arizona postmark on it.

Why was he not adventuring about, looking for something? Did he expect a mine to come and climb up into his lap? Well, then, what was he doing year after year? Could it be possible—no, it flatly could not!—that he had struck it rich already?

Hazel, you see, her mineralogical lore being derived wholly from the movies, had never even heard of the sort of mine that was just a big, uncompromising mountain all seamed and fissured with streaks of green rock that had to be dug and blasted out of it—rock which, when ground and slimed and separated and roasted and smelted, produced copper and silver and lead and zinc and other uninteresting elements in varying proportions to the ton; of a mine that wanted money and patience and hard work, and then, insatiably, more money and more patience and more hard work, before it even began to yield up its treasure to you.

A mine, to Hazel, was a little pocket in the rock into which the thirst-parched and half-delirious prospector reached an emaciated arm and began pulling up irregular nuggets about the size of base balls, of pure twenty-four carat gold. The moment before you found it you were penniless—desperate. The moment after you found it you were rich beyond the dreams of a stage multimillionaire. One day you were perishing for a crust of bread—the next you were buying an automobile, a racing stable, and a palace on Fifth Avenue.

So obviously Newton had not struck it. He would not be piking round Obelisk, Arizona—or whatever the name

"Look Here, Feathers! You Forget It! I'm All Right—See?"

of the place was—grafting on his mother if he had. Presumably he was too lazy and too worthless to go out into the desert and parch and starve until he found the predestined pocketful of nuggets that Fate had stowed away there for him.

And if he came back without having struck it—what would he come for? Why, of course, because, having got tired of the hardship and the monotony of Obelisk, he hoped to be able to persuade his mother to finance him in some other experiment.

There would be repentance, of course, and a hard-luck story, and then a scientific touch for the old lady's savings—the whole amount if possible.

At this point in her reflections Hazel ground her teeth—mentally, that is to say. Actually she was smiling her most beguiling smile on Tom O'Hara, who played the gilded scion of the Newport society swell, and murmuring seductive nothings in his ear. She had played the part two hundred and twenty-five times and, like the other principals, was safe to go through her lines perfectly, so long as she never stopped to think what she was saying. As said, she ground her mental teeth and took a vow that the boy Newton should not get away with that project of his if she could help it. If she could just manage, when he turned up, to see him before Keziah did, she might be able to get rid of him altogether.

The big rube out in front gave her a moment of misgiving during the finale to the first act by reaching down under his seat for his overcoat, indicating thereby that he was not going to be in front for the second act. Could he be the boy Newton, after all? And was he coming back to see his mother during the intermission? It might be well to play it safe.

She could not stand guard over the stage door herself, because she had to dress; but Bill Flynn, the fireman, was a good friend of hers, and to him she confided her difficulty.

"Bill," she said, "if a big rube in a paper collar comes round here and asks for Mrs. Strong—see?—nothing doing! Don't call her. Call me!"

"I got you!" said Bill.

But Hazel had thought of something.

"Don't holler out his name," she said. "I don't want Mrs. Strong to know he's here."

"Shoot him?" suggested Bill.

This did not mean assassination. When you go to the stage door at the Globe and tell Bill Flynn the name of anybody you want to see, he shouts that name in a voice that penetrates to the remotest dressing room and follows it up with your own. If the distant voice of the object of your visit shouts back "All right!" Bill tells you to wait. And there you stay in the draughty little vestibule until some one comes to rescue you or until you contract pneumonia and go away. But if the voice says, "Shoot him!" then Bill with the utmost cordiality tells you to come in and directs you to the dressing room of the person you want.

"Yes," said Hazel after another moment of hesitation, "shoot him along. Better come with him and see he don't get lost. Anyhow, no matter what he says or does, don't let him get a look into the wardrobe room."

Then she flew off and dressed hurriedly, keeping her kimono handy to dive into in case the rube came. She did not much expect him; still had a good deal of confidence in her theory that when Keziah's son did turn up he would be a very different sort of person. When the intermission passed without any alarms she considered the incident closed.

A blink through the peephole in the curtain just before they rang up on the second act showed a vacant seat in the fourth row. Hazel grinned at herself for feeling a little sorry that the rube had not stayed long enough to discover that she was not really a terrible adventuress, but had a heart of gold after all.

She was not on at the rise in the second act and scuttled into the wing when they rang up, to wait for her cue, which came in three or four minutes. And so completely had her misgiving about old Keziah gone out of her mind that when the stage door into the alley opened behind her and she heard a man's voice asking Bill the fireman whether Mrs. Strong was there, she spent half a second wondering who it could be that wanted old Keziah. Then she flashed round, saw Bill wigwagging to her, and behind him, in the shadow of the little vestibule, the rube.

II

WHAT Hazel had not calculated on, you see, was the fact that a man might walk all round the block looking for the right alley to the stage door; and that a man unaccustomed to such things, with a nightmare fear that, after he found the door, if he opened it he might come right spang out onto the stage in full view of the audience, would hesitate away a good many precious minutes before he actually appeared over Bill Flynn's horizon.

Anyhow there he was, asking for Mrs. Strong. And Hazel's cue came in three minutes! She sprang down the few steps that led to the little vestibule and seized the stranger by the arm.

He stared at her in downright horror and turned appealingly to big Bill Flynn.

"It's Mrs. Strong I want," he said. "She's my mother. I want to see her right away."

Bill looked doubtful. The average John coming round to the stage door and trying to scrape or claim an acquaintance with a chorus girl had no chance at all with big Bill. He withered them up and blew them out into the alley with the mere breath of his scorn. But this sunburned young man, who wanted to see his mother and was apparently very much in earnest about it, was another pair of shoes.

"I'm No Sarah Bernhardt or Eva Tanguay—or Anybody Like That: But I Guess I Can See Old Keziah's Ante All Right"

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Why shouldn't he see her? What was Hazel butting in for anyway? This train of thought the girl read in a flash.

"Come along!" she said. "I'll take you to her." And she led the way down the stairs at a pace that left the doubtful and still-scandalized rube far behind. "Come along!" she called impatiently, and then looked along the passageway to see that the coast was clear.

Luckily the wardrobe room was at the other end and there were no signs of Keziah appearing from it. Her own dressing room was at this end—the next one off the passage—and she swung the door open and motioned to him to go in.

"Wait here," she said. "I'll call her. She'll be here in a few minutes."

He balked in the doorway. To tell the truth, one could not wonder at that; but she gave him a nervous push that sent him in clear of the door and slammed it behind him. Then, two at a time, she took the stairs and got to the head of them just in time to hear her cue. She was nearly a second late and Freddy Boldt, over at the O. P. side, was having a fit. She would have to explain to him later.

She sailed out on to the stage and began giving the audience intimations of the heart of gold that underlay her hard and mercenary exterior. If Newton Strong had been in his seat out in the fourth row perhaps he would have been touched; but, shut up in Hazel's dressing room down below the stage, he was, I think it is safe to say, the most utterly confounded man at that moment inside the city limits.

Twice that evening since his train had reached Chicago he had—he would have said—tested his capacity for surprise to the limit; but both times he would have been mistaken.

He got the first of these staggering surprises when he rang the bell at a little apartment on the North Side and was told by a Swedish maid-of-all-work that Mrs. Strong was at the theater.

Now they regarded the theater in East Weston simply as one of the wide-portaled vestibules to hell; and, though Newton had more or less shaken off this view—indeed had visited the theater three or four times himself in Denver—still, the notion of his mother's going to such a place was received at first with sheer incredulity. But the calloused indifference with which the Swedish maid stuck to her assertion—"Mrs. Strong ban gone to the tayater"—was irresistible.

He would have entertained the suspicion that he had not got the right address if a glimpse over the maid's shoulder into the little sitting room had not revealed an old red-plush photograph album that took him back to East Weston with a poignancy that almost hurt.

"I don't suppose you know what theater?" he said dubiously.

"Ya," said the maid, "Globe Tayater."

She said it with a funny singsong, and he repeated her words to make sure he had it right.

"The Globe Theater? Do you know where it is?"

She shook her head with an expression of amiable vacancy, and then, not having the information he wanted, supplied him with something else that would perhaps do just as well.

"Her ban go all tame."

"All the time?" said Newton with a grin. "Do you mean every night?"

"Ya," she said, and nodded.

Of course that was too ridiculous to pay any attention to. However, it is one thing to shake your head when a fly buzzes in your ear, and another thing to get rid of the insect. The buzzing continued all the way downtown, and it connected itself in his mind with occasional passages in her letters that he had not been able to understand—lapses apparently into a slang the source of which he could not imagine.

The posters in the lobby made it difficult to believe that his mother had selected this as a place of entertainment. The only alternative was that she was employed here in some capacity or other. It was equally impossible either way. He thought out his question to the ticket seller rather carefully in advance; but, as you know, the ticket seller did not give him a chance to ask it and he went inside simply because he did not know what else to do. The fact that no one was buying tickets when he went out into the lobby at the end of the first act encouraged him to try again. "Could you tell me where I could find Mrs. Strong?" he asked.

"Stage door," said the man inside without losing count of a stack of tickets.

So Newton, hardly believing his senses, explored the alleys of the neighborhood, found the stage door, found big Bill Flynn, was set on, seized and kidnaped by the daring adventuress he had seen on the stage, and was now shut up—for what purpose he could hardly surmise—in the adventuress' dressing room.

To Newton that eight-by-seven dressing room was the most starkly, shamelessly immoral place he had ever found himself in. Hanging from hooks, thrown over backs of chairs—lying about everywhere—were articles of feminine apparel: garments that had been taken off; garments that were about to be put on—things that were intended to meet the eye and things that obviously were not—things that he, as a modest young bachelor, was ashamed to look at. And not a rag among them all—for his eye

(Continued on Page 48)

The Trail of the Tammany Tiger

IV

By Harry Wilson Walker

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

CHARLES F. MURPHY succeeded to the leadership of Tammany Hall under particularly trying circumstances. During the Croker régime Murphy had not been considered one of the leaders whom Croker depended on for advice, though he was regarded as one of the best district leaders. His district was known as the Gashouse, and was situated on the East Side of Manhattan Island, running from Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third. He confined his efforts entirely to this district and never mixed much with general politics, except to help keep George B. McClellan in Congress.

He had previously been in charge of the same district for the County Democracy and was one of Maurice J. Power's best lieutenants. Murphy never had much to say, and he was considered by his associates to be an extremely bashful man.

He had started in life as a driver of a bob-tailed street car on the East Side, and afterward became a bartender. At the time he was made the Tammany district leader he owned the saloon.

Murphy Has No Particular Adviser at the Present Time

To give an idea of Murphy's standing I will relate an incident that occurred the night of a minor election during the Van Wyck administration. Murphy's district had done better for Tammany than any other. After the returns were in all the leaders visited the Democratic Club to receive words of approval from Croker. I happened to be seated at the same table as the chieftain when Murphy came in and took an obscure place in the corner of the café. Some one came to Mr. Croker and reported that Murphy's district had done better than the others, and I called attention to Murphy's presence. Croker called out so that everybody present could hear him:

"Charlie, I congratulate you!"

"Thank you, Mr. Croker," answered Murphy, who blushed like a schoolgirl. He really was very much embarrassed by Croker's compliment.

The leadership of Lewis Nixon was almost impossible, though he worked very hard. He was regarded as an outsider and his brilliant record in the navy proved to be of no advantage to him. Tammany would have no man who had not come up through the ranks from a district leadership. Besides, even Croker's friends believed he was put in the place as a dummy for Croker. Nixon got into a row with Van Wyck's friends, who wanted to make the ex-mayor Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society—the owners of the Tammany Hall building on Fourteenth Street.

Murphy in Command

WHEN the meeting to select this officer was held John J. Scannell, Croker's most intimate personal friend among the leaders, made a sensational speech supporting Van Wyck. He referred to Van Wyck's loyalty to the organization. Then, pointing his finger at a group of men who had held the principal offices under Van Wyck, he said:

"You fellows ought to be ashamed of yourselves. No mayor who ever lived—except Van Wyck—would have had the nerve to appoint any of you chaps to office."

Van Wyck's defeat for Grand Sachem roused a bitter feeling in the organization, and shortly afterward Mr. Nixon resigned the leadership in a fit of disgust. The executive committee of Tammany Hall then formed a triumvirate, consisting of Charles F. Murphy, Louis F. Haffen and Daniel McMahon, to administer the leadership. Former Chief of Police Devery made New York laugh heartily over an interview he gave out on the affairs of Tammany Hall. He said that Tammany Hall was ruled by a sport, meaning Murphy; a joke, meaning Haffen; and a two-spot, meaning McMahon. At the same time Devery announced that he was going to become the leader of the district formerly represented by John C. Sheehan.

The divided responsibility did not work well and after a few months Charles F. Murphy was made the full-fledged leader, largely through the influence of Big Tim Sullivan. Murphy went about his work very quietly at first. One of his first objects was to form an alliance with William R. Hearst, whom he sent to Congress. There was not very much opportunity for him to display his qualities, because Mayor Low still had a year to serve. Murphy was almost wholly responsible for keeping George B. McClellan in Congress. They were warm personal friends, and it was no secret in Tammany Hall that Murphy had his heart set on electing McClellan to succeed Mayor Low. Murphy put great value on McClellan's name and from the very start was confident he would be elected.

McClellan used to refer to Murphy as "dear old Charlie," and Murphy would blink.

Before he had been leader many months, Murphy induced Bourke Cockran to reënter Tammany Hall; and that brilliant orator became Murphy's closest adviser. It was also prophesied that Cockran would return to Congress for Murphy's district after McClellan had become mayor. The old Croker guard were indignant that Cockran, the bitter foe of Croker, should be taken back into the fold.

Then, to make them still more angry, Murphy began to cultivate former Sheriff James O'Brien, who had tried to convict Croker of murder. There was a general belief that Croker would not be able to control his indignation, and that he would suddenly appear in New York some day in the near future and subject Murphy to the same treatment he had meted out to John C. Sheehan.

All this time Croker was saying in his English home that he was through with politics forever. Even his old friends doubted this. Finally the time drew near for the nomination for mayor. McClellan had been in Europe for over six months. Murphy was having a trying time with Hugh McLaughlin, the Democratic boss of Brooklyn, who did not like McClellan and opposed him. However, Murphy had enough votes to control the city convention, and after a stormy scene in the convention McClellan was nominated on a ticket with Edward M. Grout and Charles V. Fornes, who were serving respectively in the Low administration as comptroller and chairman of the Board of Aldermen.

These two men had already been renominated on the ticket with Mr. Low, who was again the Republican and Fusion candidate for mayor. Mayor Low and the Republican organization were indignant that Tammany should appropriate two of their nominees, and Grout and Fornes were forced off the Low ticket. The McLaughlin machine also repudiated the nominations of Grout and Fornes, and for a time the situation was greatly mixed. It was feared that McClellan would lose Brooklyn by such a large majority that the majority he received on Manhattan Island would not be sufficient to pull him through.

Patrick H. McCarren, one of McLaughlin's ablest leaders, bolted the McLaughlin organization and took with him a majority of the leaders. To the surprise of everybody, McClellan carried Brooklyn and had a good majority in the other boroughs, making the total majority about sixty thousand.

McClellan started in as a strictly Tammany mayor, Murphy naming most of the appointees, while McCarren made the selections for Brooklyn. Mayor McClellan appointed a great many personal friends, some of them being old friends of his father, General McClellan. McClellan took a large house on Washington Square, which up to a few years before had been the center of the aristocracy. The mayor avoided the Democratic Club and did not mix very much with Tammany men, except during office hours.

McClellan had not been in office a month before the preliminary presidential campaign of 1904 was opened. I had learned that Mr. Bryan would not be a candidate and I set to work to boom McClellan, as it was then apparent that the Wall Street Democrats were lining up for Judge Alton B. Parker. I supposed at first that Murphy would be for McClellan and I am sure McClellan thought so too. Murphy, however, announced that he was in favor of the nomination of Grover Cleveland. This was absolutely absurd, because I knew from men like John G. Carlisle and others, who were in close touch with Mr. Cleveland, that he had no thought of running again; and I also knew the National Democracy well enough to realize that he could not be nominated. This was good strategy, however, if Murphy had not been altogether serious, because the brand of Tammany was a source of weakness to McClellan.

I had arranged to start his boom in the Middle West, where the old soldiers who had served under General McClellan, as well as their offspring, were numerous. I accompanied the New York delegation to Washington early in February, where the Democratic National Committee was to meet for the purpose of selecting a place in which to hold the national convention. This was Murphy's first appearance in national politics. A committee, of which I was a member, was appointed. When we arrived in Washington—several hours late—there was a terrible snowstorm.

The meeting of the committee had been called for eight o'clock; but as Murphy was snowbound it was decided to hold a routine meeting at nine o'clock. Former Mayor Van Wyck presided at the meeting and Senator McCarren, who was now the undisputed boss of the Brooklyn Democracy, was selected to present the claims of New York before the national committee the next day.

A Bunch of Frightened Millionaires

AFTERWARD Van Wyck and myself went to Senator Gorman's house, and when we returned to our hotel we found the Tammany end of the New York delegation almost in a panic. There were several millionaires among them, and these rich men were more alarmed than some of the most humble members of the committee. They said that Murphy had arrived and was in a furious temper. He was reported as having said that it was an outrage and insult that a meeting should have been held without his presence. One of the millionaires was so alarmed that he took the midnight train back to New York, so as to avoid meeting Murphy. We were all about to go to bed when Murphy came over to the hotel and, to our agreeable surprise, greeted Van Wyck in a most cordial manner. We repaired to the café, where we stayed most of the night. I never knew Murphy to be so talkative. He said he had been annoyed because the meeting was not postponed until his arrival, but that his annoyance was entirely with McCarren, as the Brooklyn man had received a telegram saying at exactly what hour he—Murphy—would arrive, and that he ought to have made that fact known.

As pleasant as Murphy seemed to be, I became convinced that there was strong jealousy existing between McCarren and himself, and I spoke of it afterward to Van Wyck; but he scoffed at the idea. Murphy was exceedingly affable during his stay in

The Whole Spirit of the Times Is Opposed to the System That Controls Tammany Politics

Washington, but he had absolutely no acquaintance with the national leaders; and when I introduced a number of them to him he acted like an awkward schoolboy.

Before we left Washington I learned the secret of the row between McCarren and Murphy; and, though it continued up to the hour of McCarren's death, nearly six years afterward, the origin of it has never been printed to my knowledge. A year previous to this Judge Parker and Senator Hill had pledged McCarren to Parker's support. McCarren told Judge Parker then that he did not know how McLaughlin would take it, and it might mean that he would have to break with McLaughlin and the Brooklyn organization in order to carry out his promise. Shortly after McClellan's election Murphy told McCarren that Tammany Hall was opposed to the nomination of Judge Parker for president and said he expected the Brooklyn Democracy to join Tammany in opposition.

"I have been pledged to Judge Parker for over a year," answered McCarren; "and unless Judge Parker releases me I cannot very well break my word. However I will explain the situation to the judge, and if he agrees to it I will work with Tammany in national affairs as I have in local matters."

Meantime McCarren spoke to Judge Parker; but the judge held him to his pledge. It was not until McCarren met Murphy in Washington that he gave him an answer. This was what produced the outburst of anger on the part of Murphy that the committee supposed was caused by their having held a meeting previous to his arrival. The day of the national committee meeting McCarren mixed freely with all the national leaders and espoused the cause of Judge Parker.

Murphy played a very inconspicuous part in the assembly of Democratic statesmen. Through Van Wyck he gave out several interviews stating that Tammany believed that Grover Cleveland would be nominated at St. Louis.

Big Tim Sullivan Was the Most Powerful Man in Tammany Hall, Next to Murphy Himself

The state committee was called to meet at Albany shortly after this for the purpose of arranging an early state convention, and there was a lineup between the Parker and anti-Parker forces. On this occasion Murphy made an alliance with William J. Connors, of Buffalo. Bourke Cockran was the Tammany spokesman. The lineup in the committee was very close, Senator Hill being in command of the Parker forces. Former United States Senator Edward Murphy had remained out of the fight until the morning meeting of the committee. To the surprise of the Tammany people he threw his influence to Parker. This was taken as an indication that Croker was not backing Charles Murphy in national politics.

When the state convention was held the delegates were instructed to vote for Parker under the unit rule, though Murphy, through Cockran, fought to the last ditch against those instructions. Just before the St. Louis convention Murphy was carrying on a flirtation with William R. Hearst, who was also a candidate for president.

The Murphy-McCarren Unpleasantness

MURPHY did not cut very much of a figure at St. Louis and he returned home disgruntled. Early in the campaign he visited Judge Parker at his country place. Judge Parker explained to the Tammany leader that he wanted all the factions in Greater New York to get together, and that he hoped that Mr. Murphy and Senator McCarren would have a meeting.

At the mention of McCarren's name Murphy lost his temper and, getting up from his chair, said:

"I will have nothing to do with that man McCarren."

Toward the middle of the campaign Murphy again visited Judge Parker, and the presidential candidate once more spoke of the necessity of harmony in Greater New York. "I want you and Senator McCarren to sit on the platform together at the Madison Square Garden meeting," said Judge Parker.

"I said once before that I would have nothing to do with McCarren," said Murphy. "I will not even sit on the platform with him."

After the defeat of Judge Parker it was known among McClellan's friends that he was chafing under the Tammany yoke. However there had been no open break with Murphy. McClellan's administration was personally popular and it looked as though he would easily be reelected.

Meantime the legislature had made the term for the next mayor four years, the same as it was in the case of Van Wyck. In several public speeches McClellan made he talked more like a reformer than a Tammany man; but it was supposed that it was part of the game he was playing. There was no opposition to his renomination, but he surprised everybody by appearing at Carnegie Hall just after he received his renomination, announcing that he was going to be the mayor, and that he would take orders from no one. Very few of the politicians who heard him believed at the time that McClellan meant what he said.

The newspapers had been urging McClellan to follow the example of Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia. Just before McClellan's nomination I wrote a letter to a New York paper that was continually calling on McClellan to follow Mayor Weaver's example, in which I said that if McClellan got another term he would be an independent mayor, and that he would never do anything that would place a blot on his great name. I submitted a copy of this letter to McClellan before it was printed; so I knew very well he was ready for a break with Murphy.

On account of the great social prominence of the McClellans the mayor was on terms of intimacy with leading financiers, particularly with Mr. Morgan. I had heard from time to time that Murphy's unexpected calls at the McClellan residence were a source of embarrassment to the McClellans socially. At this time Mrs. General McClellan was living with her son. She was a proud and forceful woman. I have heard it through so many sources that I believe the final break between Murphy and McClellan came after a visit of the former to the McClellan residence about two weeks after McClellan's second election.

According to the story, Mr. Murphy did something which offended both Mrs. General McClellan and the mayor's wife. At all events this was the last visit the Tammany leader ever made to the McClellan home. Immediately after that Murphy left New York and spent some time at a health resort. When McClellan made his appointments, after being inaugurated as mayor the second time, everybody knew that the young mayor and the Tammany leader had parted company and would travel different roads.

McClellan lined up with McCarren, who was known to represent Wall Street interests at Albany. For the next four years Murphy had rather a hard time. He had, with his brother and another relative, engaged extensively in the contracting business. The principal contract was the excavation for the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in New York. He and his associates were frequently embarrassed by orders issued by the McClellan officeholders; and on account of the financial interests' being friendly to McClellan it was very difficult at times for Murphy's firm to borrow money.

McClellan set out to destroy Murphy politically by starting district fights, but he made poor headway. There were two reasons for this—the first being that when Devery was elected district leader Murphy obtained a decision from the Supreme Court declaring that the majority of the executive committee alone could pass on the eligibility of its membership; so that Murphy, having the majority of the executive committee, could keep an unfriendly leader out.

This decision also was sustained by a state convention, which had unseated the Devery delegates. In the second place, even those who did not fancy Murphy's leadership held that McClellan had no moral right to destroy the political power that had created him. He had not only served several terms in Congress by favor of Murphy but Murphy had elected him twice as mayor. President Wilson and Governor Glynn will not make this mistake.

McClellan also had other embarrassments. William R. Hearst, who ran as an independent candidate for mayor, had a suit demanding that the ballot boxes should be opened and claiming that a recount would show that he—Hearst—had been elected. McClellan made the great mistake of opposing this. Had he insisted on a recount, as it turned out afterward, it would have been shown that he was elected by a safe plurality. Even had it been shown that Mr. Hearst was elected, McClellan would have been so popular that he could have been elected governor, because Hearst could not under the circumstances have put up a telling opposition.

William R. Hearst Had a Suit Demanding That the Ballot Boxes Should be Opened

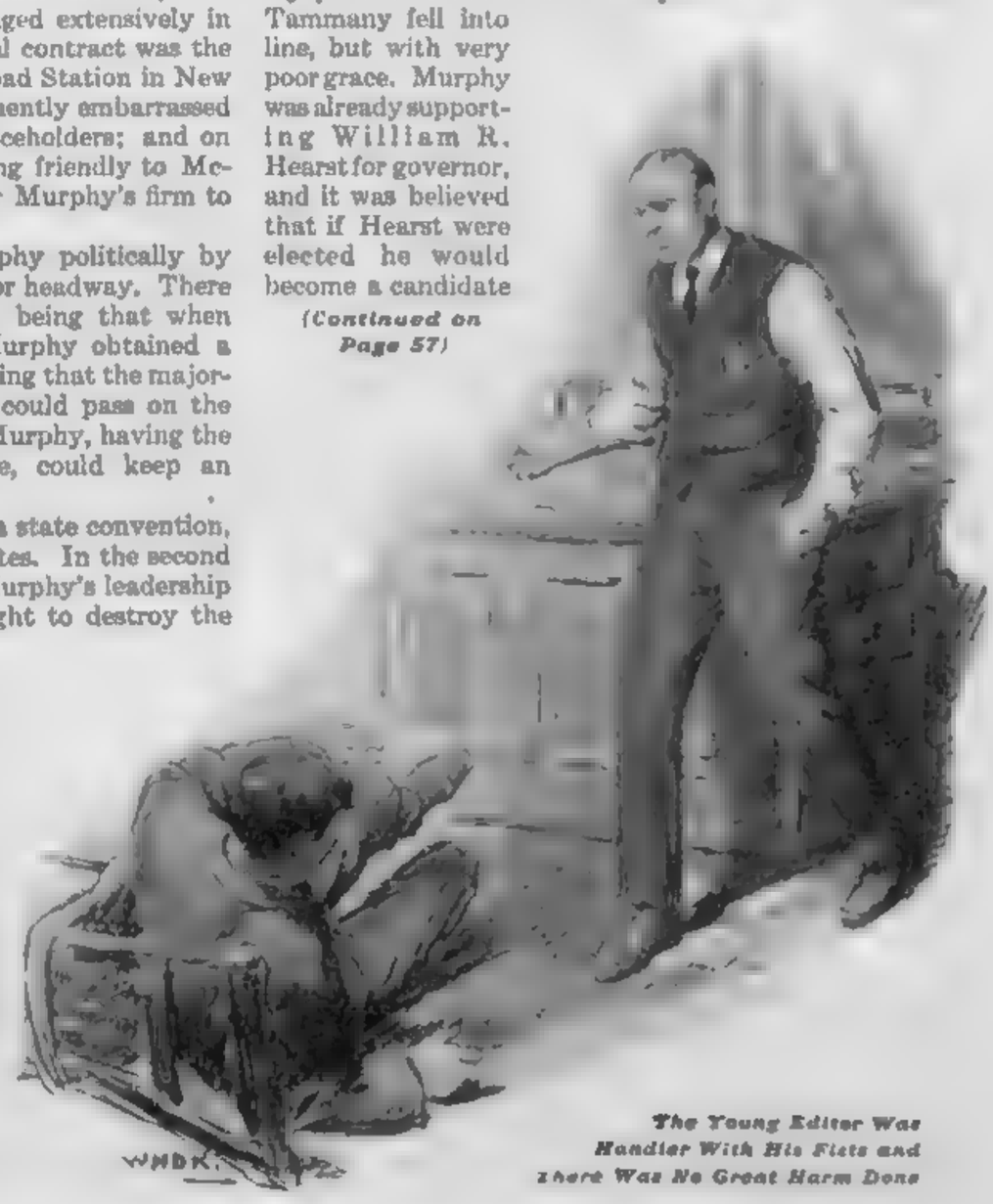
I still continued to hold a city office, Van Wyck, Low and McClellan having refused to accept my resignation, largely on the ground of personal friendship; so I felt myself to be a free agent. Mr. Bryan was making a tour round the world and I saw that he was regaining his popularity. I determined to start a movement to bring about his third nomination for president. Without consulting anybody I wrote to Mr. Bryan proposing that I should get up a monster reception for him on his arrival in New York the following August. The letter reached Mr. Bryan at Constantinople and I received an answer from him in which he agreed to my plans.

A Demonstration for Bryan

THE first anybody knew of them was when they were announced by the press association. The day the announcement appeared Mr. McClellan sent for me and told me he hoped I would be successful. Inasmuch as the police department would play a great part in the handling of the crowds I announced the fact of the mayor's approval. Murphy immediately showed his hostility and his newspaper organ for months did its best to hold me up to ridicule. I counteracted this by securing a letter from Croker, who by this time had taken up his residence in Ireland. Croker was enthusiastic and immediately I had the support of the old Croker guard.

Another piece of luck was that several Democratic state conventions were held shortly after the announcement of my plans and indorsed Mr. Bryan. At the last minute Tammany fell into line, but with very poor grace. Murphy was already supporting William R. Hearst for governor, and it was believed that if Hearst were elected he would become a candidate

(Continued on Page 57)



The Young Editor Was Handled With His Fists and There Was No Great Harm Done

JUNK

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

"Keep Her Going S'long as You Can. She'll Save These People Anyway"

CAPTAIN SINGGOLD, ruddy of cheek and white of hair, came into the busy office of the superintendent of the American & Asiatic Line. He seemed disturbed and in doubt whether to pass on to the big desk whence the big company's ships were ruled.

"Good morning, captain!" said a brisk voice. "I haven't seen you for a long time."

"It is a long time," Captain Singgold confessed. "There isn't much pleasure for a retired skipper in coming down to an office where he's got his mail for forty years and doesn't get it there any more."

The cashier nodded and went on:

"The boss wants to see you, captain. You'd better just step in."

As Singgold passed through the gate the cashier remarked to his assistant:

"Looks as hearty as the day he retired from the service. He's commanded some great packets in his day."

When he reached the superintendent's desk that official rose and shook the captain's hand very heartily.

"I'm glad to see you," he roared.

Captain Singgold smiled slightly, for the voice of the superintendent was famous across two oceans. It seemed good to hear it again and he looked squarely into the eyes of the big man who had been his superior for so many years.

"Yes, sir; I am glad to see you, captain," the superintendent went on. "And I'm glad to see you so hearty. I have a command for you—your old one, the Chittagong."

"But—the rules of the company—I was retired at the age limit. What do you mean?"

For the moment the superintendent seemed embarrassed. To Singgold's amazement, he lowered his great voice to a husky whisper:

"Well, captain, the Chittagong's been retired too. You were commander of her for thirty years and I—I thought you might like to take her to Newport News."

"Sold, sir?"

"No; she's going to be broken up for scrap, captain."

There was a long moment's silence. Singgold stared at the dark ceiling. The superintendent fussed with some papers before him. Presently he went on in the same husky whisper:

"You see, the good old packet is unseaworthy. Inspectors refused to pass her without repairs that would cost enough to half build a new one. She's had her day; she's been the boast of the fleet. I hated to do it, but I told the directors that the best thing we could do was to get rid of her. They agreed with me. But no other line is going to run her. We're just going to break her up and sell the scrap. There isn't going to be any disgrace attached to the Chittagong's name after she's run thirty years without a black mark against her. And I said to myself: 'Captain Singgold can take her round.' You know you commanded her from the time she was built until you retired. I thought mebbe you'd like to—to kind of take care of her to the end. The directors agreed, captain."

Singgold's red cheeks grew redder. He passed his clean, brown, capable right hand down his white beard.

"It's kind of you, sir. I'd like to do it."

"Confound it!" roared the superintendent. "This office is no place for sentiment—no place for sentiment, captain. Come outside, sir!"

Out in the echoing pier shed Captain Singgold gazed across through an open door at the lofty fiddlebows of the Chittagong. He saw that she had not been painted after her last voyage, and there was an air of dishevelment about the steamer that had once been the pride of the San Francisco waterfront.

"She'll need a coat of paint," Singgold said quietly.

"Paint?" roared the superintendent. "Paint! What do think you're going on—a yachting tour?"

"She's paid for it," said Singgold. "She came in the Golden Gate all spick and span. The line ought to let her go out looking better than a coal barge."

"All right. Paint her!" bellowed the superintendent. "But I won't talk to you another minute. You'll be asking for new awnings and new engines in a minute! You take her just as she is. The company isn't going to spend another cent on that pile of junk. No; I won't listen to you. I'll paint her, but she goes as she is—not a new bit of line; not a new boatcover; not anything more. She's junk.

"One thing more, captain: she's insured for just what the scrap will bring. I don't want any fancy tugboat fees or salvage payments for her. If she gives out, get out yourself and let her sink. You've no passengers and no freight except some steel scrap out of the fire, that we took for luck and ballast. You'll have your old engineer—Charles Bales; and you'll take as mate a nice chap that's going back into the White Star. Now not another word, captain. Sail five days from now—Sunday."

Singgold swung round and held out his hand.

"I brought her in on a Sunday."

"What the deuce do I care about that?" bawled the superintendent, giving every symptom of intending to strike Singgold. Instead, he shook his hand.

"I'll move my stuff right down," said the new master of the Chittagong.

"Chief Engineer Bales is already aboard," the superintendent bellowed. "The chief officer, Mr. Masters, is already at work. I am going to give you three thousand tons of coal and six months' supplies, with a little leeway. Good day, captain! See you Sunday morning!"

Singgold stood motionless for a moment. Then he went up the maindeck gangway and stood in the shadows of his former command for the first time in two years.

Came a grimy officer down the alleyway, who stopped and said:

"Pardon me, sir. Have you business here?"

"I'm Captain Singgold—just appointed master. I take it you're the first officer?"

"I'm Mr. Masters," was the respectful reply.

"Ah!" breathed the skipper, brushing his beard. "What shape is she in, Mr. Masters?"

"I've got her pretty well cleaned up, sir," returned the young man; "but we're going to sea short of stores. However, under the circumstances I suppose we can't expect anything else. Will you go over her with me, sir? Then I'll have an idea of what you want." He hesitated bashfully and then continued: "I understand you brought her round from the East."

"I did. Now I'm going to take her back."

Masters said no more, but led the way forward and the two of them examined the Chittagong from the chain-cable well to the fireroom.

"That bulkhead abaft number two hatch never was very strong," Singgold remarked as they stepped out into the broad space between the boilers.

"But it never gave, sir, yet."

"No; but I always nursed her in a heavy sea. One time I thought she had buckled on me—that was in the typhoon of November, '91. She is a good seaboat. Have you attended to everything aft?"

"Yes, sir. I'm restowing that scrapiron. It was simply dumped out of the slings."

"Very well," Singgold answered. "I am going in now to see the chief engineer. I leave the stowing to you."

It struck Singgold that the engine room was strangely quiet. The huge machines were motionless—not even the sanitary pump was working; but by the scarred desk beneath the great steam valve a bowed and ancient figure was stooped over the slate.

"Hello, chief!" said the captain.

The engineer turned a seamed face to his old shipmate.

"Is that you, Cap'n Singgold?" he rasped. "You see us fixing her up for her last voyage."

"I'm taking her round," was the quiet reply.

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Bales, laying down his chalk. "You don't say so! You know that fellow Marshall, who was chief of her since you and I were laid off, has scamped everything. If them engines hadn't been kep' as well as I kep' 'em, they'd be lying down and resting. He never put any new bearings in anything. Looks as if these machines had been through a fire. And the superintendent laughs at me when I ask for stuff. Says he: 'You run her round the Horn and that'll be all.'"

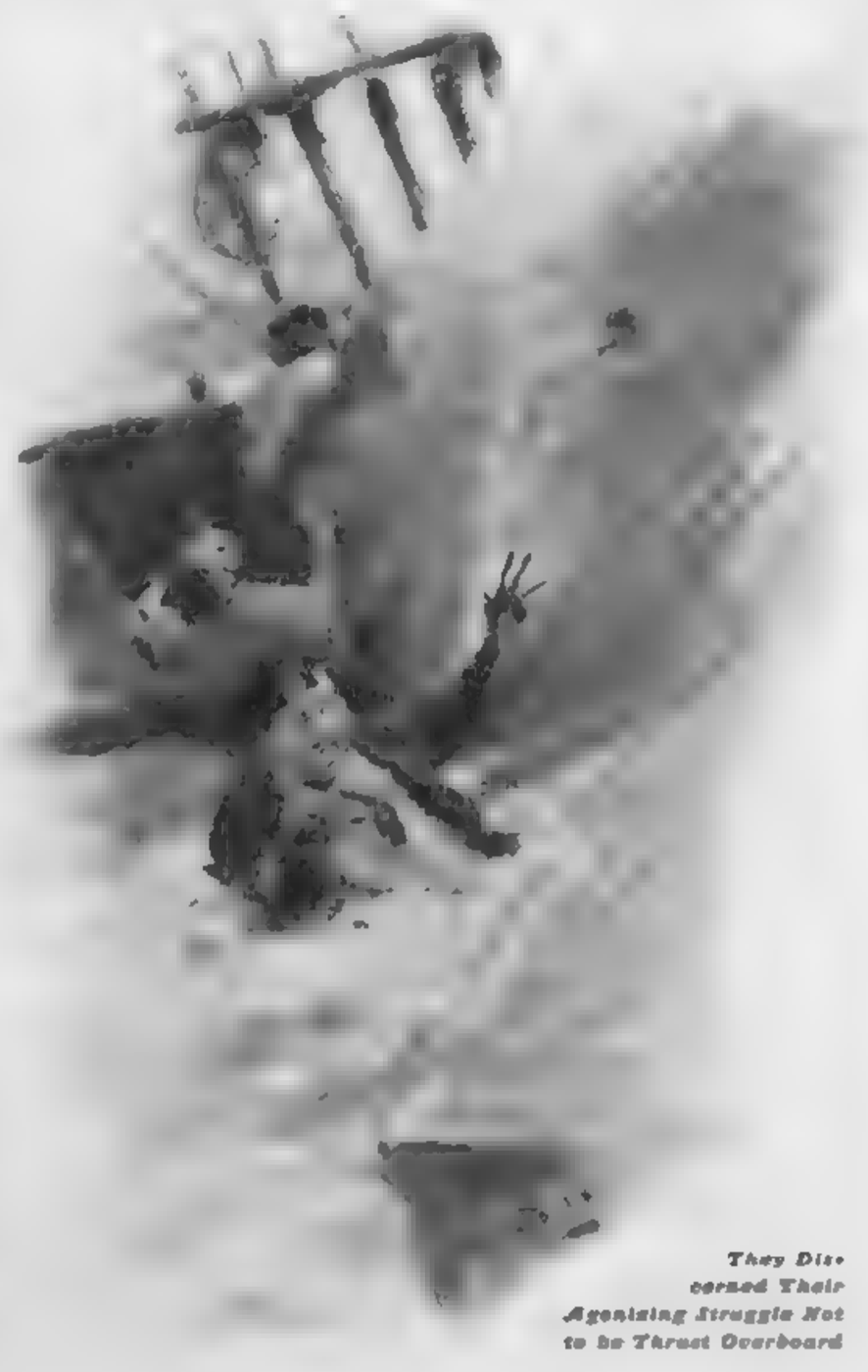
Singgold stared into the shining steel faces and the two old men seemed suddenly fallen into a strange immobility. High up between the low and intermediate cylinders an oiler tapped irregularly away on a valve.

"Do the best you can, chief," said the captain presently. "Let's help her to make her last voyage without trouble. You keep a good watch below here and I'll con her home. See you Sunday!"

With an alert step the old skipper went up the shadowed ladders to the boatdeck and swung down to his old quarters under the bridge. He opened the storm door and entered. The same swivel chair stood before the old mahogany desk and the same wardrobe rested stiffly against the rear wall. Singgold looked it over quietly and then took off his hat. It was a silent salute to his ship.

This done, he stepped out, closed the door and went down on the pier. He passed through the ruffle of freight and out into the bright light of the street.

Mechanically he stopped to buy an evening paper. The first thing that met his



They Discerned Their Agonizing Struggle Not to Be Thrust Overboard

eye when he was seated in the street car that was to carry him to his modest hotel was an item with the headline:

FAMOUS OLD LINER IS THROWN ON SCRAPHEAP

The American & Asiatic Steamship Company has decided not to make the repairs to the Chittagong ordered by the United States Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers last month. The Chittagong has been in the Oriental and Indian trade for thirty years. She was commanded most of that time by Captain Theodore Singgold, now retired on account of age.

The Chittagong will leave for Newport News on Sunday and on arrival there will be broken up for scrap. With her departure San Francisco Bay will lose one of its most interesting features. It will be remembered that in 1898 the liner took General —— to the Philippines—and it brought his body back not long afterward.

Captain Singgold's mind ran back over the thirty years he had commanded the Chittagong. He recalled a hundred names famous on three continents; the faces of lovely women; the hearty laughter of genial men; the handclasp of friends. Also there developed before his eyes the alluring figure of his wife, the pink, curled fingers of their child. And all were gone! He and the Chittagong had lived their brisk and romantic life. Remained

"Taylor Street!" cried the conductor.

Captain Singgold straightened himself and went down the aisle of the car. He looked neither to right nor to left. He stepped off and arrived on the curb. There he paused, with heavily wrinkled brows. What remained? What was left of that strong and proud life he had successfully lived? He bowed his head. "Junk!" he murmured bitterly, and went on up the street to his little hotel.

Sunday morning the Chittagong lay easily in her berth. She shone with fresh paint and her brasswork was gleaming. From her huge funnel clouds of black smoke poured upward. At her main truck flew the blue peter.

The chief officer met him respectfully at the gangway.

"The superintendent is waiting for you in your cabin, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Masters. You have the ship looking like a bride. Be ready to get your lines in."

In his own cabin the superintendent greeted him with a boisterous:

"Hello, captain!"

"Good morning, sir," returned Singgold. "Can you wait until I put on my uniform?"

"Sure!"

With deliberation the captain took his carefully pressed dress uniform out of his locker and attired himself. Then he put his gold-braided cap on his white head and nodded briskly.

"You sail in half an hour, captain," said his superior. "Here's your papers and coal orders, and so on. Now I want to have a minute's chat with you. As I told you, this is business. We've insured her for one hundred thousand dollars. As scrap she'll bring us a hundred and fifty thousand. See? If you can't make it the whole way to Newport News don't spend any money on salvaging her. Just let her go. Of course I want you to get her in safe and sound; but"—he laid a heavy hand on Singgold's shoulder—"you're more to us than the old Chittagong. Don't risk life! This isn't that kind of a trip. This is a funeral. The corpse is dead anyway."

"I understand perfectly," rejoined the captain, his red face paling slightly. "The two of us came to San Francisco together and we're leaving together. I—I appreciate your not selling her."

"Sell her!" bellowed the superintendent. "When I've stood on that pier down there a hundred times and seen you warp her in, with all safe and sound and shipshape? Sell the best packet that ever sailed the seas? Man, don't you remember I took my wedding trip on the Chittagong?"

In the little silence that followed both were staring out the open door at the sparkling bay. Up to them came the rumble of trucks, the harsh cries of officers, the busy noises of the pier. Suddenly the superintendent held out his big hand. Captain Singgold grasped it. They looked into each other's eyes a moment and then the superintendent lifted his hand in salute and went silently away.

"Mr. Masters," said Captain Singgold to the chief officer as he came up, "please get your lines in. Let me have the second mate on the bridge. Ask the third to see that all is clear in the slip."

"Yes, sir," said Masters, and hurried off.

Captain Singgold slowly climbed the bridge steps, went to the engine-room telegraph and pulled the lever to Stand by! Then he went to the end of the bridge and peered down. The lines were being hauled in. The superintendent was standing looking up, open-mouthed, breathing deeply.

"All clear, sir!" came a sharp cry.

"Set the engines half astern," said Singgold to the second officer.

Slowly the Chittagong began to yield to the pull of her propeller and her great bows withdrew from the street combing.

"Good-by!" bawled the superintendent, taking off his stiff hat.

The captain waved his hand and then reached for the whistle cord. Out of the huge brass cylinder roared the steam—once, twice, thrice—Good-by!

Slowly and carefully, as he had done for thirty years, Captain Singgold straightened his vessel out and headed her for Angel Island. She lifted to every beat of her engines—a light, buoyant lilt; and her commander's eyes grew dim. He knew now why she had been condemned.

He was stirred from his reverie by the sound of whistles on every hand. San Francisco was bidding farewell to the ship that had been so long her pride. Singgold glanced back over her. Every bit of gear was in its place. She shone with white paint. The superintendent had done well by her. More than a hundred and fifty times Singgold had conned her down the bay, shining and beautiful. Now, on her last voyage, she was adorned as if a thousand passengers thronged her decks—but there was no one this time.

Again the captain pulled the whistle cord and once more the great blasts rang out triumphantly in answer to the greetings of the various fleets. The people on a Sausalito ferryboat waved handkerchiefs. An incoming Japanese liner dipped her ensign. But beneath all the clamor Singgold heard that steady pulse of yielding frames.

He swung her until the Golden Gate gleamed dead ahead, and sighed. Suddenly he turned to the second officer and asked harshly:

"What ticket have you?"

"Master's ticket, sir," was the ready response. "I am Halsey—been running in here as mate on sugar boats."

"Good, Mr. Halsey," was the response. "It is a long voyage, and Magellan Strait sometimes needs careful navigation. I have always made it a rule that both the chief officer and the second shall work out the day's reckonings separately, and I shall compare them with my own. I will relieve you now so that you can get forty winks before noon. Please ask the third officer to report to me."

When the third officer came on the bridge Singgold scanned him carefully. He was trim of figure, but his face and the wrinkles about his eyes told of hard sea service. When he answered the first question addressed to him the captain nodded his satisfaction. He had good men with him—men that knew the sea and would face it unflinchingly.

At noon the Chittagong was far off Pigeon Point and her course was laid to pass outside the Santa Barbara Islands. Captain Singgold went down and sat at the head of the table, where he had sat for thirty years. The chief officer and the chief engineer sat one on each side of him.

"She's rompin' along, sir," remarked the engineer.

"She sure can travel, sir!" added the mate. "We'll make a quick trip of it."

Captain Singgold stared about the empty saloon and did not answer. Memory was filling all the seats that swung vacantly before him—the girl who had crossed to be married to a man who had died of cholera a week before she reached Hongkong; the little missionary girl who timidly bowed her head at each meal and asked a blessing; the tender face of his wife; the grim visage of Captain Miner, coming home after losing his ship and a hundred passengers; the austere figure of General ——; the slender hands of that woman whom nobody knew or spoke to.

And under it all he felt the unmistakably palsylike tremor of the old Chittagong returning to the place of her birth, honorable in her ending as in her beginning. He rose, his meal half finished, and went to his room. There he sat him down in his swivel chair.

"It'll be a month to the Horn," he thought to himself, "and forty days from there to Newport News. The weather will be bad down South."

He rang the bell for a steward and sent him to find the chief engineer, who came quietly, handling a bit of waste in his palm—a saturnine figure, indeed.

"Sit down, Charlie," said Singgold gently. "Light your pipe."

"Like old times!" Mr. Bales remarked.

For a long time the two old men smoked in silence, tilted back in their chairs and nodding to the easy pitch of the steamer. Then the chief engineer laughed harshly.

"We're going home in style, cap." Singgold grunted and brushed his beard. "Yes, sir," said the engineer; "I've got as chief fireman 'Big Bill' Mahoney, that came out with us, and there are six others who made the trip when we brought her round. Boson Tom Allen is with us too. Wonder where the boss managed to pick 'em up."

The captain leaned forward alertly.

"'Big Bill' with us? And Tom Allen? I didn't notice. Maybe ——"

"It's not accident," said Mr. Bales. "The boss went to some pains to give us pretty much the same old crew that we came out with. The old Chittagong is going home in style."

There was a knock at the door and the wireless operator came in and saluted.

"A message, sir."

Very slowly Captain Singgold opened the envelope and read the words of the message. He studied it for a moment and handed it to the chief. Mr. Bales read it aloud in a slow, harsh voice:

SAN FRANCISCO. Office.

Good luck and a successful voyage to the Chittagong and Captain Singgold and Chief Bales and all the officers and crew. Good luck! AMERICAN & ASIATIC.

Memory Was Filling All the Seats That Swung Vacantly Before Him

"All right, son," said the captain to the waiting operator. "I'll bring you a message soon. What'll we say, Charlie?" he asked.

The chief engineer smiled bitterly.

"Tell 'em 'No flowers'!"

"No," was the slow reply. "They're doing their best by us, Charlie Bales. Now we must think up something to say."

There was a long pause. Then the captain swung round to his desk and wrote, in a large, easy hand, a message, which he handed to his companion.

The chief fixed his smoke-fumed eyes on the paper and his harsh voice rasped the words out:

S. S. CHITTAGONG, at sea off Monterey.
American & Asiatic,
San Francisco.

In behalf of officers and men I present the compliments of the ship and our thanks—from one and all—for kind wishes. SINGGOLD, Commander.

"That'll be polite," the captain said. "You and I have sailed from Pier A for a good many years, Charlie, and they've been good to us. Remember when Ruth died? She wanted to be buried at sea, so—so's she could always be with me; and the boss himself took the Chittagong out beyond the Farralones and gave her honest sea burial. He blew the three whistles himself."

Bales rose and knocked out his pipe. Without a word he strode to the door, opened it and passed into the darkness.

"Poor Charlie Bales!" murmured the whitehaired skipper. "I hadn't ought to 'a' said that, seeing Gertrude ran off while we were in Hongkong, and he came back to find a For Rent sign on his house. I certainly hadn't better open my fool mouth again. The last kiss she gave him was right in this room here!"

He pressed a button and presently a waiter appeared. To him the captain spoke briefly:

"Tell the boson I want to see him."

Presently entered a grizzled seaman, who saluted and stood at attention.

"Sit down, Tom Allen," said Singgold quietly. "We brought the packet out, didn't we?"

The boson seated himself and answered briefly: "Yes, sir."

"And now the same old crowd is taking her back, Tom."

"She's a good ship yet, sir," Allen said earnestly.

"We're all old," returned the captain. "You've made about a hundred voyages in the Chittagong with me. I just wanted to tell you I was glad to have an old—an old friend in charge of my crew."

"There's more of us for'ad, sir," said the boson. "There's Jimmie Snow, as was storekeeper that maiden voyage, and the four quartermasters was all with us, sir; and below in the engine room there is more of us."

"How's the rest of the crew, Tom?"

"Very good, sir. Old-timers, sir. None better, sir."

"All right, boson," said Singgold; and the seaman rose and left the cabin.

When he was gone the captain rose, too, and opened the door that led into the wheelhouse. He went slowly up the steps and peered at the man at the wheel.

"Does she steer well?" he demanded.

"Same as she always did, sir," was the reply. "She was always a willin' creature, sir."

For half an hour Captain Singgold stood and watched the run of the dark seas. The great jib-boom rose and fell with rhythmic power and the deck trembled faintly to the trampling of the engines. In the southern sky Venus burned like a lamp. Far inshore the lights of Gardena glowed faintly. Singgold's keen old eyes searched for the loom of Cypress Point, and when he had detected it he went back to his own cabin to sign the reports of mate, steward and engineer.

This done, he studied the rating of the chronometers and then sat down to reverie.

He was roused by the whistle of the tube from the bridge. He reached for it and said:

"What is it?"

"Cypress Point, nine miles on the beam, sir, at eight-thirteen."

"All right," the captain answered, and rose and looked at the barometer.

It had fallen three-tenths; he pursed his lips in surprise and went quickly to the bridge. The third officer was leaning far out over the rail, evidently intent on something ahead.

"What is it, son?" the captain demanded.

"Steamer ahead, sir; barely see her masthead light. I think it's the Rose City, sir."

Rapidly the light grew brighter; then appeared the glow of her saloon and deck lights; then the flicker of the port and starboard lights.

"Call the quartermaster!" said Singgold.

In response to the officer's shrill whistle an old man came up the steps. Without turning his head the captain commanded him to tell the wireless operator to get into communication with whatever steamer it was and report to him.

"I'm talking to the Rose City, sir," Sparks reported a minute later.

"Present my compliments to Captain Mason and tell him I wish him a pleasant voyage."

Quickly the big liner ahead forged into full view, foamed abeam, and through the night came the bellow of her three whistles. Singgold answered them with three long blasts and resumed his watch.

"Mason is a young fellow with big commands ahead of him," he thought to himself. "I'm on my last voyage!"

When the Day Was Fully Come the Chittagong Was Plunging Through the Mountainous Seas at a Good Sixteen Knots

He sighed. A moment later the wireless operator came on the bridge with another message. Singgold opened it and read its contents by the light in the chartdesk:

Good luck to you, Captain Singgold, and a happy voyage to the Chittagong! Bad weather off Arguello and heavy gale blowing, with heavy sea running. MASON.

"Son," said the old captain, "you must stand an all-night watch tonight. Pick up any news you can find and let me know how things are going round us. Will you please ask the chief officer to step in?"

"Mr. Masters," Singgold said curtly when the mate appeared, "Captain Mason sends a wireless that the weather is bad off Arguello. He says, too, that there is a heavy sea running. Is everything snug?"

"Yes, sir."

Involuntarily both fell silent, listening to the sound of the sea and feeling the wavering tremor of the Chittagong.

"She never used to behave this way," said Singgold presently. "She must be very weak, Mr. Masters."

"She is, sir," was the quiet response; "but we'll have it fairly smooth when we get into Santa Barbara Channel."

The captain pondered this; then picked up the speaking tube and called the watch officer.

"Where are we?" he demanded.

"Just off the southerly point of Carmelo Bay, sir," came the answer.

"We'll be off Arguello 'bout six in the morning," Singgold remarked. "Of course we could turn the engines up and make it a couple of hours sooner; but—I don't know about that."

"The hull isn't as strong as it used to be," suggested the chief mate.

"That is true," was the reply. "Well, you are tired and I won't keep you any longer."

When Captain Singgold entered the chief engineer's cabin Mr. Bales looked up and pointed to the lounge. He sat in full uniform, with his cap drawn over his eyes. He seemed incredibly old and worn and weary.

"How are the machines?" asked Singgold gently.

The engineer looked up and shook his head.

"I daren't turn up more'n eighty-two, cap. Even then they work on the plates a mite. Worn out!"

"Well, it swings us along twelve knots an hour, and that's fast enough for such a long cruise," was the reassuring response. "Bad weather down below us. Rose City passed the word a while ago."

"I rigged Jim Mahoney's racing gear on her ten years ago, you remember," the chief went on. "Jim's gone; but his gear is still good."

"Well, I'll handle her myself if we run into a gale of wind," Singgold replied. "She never failed me yet. Remember that gale we rode out off the Hawaiians twenty years ago? Only the old Chittagong could 'a' stood it."

"I was on the working platform thirty hours running," said Mr. Bales slowly. "Ye know I always thought that storm kind of weakened her. She never was so lively after that—not that she didn't do her work all right."

After an interchange of a few more perfunctory remarks Captain Singgold got up and went out on deck. The wind was very fresh and the great bows were now and then smothered in foam. It had grown thick and he could see but a little distance. He went to his cabin, donned his oilskins and sou'wester, and mounted the bridge.

"The glass is falling still," he announced to the third mate.

"Sea's rising fast," the officer returned respectfully; "but she is some seaboat, sir. Still, I'll bet there's plenty of weather ahead."

Until the second officer came on watch at midnight Singgold stood motionless in the lee of the canvas shelter on the weather side. Then he strode uneasily up and down, glancing now at the crested seas, now at the overcast sky. Finally he halted near the second mate and asked abruptly:

"What do you think of the weather, Mr. Halsey?"

"Bad!" returned the officer. "I've traveled this coast a good deal, sir; when she blows from the sou'est like this it means heavy seas and high gales. But we'll soon be inside the channel. We ought to pick up Arguello Light by five o'clock."

"Give her lots of room!" Singgold said curtly. "And when you've opened Conception Light be careful how you haul her in."

"All right, sir. I'll call you when I get the Light."

"Good night, Mr. Halsey," said the captain, and went down to his own cabin.

Presently he lay down, dressed, on the lounge and turned his ruddy face to the polished deckbeams above him. A moment later he was asleep.

The little clock above his desk tinkled eight bells and with sailorly promptness Captain Singgold rose and stretched himself. Then he examined the glass. It had fallen still another tenth during his sleep. He let down the shutter that covered the starboard window and studied the seas that poured out of the darkness, leaped futilely against the Chittagong's side and fumed away into the murk. He felt the surge and trembling of the steamer.

On the bridge he found the second officer had pulled wide of his course.

"Usually a strong inset of the current, sir," he explained.

"Good man," murmured the captain, and proceeded to peer into the darkness ahead.

For fifty years he had been scanning just such scenes as now met his eyes—sweeping combers foaming out of the dark, shining seas that slipped swiftly along, huge acres

(Continued on Page 73)

THE JACKSONBOY

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFE

"It Wasn't Rails-splitting That Made Lincoln Great—It Was What He Had in His Head"

THERE never was a couple that had less interest in busybody societies than Edith and myself; indeed, so far as we knew anything about uplift, we thought the poor were getting much too much of it, and that it was often a name for a lot of oppression. The barons of old were hardly more interfering or tyrannical with their serfs than some of these goody-goody associations that snatch children from their shrieking mothers; dictate with Torquemadalike positiveness about bathing suits and open-work stockings; cut off a man's beer; and arrest people for smoking cigarettes.

Yes; Edith and I were dead against uplift; and that was what made it all the more astonishing we should be captured by Judge Coaxly and the Universal Fellowship League.

We should never have fallen had not the furnace got out of order late one winter afternoon, and it became a choice of either going to bed or attending Judge Coaxly's lecture while the plumbers were putting the thing to rights. You see, we could not call on any of our friends in Wickhamhurst because they were all going too. Judge Coaxly had an immense reputation and the news of his coming had crowded our little suburban clubhouse; but Edith and I went merely for the warmth, and were most resentful because it would cost us a dollar each and expose us to a lecture besides. To us it would have been so much jollier to have danced or played cards and spent our two dollars for refreshments; but uplift it had to be or else our polar home.

Judge Coaxly got us at the first lap. He was one of those burning individuals who invariably seem to come from the West and have an infallible recipe for bettering the world. His genial, picturesque presence; his persuasive voice; the glint in his eyes as he denounced the conventional methods of dealing with the poor—all won us as surely as though we were children on the knee of an adored uncle. And his recipe was so simple! It involved no paid secretaries, no charity mongering, no card indexes of deserving cases. Every well-to-do family was to make friends with a poor family—that was the whole recipe in a nutshell. Seven million well-to-do's were to take seven million ill-to-do's under their sympathetic wings.

"Show some human interest in these folks who are socially below you," pleaded Coaxly. "Don't poke them a loaf of bread at the end of a stick, or endow institutions for officials to patronize and bully them. It is not bread these people need a quarter so much as contact with culture, breeding, refinement and gracious tastes. Regard your new family as relations who have come down in the world; try to feel a personal responsibility toward them; help them all you can to help themselves—and I tell you, my friends, they in their way will help you!"

He drew a most affecting picture of such a humble family whom you had attached to yourself with bonds of steel, and who, in the darkest hour of your life, mutely comforted and supported you. They were so rugged, faithful and devoted that you wondered how you had so long got on without them; and sitting there—on those very hard little folding chairs—you yearned to rise at once and seek them. Edith kept squeezing my hand at every pathetic passage; her pale, pretty face was rapt with attention; again and again she caught her breath as though tears would surely follow. Everybody there was keyed up just the same and swelling with brotherhood and sisterhood.

We walked home in a great glow, inscribed members of the Universal Fellowship League and still under the spell of that entrancing man. We loved humanity and humanity loved us, and it was all too wonderful for anything! I suppose this is how simpler souls feel after a revival meeting—exalted, purified and softened, with a curious sensation of having shed one's grosser nature. We realized how selfish we had been! how stingy with our consideration and sympathy!

Edith said we had put a wall round ourselves and built a little fort of happiness where none might enter except us two—were typical, in fact, of the whole seven million well-to-do's—contemptibly cozy and comfortable while the seven million ill-to-do's were perishing for the lack of a kind word.

Bertha, our German girl, let us in, and had a horrid story to tell of the plumber's assistant—the boss had sneaked off as soon as our backs were turned. The assistant had tramped about her kitchen in his dirty boots; had shamelessly proposed to raid the ice chest for beer; had culminated his infamy by trying to kiss her. Bertha had sprained her thumb in slapping his nasty face, and was altogether quite incoherent with allusions to an immediate return to the "ceety" if we ever left her alone again with a plumber's assistant.

It was hard that she should seem to think it so much our fault and hold us so personally responsible; but of course allowances had to be made for an outraged woman with a sprained thumb, and she undoubtedly had some right to be indignant.

We pacified the invaluable creature, though I shall not deny that our faith in humanity received something of a jar. We decided then and there it should not be a plumber's assistant's family that we would take under our wing. Certainly in my darkest hour the very last person I should care to have about would be this abandoned young man, who usually figured on my bills under the anonymity of labor. Even in my brightest he was never particularly welcome, and I was glad he had had his face slapped by Bertha.

This was only a passing disillusionment, however; we were not going to condemn all humanity on account of one miserable plumber's assistant. We should search for a family more approximating to Judge Coaxly's ideal and one with whom we should have no financial dealings.

She Undoubtedly Had Some Right to be Indignant

If we had been half inclining to adopt Bertha this little *contretemps* ended her as a possible candidate. First of all, Bertha was not a family—not yet, at least; and secondly, she did not seem to be the kind of person who would be happy under a wing. She was a little too aggressive and ready to find fault, and if reproved at all would take to her bed with a bad headache and require us to wait on her hand and foot; but as members of the Universal Fellowship League, Edith and I decided to be kinder to her than before and interest ourselves in her point of view. Judge Coaxly had put much stress on that—the point of view.

Up to now ours had been to endure Bertha lest we should go farther and fare worse—it is awfully hard to get servants to stay in the suburbs of New York; but in the light of the new revelation this seemed altogether wrong. As Edith said, we ought to practice on Bertha by way of preparing ourselves to do justice to our real family—the one that, for better or worse, was to accompany us through life and be the prop and comfort of our old age.

I was far too busy to go family hunting myself, having to be at my desk in New York every morning at nine; and, with a long day, that left me fairly spent on my return. Anyway, even though I had had the leisure of a Fortune's favorite, choosing a family seemed more in a woman's sphere than a man's and I was very willing to turn over the whole matter to Edith; but she demurred a great deal and was not half so sure of her own ability as I was. She said it would be so embarrassing to ring somebody's bell and ask them whether they cared to be adopted!

Judge Coaxly's inspiring eloquence had ignored such homely little details as that. We now thought it a pity he had not been more explicit; he ought to have told us just how to go about it—and, without criticizing the noble man, we wished to goodness he had; but I suppose prophets are never very practical. They enunciate a mighty truth and then hike out to the next place, leaving you to grapple with its application as best you may. Prophets seem always to have been like that great fellows to get away before you can ask them questions.

Edith and I talked over the available supply of poor families in Wickhamhurst; and after a lot of anxious deliberation our choice seemed about equally divided between Harry Kelp, who drove the omnibus to and from the station, and the Baylers, who kept a little candy and stationery store near the schoolhouse and were the most

estimable kind of German people. Harry was a nice, obliging young American of twenty-five or so, and if his wife and child were anyway as attractive as he was we should be most admirably suited, as they say in registry offices.

So it was arranged that Edith should look up Mrs. Kelp on the morrow, sample the Baylers' newly arrived widowed sister—we were worried about that widowed sister, she had such a wall-eyed look—and generally survey the situation without definitely compromising ourselves. We did not want to be precipitate; it would be so awful to ally ourselves with bonds of steel to the wrong people.

That evening, as I hopped off the train and crowded into the omnibus with the other commuters, I watched Harry Kelp closely for some answering look of understanding. Had a brotherhoodian wave swept us together on life's tumultuous sea or was there the same amount of blue water between us as before? I watched and watched; but, though he was as smiling as ever, I failed to detect any particular change in him.

I confess I was a trifle disappointed, for Harry was such a nice, well-mannered young fellow and seemed to be just in our line. I judged his wife had been found wanting—of course it must have been that. My first eager question to Edith was:

"What did you find the matter with Mrs. Kelp?"

"The matter with Mrs. Kelp?" repeated Edith with an unusual touch of asperity, as though I had asked her something idiotic. "Why, people fell over themselves to get her—the whole of Wickhamhurst was out for the Kelps; I never saw such a push and jostle in my life! And the cold-blooded snobbishness of those people! First, they allowed themselves to be tied up with the Greens—first come first served, you know; then they threw over the Greens for the Wilson Brokaws; and then when Mrs. Allerton Fox came sizzling up in her gorgeous electric, with the chauffeur and footman in mink collars, they called it off with the Brokaws in a way to make you boil. The Kelps are horrid, greedy, self-seeking people, whose only idea is the biggest pocketbook!"

"And the Baylers?" I inquired.

Edith threw up her hands.

"Everybody wanted the Baylers!" she cried as though out of all patience at my suggesting anything so unattainable as the Baylers. "There was as crazy a Bayler rush as there was a Kelp rush, though, to do them justice, they were more bewildered than the Kelps—didn't sit there waiting calmly for the highest bid. Bayler's first notion was that his sister-in-law must have won the hundred-thousand-dollar prize in the Würtemberg State Lottery and that we were all coming to call on her. That was some comment on what they really think of us, wasn't it? As though we couldn't call fast enough on anybody with a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Lots couldn't," I observed, forgetting for a moment that I was a member of the Universal Fellowship League and lapsing into a cynicism that would have pained the father of our movement. "I don't know any better social asset in Wickhamhurst than a hundred thousand dollars of United States gold coin, of standard weight and fineness."

"Well, old Mrs. Staples landed them before you could say Jack Robinson," continued Edith, recovering herself sufficiently to give me a hug and a kiss, and putting an arm round me to support me toward the house—it is always a little joke between us that I need such support on my return home, and it is my part to lean on her very heavily and utter little gasps of exhaustion. "I am afraid the Baylers are pretty snobby, too, for they keeled right over when Mrs. Staples put in her application—the fat old jingly thing, covered with diamonds!"

There still remained the McNutts. We had talked of the McNutts vaguely as a possible third choice after the Kelps and Baylers. McNutt was a hard-featured, slow-moving man, always spattered with cement, who took small contracts for basements and such things, and had the reputation of being very honest and reliable. I had thought of him as rather too old and ruminative and spattery for our new family; and besides, his wife was an immensely stout woman, with a choky way of talking that made me nervous. However, on the idea of any port in a storm, there was much to be said in favor of the McNutts.

"And how about the McNutts?" I asked.

"Gobbled up too," said Edith in a heartbroken way; "and I am afraid it was every bit my fault that they were. Oh, I feel so guilty about it that I could cry! I was there before anybody and was trying to break it to Mrs. McNutt what I wanted, and floundering about in a maze of cross-purposes like a person in a silly farce, when the telephone bell suddenly rang and the Brownlows snapped her up like that!" Edith's fingers conveyed the lightning-like celerity with which the McNutts had been lost to us. "But Mrs. McNutt was awfully kind about it, though, and said if the Brownlows weren't absolutely satisfactory she would give us the next chance."

"I like her nerve!" I said crossly. "Makes an almighty favor of it, does she?"

"Oh, they all do," returned Edith. "Now that everybody has got this adoption bug and is Coaxlyfying round in automobiles, they stand off with a pussy-full-of-cream expression and know their value."

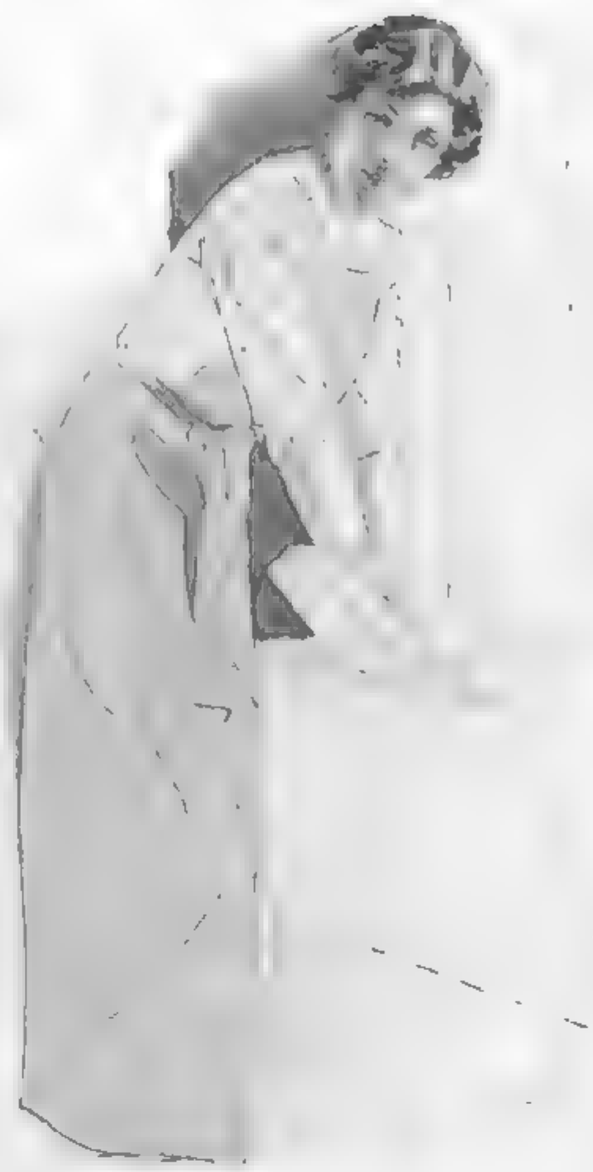
"Perhaps we mightn't be any better if kings and queens were running after us," I remarked, suddenly remembering my humanitarianism. "We must not blame them if they lose their heads a little."

"Yes; we must try to look at it like that," agreed Edith, still with an air of vexation, "though it is provoking enough to make you want to boil them in oil; but when you are dying to put your hand to the plow it's awful to have no plow, isn't it? To be thirsting to begin and have nothing to begin with! However, I made a start today with Bertha—did all her washing while she sat on the woodbox and told me all her troubles."

"I thought we were going to leave Bertha out of it," I said, not much pleased at the vision of Bertha on the woodbox and my poor little wife doing all the work.

"Oh, it was just for practice," interposed Edith quickly; "and really, do you know—though I do say it myself—it made me feel I was tremendously good at drawing out people. Afterward she went upstairs and wrote a long, long letter to her mother—such a triumph for me, you know, considering they had been alienated for ever so long about sixty-three marks. Oh, if only we could find a family I am sure I could do wonders with it!"

"Don't fret!" I said as she gazed up at me so pitifully. "We'll find a family somewhere if I have to take a day off and chase one up myself, or set a trap in the back yard and bait it with moving-picture tickets."



"I Made a Start Today With Bertha—Did All Her Washing"

On my return late the next day Edith had only failure to report. She looked tired, as well she might be after having scoured the country far and wide and gone without her lunch. Everybody worth having had been snapped up and she had gone from one rebuff to another. At a cemetery, where she thought she had found our ideal, a cloven-footed young gravedigger had demanded five dollars a month as the price of his adoption.

It was all so dismally different from Judge Coaxly's alluring description. Where were those rugged, honest, self-respecting people who clasped your hand across the social gulf? Did they only exist in the Far West? Was New York entirely outside the rugged, honest, self-respecting zone? It looked like it, and poor Edith was in despair.

"I am almost driven to consider the Jacksonboy," she said.

"The Jacksonboy!" I exclaimed, bristling at the name, which was one only too familiar in our household.

"Yes, the Jacksonboy," she replied with a shade of belligerency in her voice. "Though I don't suppose for a minute you would ever agree to it."

The Jacksonboy was certainly a sore point between us. Indeed, the only quarrel of our young married life had been about the Jacksonboy, and we had taken sides—pro-Jacksonboy and anti-Jacksonboy—with a passionate ardor that might have wrecked our happy home. It all came about through our losing Robbie, our Scotch collie. He was a prize-bred dog and the kingpin of our existence. Losing Robbie had been a tragedy; any one who loves dogs will understand how we felt—how wholly crushed and heartbroken and bereaved we were.

Well, after two days of hopeless searching, the iceman—with a droop of his eyelid that lingers in my memory yet—said:

"If ever I was to lose a dorg—a valuable, blooded dorg—I should look up that there Jacksonboy and offer him five dollars to find it."

Nothing more could be got out of the iceman than that—only the significant, eyelid-dropping association of the Jacksonboy with missing dogs. We took the iceman's advice and started a still-hunt for the Jacksonboy, who proved to be a slinky-looking individual of about eighteen, with sunburned yellow hair, blue eyes—pretty enough to be a girl's—and an expression of transparent guilt. He promptly found Robbie the same afternoon and received the five dollars I had promised him, as well as effusions of gratitude from Edith.

My own were much more restrained, for it was as plain as daylight we had been victimized by the young bandit—though I was so glad to get the dog back I forbore to make any comments. It was what happened afterward that brought about the unpleasantness.

Robbie had been brought back without his beautiful collar, which was a new one and a present from Jerry Bartholomew, of the Second National Bank. Naturally we were much put out at losing the collar, and after we had let out a few wails of indignation and distress the Jacksonboy inquired with an elaborate affectation of casualness whether we cared to offer a small reward for its return.

"Not a cent!" I exclaimed, enraged at this further exaction. "But if you don't return it by nine o'clock, I'll get the constable and have your place searched from top to bottom!"

He looked so terrified at this and his knees knocked together so comically that I gave him another shot.

"I know you stole my dog," I roared; "but I'll be d - d if you are going to steal the

If Ever There Was a Joy Rider the Worse for Wear it Was Bonny!

collar too! If it is not here by nine o'clock tomorrow morning I'll have you sent to Elmira, or to one of those boy republics where they put fellows like you in steel cages and feed them on bread and water."

He slunk away, looking very woebegone; and Edith said I had been horribly unkind and unjust, and that if he had been smaller she should have run right after him and kissed him to try and atone for my wicked, horrid, uncalled-for suspicions.

In the transports of getting Robbie back, however, we had no time for quarreling and the subject lay over until the next day—which was Sunday—when the Jacksonboy promptly appeared at the stroke of nine with the collar. He had a cock-and-bull story of having bought it from some street urchins for a dollar, which he rattled off with a breathlessness that was more concerned with Elmira than with the money. I do not think he expected for a moment to be recouped; it was merely that he was badly scared and felt he needed to have some sort of explanation, no matter how wild or improbable.

To my amazement Edith accepted every word of it as Gospel truth and insisted that I should hand him the dollar. I refused just as heatedly and the miserable thing developed into an out-and-out disagreement, with tears and outbursts and a threatened return to her mother.

Of course it ended by my paying the dollar; but we were left with a soreness and a rankling that were only finally assuaged by my making her a present of a new electric vacuum cleaner. Perhaps I was unduly sensitive—I admit it frankly—but the Jacksonboy kept bobbing up between us like Banquo's ghost; and he never bobbed but there was trouble.

I gave Edith the vacuum cleaner—a thing she had coveted for months to suction the fleas off Robbie with—on condition the hated name of Jacksonboy should never be mentioned in our home again. Were she even to say it in her sleep I vowed and declared the vacuum cleaner should disappear forever. It was a peace offering with a thick, strong string to it, and was well worth the money I paid for it.

It was strange how, after having once discovered there was such a person as the Jacksonboy, he should forthwith become the dominating feature of the landscape. His effeminate, furtive face seemed to meet us whichever way we turned; we could not mail a letter, or drop in at the drug store, or take the most unlikely of walks, but there was the Jacksonboy scurrying to get out of our way.

I invariably scowled at him with the scowliest scowl I could muster at such short notice; while Edith, I regret to say, smiled at him a smile of exaggerated sweetness. I will not pretend I was not annoyed. There is the spirit of an agreement as well as the letter; but she said it was my expression that always made her smile, and that—oh, dear, no!—she had hardly noticed the nameless being at all, and should not have dreamed of smiling at him!

Imagine my feelings now when Edith said—apropos of our new family:

"I am almost driven to consider the Jacksonboy!"

I objected with indignation. What! Take that young dog-stealer to our bosom—choose that slinking hobbledehoy and collar-snatcher—enfold in the atmosphere of our cherished home an abandoned loafer whose jobless life was the scandal of Wickhamhurst? It was madness! But, even though he were a model of all the virtues, he was not a family, was he? Judge Coaxly had said families; the whole idea, in fact, was that families should adopt families. Were we members of the Universal Fellowship League or just frantic idiots?

Edith listened with angelic patience. When a woman does that and condescends in addition to a sweet reasonableness, mere man may as well consider himself a goner. It seemed there was a Mrs. Jackson too; so that nothing the great, big, lovely, excited darling said applied at all. And this Mrs. Jackson was a most worthy, decent, hard-working widow who lived in two little rooms and earned a humble livelihood by "going out."

She went out for one-seventy-five a day and everybody spoke of her in the highest terms; and if her son was a bit wild and out-of-hand, was it not all our fault—society's fault—for making Mrs. Jackson go out and thus leave him to grow up utterly neglected and uncared for?

And then had he not such beautiful blue eyes that one knew instinctively there must be good in him? Had I ever noticed the Jacksonboy's beautiful blue eyes and the polite way he always lifted his cap? Did I want to see a boy like that grow up into a professional criminal—a boy with such beautiful blue eyes and such nice polite manners? And it was not as though we had any choice. Had she not run her tired legs off and gone without her lunch—all for nothing? Suppose—yes, suppose—he had stolen that collar and had done us out of a dollar, were we to count it against him forever and ever, like the brand of Cain?

The magnanimity of this admission stilled my last protest. It was really very fine of Edith to say that, considering how we had wrangled and disagreed until I bought her the suction cleaner. For her to concede that I might have been right about the collar knocked all my underpinning from under me. What could I do except surrender with the best grace possible? So I said:

"Have it your own way then, my dear. For heaven's sake, get the Jacksonboy if you want him!"

The acquisition of the Jacksons proceeded without a hitch, and on the following Sunday they were both invited to supper at the house. Edith chose Sunday because that was Bertha's afternoon and evening off, and she judged it would be less embarrassing without the maid. Mrs. Jackson was a thin, withered, dreary-looking female, with a long drooping nose and the scanty gray hair one associates with reduced circumstances; but in her rather crushed way she carried off a trying situation with considerable tact and showed an admirable composure. Composure, indeed, was what Mrs. Jackson excelled in. She was the most composed person I ever knew.

The Jacksonboy, soaped and brushed until he could hardly have recognized himself, and in a state of speechless confusion, tried his best to be neither seen nor heard. He quaked if one looked at him, and had the appearance of expecting—and ardently hoping—that the floor might open and swallow him up; in fact he was far more ill at ease at my table than he had been in selling me back my own dog. Stealing dogs, however, was evidently more in his line than the social graces. He hung on his mother's eye and visibly trembled when he was spoken to.

He Saluted Them as Though He Would Never Stop

It was a trying supper for all four of us, though by dint of effort the constraint gradually diminished. After much desultory talk about nothing in particular I gave the conversation a more intimate turn by asking Mrs. Jackson what she intended to make of Benny—Benny was the Jacksonboy's real name, you know, though to Edith and myself it never seemed to suit him so well as the other.

At this she sighed and said she had always hoped he would be a minister like his sainted father in heaven; but, as he did not seem to fancy the idea, she had thought he might perhaps be a lawyer instead. Then she sighed again and said she would be very much obliged if I would tell her how to go about it, and whether it was as easy as she had heard for a bright boy to work his way through the Columbia Law School.

The crass presumption of the woman took my breath away. That she should cherish such dreams for this uncouth, uneducated lad, whose only ostensible occupation appeared to be collecting lost golf balls and selling them back to unscrupulous golfers, struck me as typical of ambitious mothers of a certain sort and of their grotesque conceit and folly. Everybody is so busy telling them that nothing is impossible, and instancing it with wondrous tales of newsboys risen to greatness, that they have lost all interest in the humdrum occupations Nature has fitted them to fill.

I am afraid I answered her rather shortly and gave a new twist to the subject by asking Benny what he would like to be.

"Aw—work in a moving-picture show," he blurted out. "It must be grand to work in a moving-picture show!"

This impelled me to say something pointed about skilled labor—its splendid independence; its good pay; the opportunities it gave in a thousand directions for young men to better themselves. But my remarks were greeted with a stony silence; Mrs. Jackson's long nose sank as though it were weighted at the end; the Jacksonboy gazed blankly at his plate.

It was plainly not a congenial topic I had begun. Mrs. Jackson murmured something about Lincoln splitting rails. I felt like saying I wished Benny would do something half as useful or honest—but refrained. It was a brightening moment when Edith suggested our playing the phonograph in the sitting room.

There Benny, previously so subdued, covered himself with glory. He loved running the phonograph, and was surprisingly exact and careful in putting in new needles and starting the records on the precise line. Edith was very fussy about her phonograph; and it spoke well for the Jacksonboy that she finally turned it over to him and came and sat down beside me. Our evening for the first time took on a faint semblance of enjoyment; and the Jacksonboy, hunched on the edge of a chair and in a state of silent rapture, watched the machine as though it were the most precious thing in the whole world.

When he touched it, it was with a sort of reverence that seemed to me very affecting; and he looked so poor and shabby and ill-nourished that my heart went out to him. I suppose the music helped to endow him with a pathetic quality—or perhaps it was the very childishness of his appreciation. At last, when it came time to go, he showed a reluctance that I fear was much more due to leaving the phonograph than to leaving us.

This was the first of several similar Sunday evenings, though at the fourth or fifth Benny arrived alone and explained that his mother was feeling too poorly to come. On the succeeding Sunday Mrs. Jackson was again kept away by an attack of this persistent poorliness, and on my asking some questions about this vague complaint and suggesting that I should telephone to the doctor the truth came out in the most unexpected manner.

"Maw don't hanker much about coming here, if you have to know," confessed the Jacksonboy, writhing with embarrassment. "I guess she finds it too slow or sumpin'. She says you are awful nice people and most awful kind, but that she don't enjoy it and would rather stay home."

"Edith, listen to that!" I exclaimed. "Mrs. Jackson won't come any more because—we bore her!"

(Continued on Page 42)

ADVENTURES IN BANKRUPTCY

In the Underworld of Business—By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. GOLDBECK

BANKRUPTCY is a forbidding word to the average business man. Its suggestion is as sinister and unwelcome as that commonly associated with the presence of an undertaker who looks the part. This natural aversion of the struggling man of affairs to anything that hints of failure is in hundreds of cases a most expensive whim—an indulgence as costly as it is human.

"The honest business man," declares a United States judge who has heard hundreds of bankruptcy cases, "knows as little of the conditions of bankruptcy as he does of those of life after death—and he is no more anxious to learn about one than he is to learn about the other.

"Bankruptcy belongs to a grim underworld to which he resolutely shuts his eyes; but the fact remains that if many men now headed straight for the business scrapheap could grasp the vital, vivid lessons that are thrown on the screen in a court like this, they would 'head in' promptly and cheat the professional receiver out of any responsibility on their account. And if the credit men of merchandizing houses were obliged to take a short course in a bankruptcy court the science of dispensing credits would be suddenly thrown into high speed.

"Besides, life in this underworld of business is not so doleful as one might imagine. It has its flashes of humor and its touches of romance—plenty of them—in spite of its grimness. There is no better laboratory on earth in which to study human nature than a bankruptcy court. If credit men, hard-pushed men of business and writers of modern fiction realized how much solid meat for their sustenance is dispensed in the daily grind of the bankruptcy court, our rooms would be crowded and enjoy a popularity beyond that of the most prodigal souphouse. Standing room only! would be the rule. But a certain class of men seem to be obliged to go through bankruptcy themselves and learn from hard personal experience the lessons they might catch from others if they could see the business post-mortems that are conducted here."

What the Inventory Showed

THIS shrewd judge might have gone still further and added that bankruptcy is sometimes the beginning of success with business men of a certain type—honest, hardworking strugglers at that. These claims may seem a trifle extravagant to the man who has not been brought into familiar contact with the curious dramas that constantly enliven the routine of the bankruptcy court; but the officials who deal with these matters day after day are quick to recognize such statements as wholly conservative.

A keen young man in the employ of a large trust company doing a heavy receivership business was once sent to take charge of the assets and affairs of a small dealer in whitegoods, whose creditors had brought bankruptcy proceedings. Though the trust company had been appointed as receiver the dealer had not yet been adjudged a bankrupt. The final hearing was set for five days later.

The young man assigned to make the investigation on which the findings of the court would be largely based was familiar enough with bankruptcy administration to know that it was a business of surprises; but he had not followed it long enough to be prepared for the peculiar surprise that was in store for him.

"You'll probably find quite a mess over there," he was told; "but don't let them pull the wool over your eyes. You're inclined to be rather sympathetic, and most of those fellows are keen to spot a weakness of that sort and play it to the limit; so don't be fooled by appearances, but dig straight to the bottom and get hold of the facts."

Therefore, as the receiver's agent climbed the stairs and entered the rather dingy room of the troubled dealer in whitegoods, he was prepared to find a paucity of assets and a surplus of tears, and was fully fortified against any draft on his too-ready sympathies. The bankrupt said little, but his appearance was that of a crushed and broken-hearted man. If he were merely playing the part he was certainly a gifted actor, the young man instantly concluded.

"Now," cheerfully suggested the receiver's agent, "let's take a look at your inventory."

He was handed a curiously amateurish-appearing document that showed a total of some ten thousand dollars of stock on hand. Keen on the scent for disappearing assets he asked: "Who made out this inventory?" And he was not surprised to learn that it was the work of the gawky youth who was coiled despondently over the bookkeeper's desk.

Then the investigator did a little inventorying on his own account. He had not gone far, however, before he reached the surprising conclusion that there were more goods in the place than the inventory indicated. According to his lights this fact in itself was meat for suspicion; and he promptly telephoned his office and made a requisition for two accountants, who were immediately set to work making an independent inventory, under instructions to use special care and to verify prices by the original invoices.

"He Was Jollying Every Customer That Came Into the Place"

While this work was going on he dug into the finances of the bankrupt and found that when the dealer—who had been operating on a shoestring basis—shipped a bill of goods it had been his habit to hock the bill with a certain financial concern at a discount of fifteen per cent. In addition to this he had borrowed a considerable sum from the bank with which he carried his checking account.

When the accountants from his own office handed him their completed inventory the investigator gave a gasp of astonishment. It showed stock on hand worth four times the amount indicated by the bankrupt's own inventory! But the investigator kept his amazement to himself and quietly continued his search for the traditional Ethiopian in the woodpile, for whom the trained bankruptcy official is always on the hunt, no matter how assuring appearances may be. After two days' delving, however, he reached the conclusion that he had found the true condition of affairs.

"This man," he declared to the vice-president of the largest creditor bank, "isn't a bankrupt; he's simply an incompetent along one line. He knows his goods, how to buy them and how to sell them; but he's a miracle of incompetence when it comes to the accounting end of his business. And he trusts that end of his affairs to a half-baked youth who has spent a few months in some hurry-up business college. That boy is just a loose-jointed bluff; but he's been able to get away with it simply because his employer is a little more incompetent than himself as an accountant."

The banker was incredulous, but decided to find out the true state of affairs for himself; so he sent his own force of accountants, who made an independent inventory and report. That inventory tallied, almost to a dollar, with the one made by the accountants from the receiver trust company. This time the surprise was on the whitegoods dealer. His banker showed him that he was not a bankrupt, and then added:

"If you had come to me months ago, when you first began to feel the pinch, and had asked me to overhaul your business, you would have saved yourself all this trouble. The scare you've had thrown into you and the wear-and-tear you've suffered in the past few months have probably not only taken years off your life, but this thing has hurt your credit. Now I'm going to put a good bookkeeper in your place and he's going to run that end of your business—and run it right. Then I'm going to supply you with capital enough to take care of your business and do it at six per cent. You can't afford to sacrifice fifteen per cent on each bill you sell, as you have been doing."

Billy Had Hard Work Not to Leap From the Sofa

Merchants Who Don't Know Where They Stand

"FOR a time you give your attention to buying and selling—it's evident you know how to do that—and let the young man look after your finances and your accounts. After we've got things to running smoothly you'll have to learn the financial and accounting ends of your business, so that you can at least understand what is taking place in your own establishment and where you stand. That's the price of the help I'm giving you. If you don't learn it you'll find yourself in the same fix again some time."

This man was never adjudged a bankrupt, and the receiver was discharged. The banker installed a competent young man in the office of the dealer in whitegoods, arranged matters with other creditors, and eventually saw this man become prosperous.

Almost every professional receiver can parallel this case from his own experience, so far as its essentials are concerned. This is especially true of those receivers who are called on to handle the affairs of small merchants. Hundreds of storekeepers are every year forced into the ranks of business failures and have the bankruptcy brand burned into their flanks when they are no more entitled to that punishment than was the dealer in whitegoods.

"There is a large class of men in the retail trade," declares a man who has had years of association with the receivership end of a large trust company, "who run on the principle that all there is to trade is buying and selling. And they are inclined to put the emphasis on selling. So long as they can see a stream of goods going out of their stores they flatter themselves they are on the high road to fortune. Let me give just one example of what we are continually meeting with in this calling:

"One day I was sent to take charge of the affairs of a retail grocer who had two stores in a thickly settled suburb and did a small neighborhood jobbing business. An involuntary petition had thrown him into the bankruptcy court. I found him at the larger of the two stores waiting on customers. From his appearance I judged he had come in from the country and that he had probably seen service in a crossroads store of a back-town settlement. Anyhow he was a hustler at tying up packages, and he was jollying every customer that came into the place. I delayed posting the receivership notice and taking the store over in order to watch him work for a few minutes.

"A dray drew up at the back door and he remarked to his clerk: 'I'm glad them barrels of confectioners' sugar have come. We need 'em.' Then I broke the news to him and formally took over the store. Even then he did not want to stop handing out goods to customers. His passion for wrapping packages was so strong that he protested against closing the door against customers and giving a little attention to the details of his own financial funeral.

"That man's accounting system belonged to the Stone Age. So far as his accounts with his creditors were concerned his books consisted of three hooks. On the first he stabbed the invoices overdue, or due the first of the next month—and that hook was loaded to capacity! On the next hook were impaled the invoices due a month later. The third hook was reserved for bills on which he had ninety days' leeway.

"His bookkeeping with his customers was equally primitive. He had a rack in which he kept his duplicate sales slips. That was his only ledger. And his collecting was largely done by his delivery help. Of course I was on the watch—as we always are and must always be—for crooked tricks and clever concealments; but the man instantly impressed me as being honest.

"A crew of invoicers at once went through his stock; and when they had finished and had their figures before me I asked him whether he had any idea of how much stock he had in the two stores.

"'Nope!' was his frank answer—'can't say that I have. Consid'able, though. I always aim to have what my customers want. It makes me kind of ashamed to have to tell a customer that I can't give him what he wants. Looks as if I hadn't had gumption enough to order it. You see, I've had a good trade and it's kept me so busy sellin' that I haven't had much time to bother with stock-takin'. And anyhow, I always figured that I wouldn't have any more goods on hand simply because I'd taken a lot of time to list them.'"

A Wild Buyer Cured

"I COULDN'T help coming back at him with the remark that he would probably have had fewer goods, by considerable, if he had followed the practice of taking an inventory. Then I asked him why he had ordered the two barrels of confectioners' sugar that had arrived the day the store was taken over by the receiver. His answer was that he couldn't remember having ordered any in a long time and knew that he must be about out of it. His jaw dropped when I showed him that there were twelve barrels of this expensive stuff in the store at the moment when he had placed his order for the two barrels.

"That man had hundreds of dollars' worth of goods in his store that had never been opened and that were covered deep with other goods—merchandise that he would have denied having in his possession if he had been accused of it.

"Do not think that this man stands alone. He does not. There are some grocers—quite a number of them too—on the edges of every large city that make him look like an accomplished accountant and an up-to-date merchant by comparison.

"I know of retail grocers whose only books of account with their customers are the individual passbooks the customers bring to the store when they make purchases. These books are often carried by the children of the customers and are frequently lost.

"What happens then? Unless the merchant and his customer can agree as to the unpaid balance the account is lost and wholly uncollectable. Of course there are many more who are not quite so loose in their bookkeeping as was this man, who did not bother to take an invoice or to keep a regular set of books; but they still belong to his class.

"This man had a passion for selling; his whole heart was in that end of his business and in no other. He bought simply because he must have something to sell. Few salesmen ever left his store without an order. As a dump for goods he was a joy to the city salesman for the wholesale house, and he could be loaded up easier than a grain car under an elevator chute. That man had more than enough goods in stock to pay his indebtedness, dollar for dollar—and did so. Of course he was a good outlet and his creditors were anxious to keep him in business. So they threw a good, hard scare into him, saw that a good bookkeeper and a proper system were installed, and then kept a close eye on him.

"If a man of this stamp gets into bankruptcy early enough it will make a success of him. Of course it is hard discipline; but some can be cured of their loose ways by no other means. Bankruptcy has been the beginning of success for many a man of this habit of mind. However, it seems a pity that they will not learn the lesson of all-round merchandizing—of a balanced business administration—from the experiences of others. There are thousands of storekeepers in this country that think themselves merchants who could get more good from a course of object-lesson teaching in a bankruptcy court than from all the trade conventions that are held in a year."

There Were Thousands of People, and All of Them Seemed to be Spending Money Every Minute

According to Bradstreet's latest report incompetence has come to lead the list of failure causes. It outranks inexperience, lack of capital, unwise granting of credits, speculation, neglect of business due to doubtful habits, personal extravagance or fraudulent disposition of property. As a wrecker of business this element is given a standing of thirty and two-tenths per cent.

Because crookedness—deliberate, well-seasoned and thoroughly matured crookedness—is given last place in the factors outside of those beyond human control that contribute to business failures, it is not well to believe the original Babes in the Wood, or their temperamental descendants, to be naturally fitted to discharge the responsibilities of bankruptcy receivers. Not even the fact that practically every professional receiver frankly declares most adjudged bankrupts to be genuine bankrupts is sufficient evidence on which to select trusting innocents for the task of conducting post-mortems on business ventures that have suffered a violent or untimely end.

To hear one receiver after another relate experiences of finding an honest struggler suddenly thrown into the bankruptcy mill, only to be shown to be possessed of convertible assets beyond his liabilities and beyond his own expectations, is immensely cheering and well calculated to stimulate a flagging faith in human nature; but the sad fact remains that these same receivers can offset each recollection of this sort with a narrative of remarkable nimbleness of assets that would charm and instruct J. Rufus Wallingford himself.

Perhaps, as the Bradstreet report on bankruptcy in America suggests, only about ten per cent of the failures in business are fraudulent—that is, failures deliberately planned for the purpose of securing fraudulent profits. However, when it is remembered that there are now about fifteen thousand failures in the business year it will be plain that there are plenty of crooked business wrecks to keep the receivers busy.

Again, these specialists in scrapped fortunes admit that there is something in a bankruptcy proceeding that is well calculated to bring out all the dormant cunning and shiftiness in a fairly honest man whose insolvency is not a deliberate frame-up, but has been thrust on him; his scruples seem to vanish when confronted with the possibility of "saving a little something from the wreck." This element must be reckoned with by the receiver and his agents.

Altogether there is no escape from the conclusion that the humblest task in connection with a receivership is no job for a trusting child or for anybody who is not expecting to cut his eyeteeth on every new case to which he happens to be assigned.

Disappearing Assets

THE almost miraculous nimbleness that assets sometimes attain just before the filing of a bankruptcy petition needs no better illustration than the case of Ivan, a hat-and-cap manufacturer. In his special line Ivan was something of a wonder. His career had a true storybook flavor—at least up to a certain point. He was the soul of industry, and the little cap shop he started in a small loftroom in the Loop district of Chicago grew and flourished at a pace that made him the envy of many competitors.

In a few years Ivan had arrived. He had a credit reputation that was above reproach, and the houses from which he bought his materials regarded him as a good moral risk. The trade spoke of him as a winner, and there was every reason to believe that when he retired from business he would receive the honor of a notice in the journal of the trade under the headline: How the Humble Immigrant Made Good—a notice that he would be proud to send to his relatives and friends, and to preserve for posterity.

Suddenly, however, the edifying career of Ivan took a tangent that terminated in the bankruptcy court. As he stood there beside the attorney for the creditors, praying for the appointment of a receiver for his wrecked business, he was an appealing figure. He had the sympathy of every visitor in the courtroom.

A large trust company was appointed receiver and the officer of that institution on whose shoulders rested the responsibility of administering Ivan's affairs felt the influence of the general sympathy for the poor bankrupt; but he was far too shrewd and experienced in the ways of the underworld of business to allow the good reputation or the appealing figure of the unfortunate bankrupt to prevent him from hurrying instantly to Ivan's factory, to take possession of the assets and get a first-hand insight into actual conditions.

One glance about the stockroom made him gasp. He summoned his assistants and an hour's excited investigation revealed this startling situation: Only a short time before the filing of his petition Ivan had bought more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of materials, which had been delivered. The most careful search failed to reveal more than three thousand dollars' worth of assets in the factory.

Promptly this son of the White Father was put on the witness stand and called on to explain this startling condition. He could speak only the tongue of the czar, and it was impossible at the moment to secure a really competent interpreter. The grilling on the stand brought small results. The impression gained by spectators in the courtroom was that a dull, bewildered and despondent man, unable to speak a word of English, was being badgered with questions wholly beyond his comprehension. The essence of all that could be extracted from him was that he had manufactured some of the materials; that the remainder of them were in the factory—or if they were not, then he did not know where they were.

When the examination was over, the bankruptcy official was convinced that Ivan was a Tartar in character as well as in blood, and that the vanished assets must be trailed without any help from the bankrupt. No man becomes a skillful bankruptcy executive without developing the instincts of a sleuth to a very practical degree. He soon learns the value of patient digging.

This official first secured from the bank with which Ivan had a checking account all the canceled vouchers the bankrupt had not himself secured. Among these was one check for a considerable sum that had been cashed by a small hospital in another city.

At once an agent of the receiver was sent to that city to learn, if possible, the connection between Ivan and the hospital. He soon made the interesting discovery that the hospital was owned by a widow who bore a striking resemblance to the bankrupt. She was a shrewd woman who spoke English; and she was at once brought into court, where she admitted that she was Ivan's sister; that she had received the check in question and others also from him; and that they were in payment of loans made to him when he started in business. She needed the money and had forced him to settle. This plausible explanation seemed to settle the matter—at least in her mind—and she left the courtroom with a smile of satisfaction on her face; but the agent was far from satisfied. He returned to his principal and reported:

"She has Ivan's goods or his money soaked away somewhere—I'm satisfied of that. The only thing for us to do is to find out where. If the stock has been turned into cash the money is either buried somewhere about the hospital premises or it's in a box in a safe-deposit vault. She has a checking account in the bank where she cashed the check that gave us the clew, but her balance there is below fifty dollars. And the officials of that bank declare that she has no box in their vaults."

The Love-Making Sleuth

ANOTHER agent—a genial and rather handsome young man—was sent, with instructions to shadow the widow every time she left the hospital and see whether she visited a safe-deposit vault; but the canny widow kept closely indoors and the amateur shadow became tired of skulking about the neighborhood. His spying had yielded only one result—the observation that the widow and her head nurse were evidently fast friends. He at once arranged a commission connection with a house dealing in a certain line of hospital supplies, secured an outfit of samples and learned the lingo of the line.

Then he waited until the widow went out alone, invaded the hospital as a salesman and made the acquaintance of the head nurse. She was not a beauty, but he contrived to leave with her the impression that he regarded her as a woman of compelling charm.

Before he left, the nurse had accepted an invitation to attend the theater. As a detective and a salesman of hospital supplies the genial Billy was an amateur; but as a lovemaker he held a postgraduate degree. The fact that the head nurse was some eight years older than himself evidently made his attentions doubly flattering.

Their courtship ripened rapidly; and the night when he measured her finger for the diamond ring that he was to secure at wholesale price through a friend of his in Chicago she confided to him the suspicion that her friend, the widow, would probably soon dispose of the hospital—having a snug sum already tucked away in a safe-deposit drawer in the Empire Trust Company's vaults. Billy had hard work not to leap from the sofa when his "fiancée" incidentally mentioned the number of the box.

The next morning the widow was again summoned to the witness stand. Under oath she declared that the contents of the box named did not belong to her, to her brother or to any member of their family.

Billy then took the stand, told his story and secured an order that restrained the custodian of the vaults from permitting any person to open the box in question. Shortly afterward the court ordered the trust company to give the receiver for Ivan's bankrupt estate access to the contents of the box.

It was drilled open, and Billy drew from it twenty thousand dollars in currency, a small jewel bag containing a dazzling collection of unset diamonds, and a package of warehouse receipts for a large number of "cases said to contain eggs." The warehouses from which these receipts were issued were located in a dozen different cities.

Billy promptly visited the nearest one and, on showing his authority, was permitted to open the cases. Every one of them contained bolts of silk and of satin—most of which were not of a quality generally used in the manufacture of caps. Eventually all the egg cases were opened and their contents found to be bolts of expensive fabrics.

Meantime Ivan-the-Industrious had disappeared on a warning sent by his sister. The crafty widow found herself in a difficult position. As she had, under oath, denied any claim to the contents of the safe-deposit box she could not make any attempt to recover the diamonds, the twenty thousand dollars in currency and the warehouse receipts without confessing that she had committed perjury.

Later the court gave the receiver a clear title to these assets, and still later the widow was convicted of perjury and sent to prison. After about three years of absence the fugitive Ivan returned from his retreat in the steppes of Russia, pleaded guilty to the indictment that had been secured against him and took his medicine in the form of a prison sentence.

"This case of recovery of vanished assets," says the official who handled it, "might carry the inference that we're all so foxy that assets can't elude us. Don't you believe it! The crooked bankrupt puts it over on us right along! Sometimes we have rare good luck, but often the real crooks in the game get away with the goods.

"Of course we don't make any noise about those cases. Sometimes the assets are so cleverly manipulated that we don't find it out until long afterward. No doubt there are some instances that never come to light. Others are discovered where it is simply impossible—with all the powers of the United States court back of us—to do anything in the matter of recovery. That statement must seem strange to a layman, but here's a case in point:

"In a thickly settled part of this city, where the inhabitants are working people, a furniture store opened up about two or three weeks before Christmas with a stock that was well selected for that trade. Handbills were distributed from house to house and the prices on the goods were alluring. They did a lively business, selling for cash in every instance; but not a single article went out the door of that store. To every customer making a purchase this explanation was made: 'Your goods will be delivered the night before Christmas. All the delivering is to be done at the same time. We're so busy selling now that we cannot deliver. If we did not do the delivering in this way we could not sell you the goods at the low prices charged. We shall put a tag on the articles bought by you, and the night before Christmas they will be at your door.'

"Every article in that store was sold many times over—and each time for cash. Some articles were sold twenty times over. At four o'clock on the afternoon of the day before Christmas the proprietors of this establishment filed a petition in bankruptcy. When the receiver arrived to take possession there was not an article of furniture in the place. Having sold every piece repeatedly, they generously concluded to deliver the goods, so far as they could go, to the customers having the last tags. This helped to make an appearance of an honest intent to deliver. The court was furious; but, so far as recovery was concerned, we were helpless. Nothing could be done on that score.

"For every case of remarkable recovery of assets there are many cases of remarkable disappearance of assets never recovered. Every case of recovery carries its own particular lesson. The point of the Ivan case to me was: Put the principals on record under oath. Let them have their say and frame things up as they please, and let them think they are putting it over. Generally they will tie themselves up in their own rope if you give them the chance. It's hard work to lie consistently if given free swing—and lying under oath is perjury. That is the snare in which most of this kind of crooks are caught."

Occasionally the professional receiver in bankruptcy finds his skill and services in demand in receiverships that, in a strictly technical sense, are not matters of bankruptcy; but to the layman these actions look to be off the same bolt of cloth, and they may be so considered, as far as illustrating the kind of cunning with which the professional receiver of a large city must contend.

On the outskirts of one of our cities there is an amusement park that has contributed to the history of receiverships one of the most dramatic and illuminating chapters yet written. As a movie melodrama it would show to standing room, and its title should be: The Widow's Stock, or The Small Shareholder's Revenge. In the words of the receiver who played the leading rôle: "It shows how much trouble a small shareholder can make with a little grit and the right sort of legal advice."

The Story of the Amusement Park

AMONG the assets left to a certain widow, by a husband who had consistently nourished a scorn of investments that promised a return of less than twenty per cent a year, were fifty shares of stock in this amusement-park company. His tin box contained many other highly illuminated certificates in remote enterprises that he had considered as sure things, but on which the appraiser of the estate had bestowed the contemptuous name of cats-and-dogs.

The widow might have classed the amusement-company certificates with the other nonproductive securities left by her confiding husband, had she not visited the park on the Saturday afternoon following her discovery that she was a stockholder in that enterprise. The cars running to the park were packed, and the large areas in front of the ornate entrance gates held a howling mob of Saturday pleasure-seekers clamoring for tickets. It seemed to the widow that the whole city had suddenly emptied itself at the gates of this big amusement garden.

There was a strange fascination in watching the stream of silver and currency that poured into the windows of the several ticket booths. She held her watch and tried to count the admissions registered in five minutes by one admittance turnstile, but gave it up in despair. The stream moved too swiftly for her. Inside the gaudy stucco walls of the park the crowds seemed even more dense. There were thousands of people, and all of them seemed to be spending money every minute for something. How could all this money be spent in the park, night after night and day after day, and the enterprise still remain unprofitable? It did not seem possible; and after talking with several of the men who were apparently in charge of the concessions, she reached the conclusion that it was not possible.

Among her social acquaintances was a lawyer who belonged to one of the leading legal firms of the city. She went to him, showed him her certificates and told her experience. He said that, as his family was out of the city for the summer, he would go to the park that night and the following Saturday and take a look on his own account. He became a chronic attendant. He spotted a ticketseller and a gatekeeper, scraped acquaintance with them when they went off duty, and finally obtained figures on the admission receipts.

These figures outrun his own wildest estimates. He was morally certain that the park was enormously profitable and that the only thing necessary to a successful suit was to learn how and by whom the profits were being diverted. The widow was told that he would take her case, pay all the preliminary expenses, and then take as a fee a percentage of what he secured for her.

His first and most troublesome task was to secure an authentic list of all the stockholders of the company. He found that fifty-five per cent of the stock was held by the president, secretary and treasurer of the corporation, and the remaining shares were widely scattered in small blocks among venturous investors who had taken flyers. One by one he gathered these small shareholders into his

At Noon He Invited the Accountants to Lunch With Him at the Hotel

(Continued on Page 53)

THE JURY AND THE JUDGES

It is the Right of the Jury to Decide How Far the Law Applies to the Case

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATION BY HANSON BOOTH

WHEN Horne Tooke reminded Lord Chief Justice Kenyon that it was his business to keep order in the courtroom while the jury tried the case, he very aptly illustrated the early English idea of the limited functions of a presiding judge.

The real tribunal of justice was the jury. It was the jury before which criminal and civil cases were heard. Juries were the judges of the facts and they were also the judges of the law. This is true today and it has been true from the beginning. The judge is a presiding officer whose duty it is to see that trials are conducted in an orderly manner and who is to advise the jury what the law of the land is; but the jury is the supreme tribunal. And when the judge has had his say it is the right of the jury to decide how far the law applies to the case, and what, on the whole, is justice.

"As for the judge and the crier," said Horne Tooke to the jury in his famous trial, "they are here to preserve order; we pay them handsomely for their attendance, and in their proper sphere they are of some use; but they are hired as assistants only; they are not and never were intended to be the controllers of our conduct."

It ought never to be forgotten that the whole body of people is the source of justice, as the people are the source of authority. We remember that the people are the source of authority because Mr. Jefferson wrote it down for us at Philadelphia in words that—in spite of all the critics from John Adams to Rufus Choate—are unquestionably fine and noble. We have had no great leader, however, to immortalize in any solemn Declaration of Rights the equally great truth that the people are the source of justice.

A narrow patriciate, either elective or appointive, can never be the source of justice in this country. It can never replace the authority of the whole people, no matter to what lengths it may go in the endeavor. The people are beginning to forget this profound truth and they ought to be awakened.

The Tyranny of Royal Judges

IF ONE goes today into a courtroom he will be impressed with the idea that the judge is the supreme tribunal of justice and that the jury is merely a branch or auxiliary under his direction and control. He dominates them, instructs them and orders them about as though these freeholders were simply upper servants of an imperial bench—when the fact is, these twelve men are the sovereign tribunal, and the judge rather a clerical officer. The superiority which he pretends is assumed and the people have acquiesced in it; but this acquiescence, be it remembered, is the abandonment of a fundamental idea of justice for which the English-speaking people have long contended.

In our indifference we forget the bitter struggle our fathers made to keep the administration of justice in the hands of the people; for while the people were alert and attentive to the matter even the imperial judges of the crown were never able to make the jury subservient to them.

In the trial of Woodfall, the printer of the Morning Advertiser, charged with the publication of a libel against the king, Lord Mansfield tried to force the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty. He said they had only to find whether or not there was a printing and he would say whether it was a libel; but the jury were to be neither coerced nor tricked into a verdict. Having been kept out for hours and carted about from Guildhall to Bloomsbury Square, they brought in a verdict of "Guilty of the printing and publishing only." Mansfield could not sentence Woodfall under that verdict and he had to abandon the prosecution.

Many of our learned lawyers, like Mr. Story, have called on us to admire Lord Mansfield; but when we remember his relentless hostility to the American Colonies the obligation does not seem to lie. He sentenced a prisoner to a year's imprisonment and fined him two hundred pounds for publishing an advertisement seeking a subscription for the following purpose:

To be applied to the relief of the widows, orphans and aged parents of our beloved American fellow subjects, who, faithful to the character of Englishmen, preferring death to slavery, were, for that reason only, inhumanly murdered by the king's troops at Lexington and Concord, in the province of Massachusetts.

And it was Mansfield who was selected to oppose the great Lord Chatham when from the door of death he was carried into the House of Lords to protest against an inhuman and barbarous warfare.

The English juries stubbornly insisted that they were supreme, and that they were the judges of the facts as well as the law in every case. Mr. Pulteney's famous ballad on the Acquittal of the Craftsman shows clearly what the opinion of the country was:

For Sir Philip well knows
That his innuendos
Will serve him no longer
In verse or in prose;
For twelve honest men have determined the cause,
Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws.

The people had no easy time of it, against the imperial judges, to preserve to themselves the right to decide everything in a case. In one of the trials of churchmen for asserting that the king's prerogatives in certain directions were limited, one of the jurymen was said to have lamented: "If I say 'Not guilty' I shall be out of favor with the king; and if I say 'Guilty' I shall be out of favor with the King of Kings!" It was a more difficult position than any one of us in this day is likely to be called on to face. The king could send the juryman to the Tower, and the King of Kings could send him to the pit—and he must make a decision by his verdict.

The judges of the Star Chamber had endeavored to eliminate trial by jury, and King James, at the suggestion of Archbishop Bancroft, undertook to try cases himself. But he gave it up, with this immortal comment: "I could get on very well hearing one side only; but when both sides have been heard, by my soul I know not which is right." Nor was he always successful in packing his bench of judges with servile creatures who would obey him. He said to Chief Justice Jones: "I am determined to have twelve lawyers for judges who will be all of my opinion as to the matter." And Jones replied: "Your Majesty may find twelve judges of your opinion, but hardly twelve lawyers." The wit was lost on James, however, who had trouble enough with juries and did not propose to have any with his judges.

Jones was dismissed the next day and the king packed the bench. And when Coke refused to say how he would decide when the question of the king's prerogatives should come up, and uttered his famous dictum: "When the case happens I shall do that which shall be fit for a judge to do" James took care to see that he did no more of anything as a judge of England.

How Junius Shook the Bench

EVEN with the king's creatures laboring to make themselves the supreme administrators of justice, however, the English people waged a stubborn and unending warfare. And they sometimes made themselves desperately felt. Chief Justice Kelynge endeavored to ride them down with a high hand. He forced the grand jury of Somersetshire to find indictments. He abused Sir Hugh Wyndham, who was foreman, saying that the jury were all his servants, and that he would make the best of England stoop.

He fined jurymen one hundred marks apiece because they found a verdict against his inclinations; and he fined and imprisoned a whole jury because, in a trial for murder, they brought in a verdict of manslaughter against his express direction. In open court, and in defiance of the rights of the people, he sneered at Magna Charta, repeating Cromwell's unprintable rhyme in a loud, arrogant voice; but the people were not his servants. They petitioned the House of Commons and moved with such energy against him that Lord Campbell says: "He was abundantly tame for the rest of his days."

And so the fight went on between the people and the judges. The ablest men of England outside of the Inns of Court took it up. Junius shook the bench with his immortal letters:

In contempt or ignorance of the common law of England you have made it your study to introduce into the court where you preside measures of jurisprudence unknown to Englishmen. The Roman code, the law of nations, and the

(Continued on Page 65)

MY SON

By WILLIAM CARLETON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IX

THE only way the average farmer knows whether or not his farm is paying is whether or not he has money enough to meet his store bills. And that after all proves nothing, because the store bills may be too small to represent a fair interest on his total investment or they may be larger than the farm has any right to be burdened with. It's about as primitive as banking money in the cellar wall. Even if the total comes out all right and the farmer makes enough to meet current expenses with a little over, he has no way of telling what details of his farm contributed to this profitable finish and what did not. He raises eggs and sells them for what he can get, but he does not know what they cost him; the same is true of his other products, including milk. This is mere child's play, not business. And farming, as has been said, is a business.

I Guess It Wouldn't Have Surprised Her Any to Find a Cow Tethered on the Front Lawn

Although business principles may be applied profitably to every branch of farming there is no branch where they count for more than on the dairy end. A man must know what his milk costs him before he can fix his price. He must know just how much each cow produces in order to weed out the unprofitable cows. He must know whether or not he is getting profitable results from his feed. A set of books is as necessary to the dairyman as a barn.

This has been told the farmer over and over again. The state bureaus of agriculture have preached it; the farm journals have devoted columns to it; the farmers' institutes never meet without describing the necessity of it. The farmer has even been furnished with the best form of record all worked out for him. And yet the system is far from being in general use. A number of the bigger farmers use it, but it is even more important for the small farmer than for his more prosperous neighbor. It's the small farmer upon whom the nation is dependent, and any reform that doesn't reach him doesn't do much good.

Before a cow can be called profitable or unprofitable three things must be known—the total amount of milk she produces in a year; the total amount of fat produced in a year; the cost of the food she consumes in a year. From these facts an important fourth can be calculated—the use the cow makes of her feed as shown by increased or decreased production. Give two cows the same food, and one will respond by giving a larger quantity of better quality milk, while the second will perhaps remain stationary—in which case the second cow must be eliminated.

The result of such a system is accurate knowledge, not only preventing a loss but giving the farmer a solid basis upon which to build up his herd. The following record shows what the difference in producing power between cows may be. The cows were in the same condition and received the same care:

THE PROFITABLE COW PRODUCED IN ONE YEAR.		THE UNPROFITABLE COW PRODUCED IN ONE YEAR.	
Pounds milk	9775	Pounds milk	3768
Pounds fat	351.2	Pounds fat	182.7
Value	$173.09	Value	$66.97
Cost roughage	34.12	Cost roughage	30.98
Cost grain	44.67	Cost grain	21.74
Feed cost	78.79	Feed cost	52.72
Profit	94.30	Profit	14.25

The profitable cow produced milk at a cost of fourteen and six-tenth cents per can; the unprofitable cow produced it at a cost of twenty-five and five-tenth cents. The difference in feed cost between the two does not represent an actual saving on the part of the unprofitable cow, but stands for nothing but inefficiency. The other fixed charges for the two cows were the same. The poorer one was limited in her capacity to convert feed into milk.

The difference in the total profit of the two cows for a year was eighty dollars and five cents, which in a herd of a hundred such cows would mean a difference in profit of eight thousand dollars, which is an item of some importance.

In the face of such facts as these you'll still find farmers who, beyond the general distinction between a good cow and a poor one or perhaps a fair-to-middling cow, will call a cow a cow and let it go at that. It's too much trouble to weigh the milk; too much trouble to use a tester; too much trouble to jot down the results every day. In a few scattered counties in different states the farmers have organized themselves into dairy-testing associations and hired a man to do the testing. The results in every case have been almost as notable as those following the introduction of the cotton gin among Southern planters. And still the method is far from being in general use.

Dick from the first kept a scorecard for each cow, and the results as indicated later were mighty interesting. In the mean while Barney had told every family that he knew in Little Italy about Dick's determination to furnish them with clean milk. He made clear to them the value of clean milk and said frankly that the boy meant to charge enough to make a fair profit.

"You know what the name Carleton stands for," he told them. "Your men have worked under him a good many years. You've always found him a man you could trust. You can trust his milk and his price. Now as your physician I'm going to prescribe that milk to every household containing an infant. You'd better order it as soon as possible. He has fixed the price to start with at eight cents—the current rate for ordinary milk. He will continue it at this price until he is able to determine the cost, and then will either lower it or raise it as the cost demands."

This was for milk delivered at the door and was no more than they were paying for ordinary milk. Milk of equal quality with Carleton milk would have cost them from twelve to fourteen cents a quart, while some milk not one whit better was bringing twenty cents.

There is little doubt but that Dick could have sold most of his milk right in the village. As soon as people had time to inspect that barn, and when it became known that Barney himself was interested in the project, Dick received requests for it from practically all upper High Street. But the herd was producing at this time only about a hundred quarts a day, and the advance orders from Little Italy alone amounted to one hundred and fourteen quarts. Not only all of Barney's patients but their friends and most of the Carleton gang ordered the milk. It wasn't a month before Carleton's business friends and acquaintances in the city were clamoring for it. That Carleton was raising the milk was all the guaranty they wanted that it was good milk. I don't think anything that ever happened to the boy pleased him more than this.

"There isn't a day," he told me, "but what I get either letters or telephone calls from men who want the milk. They say they don't care what the price is, they must have it. Most of them are men with children. It sort of makes a man feel good to know people will trust their babies with him on the strength of his name, Dad."

It didn't make the boy feel any better than it did me, while Ruth just beamed.

"That's fine for Dick," she said to me. "That's the sort of business success that counts for something."

Barney, always a trifle heady, was breathless about the whole situation.

"A hundred quarts isn't a drop in the bucket," he said excitedly. "You need a thousand quarts. You ought to put in a hundred more cows right away. Scour the countryside for them. You owe it as a public duty. Every cow in town ought to be in your charge. You ought to supply the whole city with milk and this whole town as well. It's a crime to refuse any one who wants the milk."

"Just a minute," said Dick. "You'll have me supplying the whole United States next."

"It's a shame you can't," said Barney. "It's a shame the government can't. Talk about government ownership of railroads! Government ownership of cows would save more lives. Let the grown-ups look out for themselves; it's the kiddies who need a fair start. And it isn't railroads they need, but clean milk. It would be a sound and profitable economic policy to place every cow in the nation under rigid government control. It would save citizens."

"Well, I'm not the government," Dick laughed. "We've made a fair beginning, but we mustn't spoil it all by going too fast. Before I buy another cow or book another order I want to find out what this milk is costing me. If conditions warrant, the business will grow naturally and by itself. We mustn't push it."

Of course Barney saw that the boy was right, but he was an impatient man when he saw a chance for doing good. He nearly wrecked a half dozen charitable organizations with which he was connected because they couldn't keep pace with him. He finally resigned from them all—to their great relief. He himself, however, was disgusted.

"Too much talk," he said.

As a matter of fact the orders Dick already booked had come so fast as to find him unprepared. He really wasn't in a position to handle them. Dick made up his mind, however, that he wouldn't disappoint any one. Those first orders were like a vote of confidence in him, and he determined to fill them at no matter what cost.

Dick had been fortunate in securing in Al Morrison a mighty good youngster to help him. He was a wide-awake lad of eighteen whose ambition was to secure capital enough to start a dairy of his own. Dick paid him twelve dollars a week and put him in charge of the barn. Barney kept track of that lad as though he were one of the herd and took the same precautions with him. But it wasn't necessary, for the lad was clean all the way through.

Al solved the milking problem, and with Dick's help also the bottling question. Then Dick made a deal with the Pioneer Products Company to take the milk to town on the regular morning run which the truck was making with early vegetables. Then the best Dick could do was to make a second deal with a city milk firm having a route in Little Italy to deliver the milk to his customers. He paid them a commission of two cents and a half a bottle. It was too much, but he was lucky to find the firm willing to do it at any price. They wouldn't have done it except for Barney, who argued that the milk was in the nature of a physician's prescription. I guess the milk firm didn't fear active competition anyway with a man who was selling what was practically certified milk for eight cents a quart.

X

IT WAS Barney's desire, with which Dick was in hearty sympathy, to produce a natural milk that should be as clean as pasteurized milk.

"Cooked filth is not so dangerous as uncooked filth," said Barney; "but I don't see any need of having either."

Brewster was not a dairy town, and therefore it did not seem practicable to organize a milk commission for the production of duly authorized certified milk. Nor under the circumstances did it seem either necessary or advisable. The requirements of the commission, though justifiable, seemed altogether too stringent to be borne by one small herd. Their methods cover ninety-seven provisions and

call for a board consisting of a veterinarian, a physician, a chemist and a bacteriologist. In establishing their high standard and in an endeavor to cover the whole field every single man and provision is warranted. They are necessary general precautions for the elimination of possible personal irresponsibility on the part of unknown producers.

But Dick's case was a little different. From neither himself nor Barney was there anything to fear on this ground. They meant to furnish a milk which, if not quite up to the ideal standard of certified milk, should be pretty near it. And they meant to produce this at a price as near that of ordinary milk as was possible.

Dick sent for the report of the American Association of Medical Commissions, which is supplied by the government printing office, as are many other papers on the production of clean milk, and studied it carefully. Then he said to the doctor:

"It's all right, but it's too much for us to handle."

"We can handle the spirit of it," said Barney.

"That's what we started out to do from the first. But I guess we'll have to be our own commission."

Now although Dick didn't go as thoroughly into some details as the American Association would have liked, he certainly covered the fundamental features of their system. He had some interesting experiences later on with the City Board of Health, which at first was inclined to view his results with suspicion. To me the most valuable feature of Dick's efforts was that he kept within the bounds of what is possible to the average farmer who hasn't a big plant.

It was no uncommon habit in Brewster for us to pitch down our hay to the cows just before milking-time and to do our milking as they contentedly munched. Now that may make for the peace of mind of both cow and milker, but it is hardly more sanitary than it would be to shake dirt into the milk out of a pepper box. The dust is raised just in time to allow it to settle during the milking period. Though that dust may look harmless enough to the naked eye it certainly looks different under a microscope, especially after it has been allowed to fatten for a few hours in new milk. No matter how clean you keep your barn some dust is bound to come down with the hay. It is just as easy to do the feeding three-quarters of an hour before milking or just after milking. There are plenty of things to do in the meanwhile.

Perhaps the most startling innovation from the viewpoint of Brewsterites was the washing of the udders with warm water and a sponge. Hadley came over one day for the express purpose of seeing this with his own eyes. When Al finished he waited for Hadley's verdict.

"I've gut jest one idee for puttin' the finishin' teches on thet job," he said.

"What's that?" said Al.

"Ye oughter sprinkle 'em with Floridy water."

From Hadley's point of view, which was that of the old-time farmer who has come to be hardly more than an indifferent onlooker, the process was absurd. To be sure it did away with the ordinary sprinkling of filth which otherwise would be deposited in the milk, but a lot of that could be strained out through cheesecloth and what remained didn't matter. Nothing mattered to Hadley unless it was something he could see, and even then a bug would have to be big enough to bite through cowhide boots to attract his attention. After cleaning the cows the next thing Al did was to clean himself. He washed his hands thoroughly and got into clean jumpers and overalls. He was then ready to milk. The first few streams were always discarded, which again excited Hadley's sarcasm.

"It's too darned bad ye have ter keep any of the pison," he said. "I reckon the way it'll end with all these new-fangled notions is thet when ye're done milking ye'll pour the whole business down behind the barn."

The pail in ordinary use round town was a common ten-quart tin milk pail, bigger at the top than anywhere else. Looking back, it really seems as though we'd been a good deal more intent on catching dirt than milk. The pail Dick used had a covered spout. The top of the pail itself was covered with a layer of absorbent cotton placed between two layers of gauze. This made about as perfect a filter as can be devised.

At the End of Two Weeks the Bacteriologist Declared it to be Sweet as a Nut

As fast as each cow was milked Dick took the pail and carried it at once out of the barn into the milk room. This was in a small building detached from the barn. It was only a temporary structure, but it was thoroughly screened and clean. Here the milk was poured into a covered cooler, which consisted merely of a coil of pipes containing cold water. The milk was thus cooled to about forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. After this it was at once put into bottles that had been sterilized by boiling and then chilled. A sterilized paper cap was then adjusted and over this a paper fastened round the neck of the bottle with an elastic. The bottles were then put into cases holding a dozen and surrounded with cracked ice. They were kept in ice until delivered.

Now this was the way Dick began. I don't doubt but that he neglected some of the ninety-seven provisions, but he certainly did obey the gist of them. His cows were clean, his stable was clean, his man was clean. His milk went direct into a clean pail, was cooled within five minutes after milking and went into clean, cool bottles. That's all there was to it. It was too early for the boy as yet to compute the added cost of this method, but it couldn't have been much. Roughly it involved only the remodeling of his barn, which I haven't much doubt was returned to him in the better health of his cattle, which in turn means increased productiveness. It meant extra labor in grooming the cattle, but, as in the first case, this probably meant their better health. The chief added expense came in the cooling equipment, the bottling and the ice.

The most interesting feature of Dick's new venture was that even at the very start he, an inexperienced dairyman, was able to put into operation as model a dairy as though he had been in the business fifty years. At a cost of not over fifty cents he was able to secure from Washington the most expert advice in the land. None of his new ideas were his own. The chief value of his experience lies in just this fact: he used only the material which is available to every man who cares to go into this business. The government today is ready to do most anything to help a farmer, except furnish him the capital and actually run his plant. The amazing fact is that farmers won't take advantage of this. It has become a habit with them to ridicule the agricultural department as they do the weather bureau.

Of course it's one thing to know the right way and another to know how to put that right way into operation inexpensively. That's where the personal element comes in. That's where business experience counts. But that business experience need not necessarily be acquired on the farm. In fact that's a pretty poor place, as most farms are managed, to try to acquire it. Dick qualified for his dairy business as a building contractor. He applied to the buying and selling of farm produce the same principles he applied to the buying and selling of labor. That's all there was to it. Applying these principles it wasn't long before Dick realized that though his dairy might be up to standard as judged by the nature of his produce, his farm as a whole was far from being in running order. It was not yet a unit. He was buying hay, grain and bedding; he was buying his own produce; he would soon be forced to buy dressing.

This condition of affairs was due, not to ignorance but to haste. This is the common mistake of amateur farmers. I've seen it again and again. A man raises chickens without raising their feed; a man raises garden produce without raising feed for his land. The result is always failure. Farming profits in the last analysis go back to the land.

The boy knew his trouble.

"I might have waited until fall," he told me, "and started with a full barn. But that would have thrown the loss I'm bearing now upon the kiddies. I reckon I can stand it better than they can."

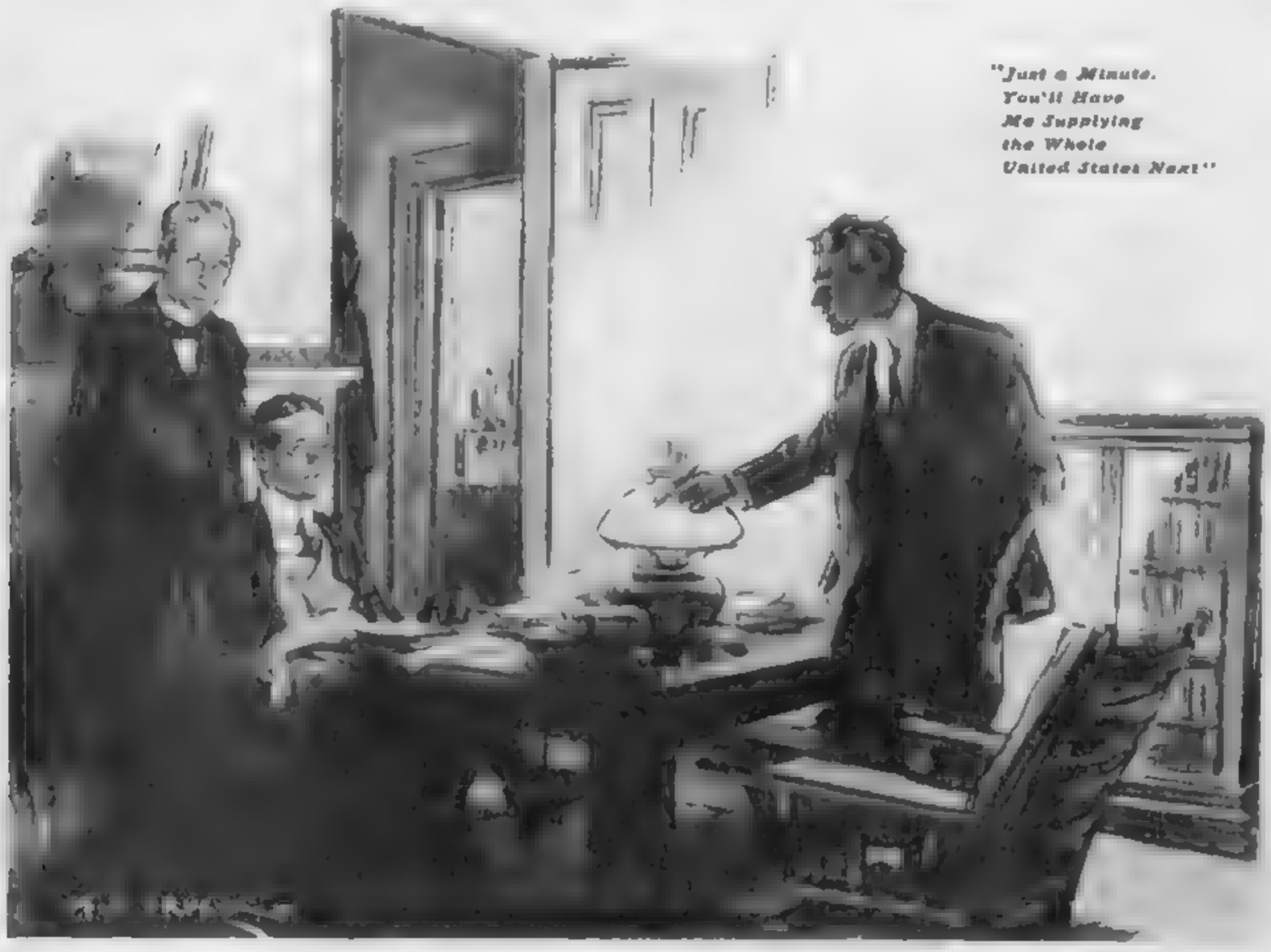
I must say I was surprised at the serious way in which the boy accepted his responsibility. If those Little Italy babies had been blood relatives of his he couldn't have taken his duty toward them any more earnestly. This spirit was back of his business from the very beginning. Perhaps his early life among them accounted for this. And yet later on, when his business grew to include a class with whom he had not been thrown into any such intimate contact, he kept exactly this same attitude.

As planting-time came Dick took account of stock. He had about forty acres of land in all. Ten of this consisted of an old orchard which Dardoni had trimmed up with good results. The trees were mostly Baldwins which had been growing for a couple of generations. They had by no means been treated even by Dardoni as well as they deserved, but Dick didn't have much time this first season to put in on them. He couldn't, however, allow so large a per cent of his land to go entirely neglected, so he stopped long enough to plow the whole orchard between the trees. After this he harrowed it with a disk harrow. The apple experts advise a second and even a third harrowing, ending in a cover crop of something like red clover, but the boy didn't feel that he wanted to devote so much time and money to the orchard until he had some evidence that the trees would pay.

As an experiment he did treat one acre in this fashion. Some six acres he sowed at once to clover and two of the remaining acres he dressed and sowed to white beans, keeping his crop well away from the trees. One other acre he sowed in the same way to squash and cabbages. These crops were undoubtedly the best he could have selected. He kept them well cultivated, which in itself counted for the trees as much as for the crops.

Fifteen acres were already in hay and these Dick let alone. The remaining fifteen acres, with the exception of about an acre which he used for his house garden, the boy put into flint corn, using native seed. This was for silage.

His crops that first season were naturally in the nature of an experiment. It's an open question in New England whether or not a man can profitably raise his own grain. The season is so short that almost every year it is a straight-away gamble against the weather. Until the last few years



"Just a Minute. You'll Have Me Supplying the Whole United States Next"

the effort had ceased almost entirely, but of late there has been a growing sentiment in favor of renewing the attempt. The high price of Western grain has prompted farmers to this.

But one thing is dead certain and open to no debate whatever, namely, that if a farmer doesn't raise his own grain he must raise a crop of something that will give him sufficient return to allow him to purchase grain. He can't sit round, stare at idle land and bemoan the fact that corn has taken another jump. A farmer must purchase his grain out of his land either directly or indirectly. There's no getting round this fact.

Dick was prompted to make the experiment of raising feed corn as a matter of sentiment. His ancestors had succeeded in doing it, and he wanted to try. He found difficulty at the outset in securing good seed. Most of the men in Brewster bought in the open market, and goodness knows where the seed came from. There wasn't a man in town who raised his own or who knew anything about good seeds. On this point the agricultural experts are to a man in favor of having every farmer develop his own seed; but this can't be done in one season and really is more or less of a specialized branch of farming.

The boy worked like a dog that first summer. He was up at four every morning and did almost a full day's work before going to town. He was back on the farm again by half-past five and busy until after dark. But he enjoyed it and Jane enjoyed it. Her housework wasn't troubling her at all, and she was at Dick's heels whether in the field or in the barn. Both enjoyed it with all the clean, strong energy of their youth. They were on a brave adventure—the brave adventure of life. If I had worried at first lest the boy with an easier road than I had might push along it with less spirit, I soon changed my mind. With less of a struggle for himself he was making more of a struggle for others. And for a full life there's no alternative.

Before the end of the summer he had forgotten that his dairy was to be only an experiment. The results of clean milk which Barney reported were so tangible as to leave the boy no choice but to make a success of what he had undertaken.

XI

DICK was keeping a record of the amount produced daily by each cow and making a weekly test of each cow for the per cent of fat in her product. Even at the end of three months the difference between them was marked, though all were receiving the same rations. Cow Number 3 produced in the first three-months period two thousand one hundred and thirteen pounds of milk containing ninety-one and two-tenths pounds of butter fat. Cow Number 8, in the same physical condition, produced only sixteen hundred and twenty-one pounds of milk and seventy-two pounds of butter fat. That was the margin between the best and the poorest cow of the herd in the same condition. In fact this was the only real comparison Dick was able to make, but it showed up vividly that the chief factor in the creation of a profitable herd lay right here.

Farm management may do something toward the reduction of expense; shrewd feeding and careful buying, either from the land or the market, may do something more; skillful business methods of distribution may be another element of success; but overtopping all of these is the efficient herd. Yet this is probably among small farmers the most neglected end of the business. Cows are kept with a producing capacity of less than five thousand pounds of milk a year when the same feed and care would keep a cow producing as high as ten thousand. In Denmark, as a matter of fact, these last figures represent the average cow. And these results are obtained by nothing but careful breeding along lines long recognized in the production of sporting animals. The science of breeding to speed in horses has been practiced for centuries; the science of breeding to weight and power in horses is in common practice. Dogs and cocks have long been bred for fighting qualities; cats for beauty. But there is many a farmer who, though willing to admit the wisdom of careful selection in such details, will match any cow he may happen to have to the breeder who happens to be most convenient.

Dick secured the services of a pure-bred registered dairy bull. He used a good deal of thought in making his selection, studying the animals' ancestry and progeny, with their record as producers the chief thing in mind. He felt, and rightly, that the success of his business was dependent upon the outcome.

There is no possible room for debate on this question. It isn't debated among small farmers, it is simply ignored. Ask one of them why he doesn't use some judgment in this matter, and he'll wave it aside with a yawn or allow that it's all right for the man with plenty of money but that he himself can't afford such things. It's the explanation half the time of why the other man happens to have a lot of money and why he himself feels that he *can't* afford it. Even in Brewster, where in other branches of farming we had made a distinct advance, it took Dick to make the men see the practical value of his methods in dairying.

Incidentally that word "practical" has been a curse to many an old-time farmer. I ran up against it again and again when beginning work in Brewster. The departments of agriculture find it a Chinese wall round the small farmer. Let a man from outside the neighborhood suggest any improvement, and he'll be met by either the cynical smile or the lazy yawn of the "practical" farmer.

And what the deuce is your so-called practical farmer? He's the man who is doing things in the same old practical way his father did and the latter's father before him. And even if he's making a fine practical failure, he prides himself on the fact he's doing it in a practical way. Everything varying one jot from that way is moonshine. The more you hear one of these men boast of the fact that he's practical, the more you may depend upon the fact that this is the last thing in the world he really is. The most practical man in all Brewster was Hadley. And he is today. He'll die a practical man. In fact he practically did so forty years ago.

Dick had some interesting experiences that first summer. One of the doctors from the board of health of the neighboring city secured a sample of Dick's milk from a customer and tested it each day for two weeks for fat, acidity and bacteria. The result was so striking that he doubted his own results and secured a second sample. At the end of two weeks the bacteriologist drank the remainder himself and declared it to be sweet as a nut.

Barney took a bottle of his milk and kept it at a temperature of forty-five degrees for three weeks before he was able to detect the slightest trace of acidity. Now this was the result of nothing but purity. The bacteria count in the milk averaged less than two thousand. In ordinary milk it sometimes reaches five hundred thousand, while even the certified milk commissions permit as high as ten thousand and some commissions allow it to run even higher than that.

One of Jane's friends from town visited her and showed a good deal of dainty concern over the fact that Dick was raising milk. I don't know what she expected, but from what Jane said I guess it wouldn't have surprised her any to find a cow tethered on the front lawn. Now, as a matter of fact, Jane is proud of the whole business and proud of the plant. Down deep in her heart I think she feels that Dick is doing more real good than her banker father. So when the friend let drop some remark about the disagreeable feature of living so near a herd of cows, Jane said:

"I don't wonder you feel that way. But come out and see the barn."

Then just for the fun of the thing Jane made her friend close her eyes when near the barn and led her in. The girl stood within three feet of the cows before she knew she was inside the structure, and then it was the sweet fragrance of hay that told her.

That's the way it should be. There's no cleaner, sweeter animal on a farm than a well-cared-for cow. Not a tenth of the dogs and cats that are given the run of the house are as clean and wholesome or as safe to have round. Personally I'd rather live in Dick's barn with Dick's cows than in a house with some servants I've seen. I'll bet a dollar I'd live longer.

We had a short season that year and Dick's corn crop didn't turn out very well. Before the season was half through he realized he had made a mistake. With the market which the Pioneer Products Company had developed it was evident he would have done better to have centered his efforts on garden produce which he could have turned into cash. The beans and squashes which he planted in his orchard brought him a larger return than his corn. His apples, however, did well that year and were a cash crop, so that on the whole the boy couldn't complain. The net result of the season was good, even though it might have been better.

In the mean while the demand for Carleton milk increased daily until the boy could have sold twice as much as he was producing. Barney was insistent for Dick to double his herd, but the lad shook his head.

"Not yet," he said. "I'm learning something new every day, and before I increase this business I want to be sure of where I stand. If this thing is going to be as big in the end as you want it to be, doctor, it must be built up slowly."

Dick was right. Another man might have got a little bit heady about it, but the boy was sure of himself. It takes a mighty good business man, in my opinion, to be able to keep a steady pull on the reins when a new enterprise like a frisky colt tries to take the bit. Barney would have had a hundred cows by the end of that first summer. The boy proposed to increase his herd only as fast as the herd could increase itself, which was a considerably slower process but also a considerably surer one. And sureness was what Dick was aiming for. He was building this business with the same idea of permanency with which he had constructed his house. The idea back of that gave Ruth and me a tremendous amount of satisfaction, though it appealed to some of Dick's friends as decidedly old-fashioned.

As I read this country's history it seems to me as though that one word "permanency" was until the last few years the note that inspired every American. As a nation we started with a Constitution built for all time; we built our homes solidly and founded our businesses to be handed down from father to son. We married for keeps and built our railroads, not on speculation but as permanent thoroughfares for the nation. Maybe a change was inevitable; maybe it has been for the best; but somehow it pleased both Ruth and me to see the boy harking back to the good old solid way.

XII

IF BARNEY was disappointed because Dick refused to increase his herd more rapidly, he found some consolation in the fact that the boy's experiment was producing a decidedly beneficial effect upon the standard of milk production in the whole town. A man can't do good work along any line without inspiring everybody round him. Sometimes the indirect results of his efforts count for more than the direct results. I saw with my own eyes that the simpler methods of housekeeping practiced by Ruth and Jane were spreading over the village. They themselves were intent only on keeping house for their own to the best of their ability, but as a matter of fact they helped keep house for the whole town.

Really all that Dick was doing was to apply the same principles to the barn. He was keeping house there along the very same lines of simplicity and cleanliness. The thing that surprised me then and that continues to surprise me is that this should be considered an amazing innovation. It's a pretty harsh criticism of the methods into which we have unconsciously drifted when a return to obviously common-sense simple standards by any one should be looked upon in the light of a radical revolution. It's a good deal as though a man who refrained from stealing should be hailed as a hero, and a man who habitually told the truth should be crowned with laurel.

"You Can Trust His Milk and His Price"

(Continued on Page 38)

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XX

THE *portier* was almost happy that morning. For one thing, he had won honorable mention at the Schubert Society the night before; for another, that night the Engel was to sing Mignon, and the *portier* had spent his Christmas tips for a ticket. All day long he had been poring over the score.

"*Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?*" he sang with feeling while he polished the floors. He polished them with his feet, wearing felt boots for the purpose, and executing in the doing a sort of ungainly dance—a sprinkle of wax, right foot forward and back, left foot forward and back, both feet forward and back in a sort of double shuffle; more wax, more vigorous polishing, more singing, with longer pauses for breath. "Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees bloom?" he bellowed—sprinkle of wax, right foot, left foot, any foot at all. Now and then he took the score from his pocket and pored over it, humming the air, raising his eyebrows over the high notes, dropping his chin to the low ones. It was a wonderful morning. Between greetings to neighbors he sang—a bit of talk, a bit of song.

"*Kennst du das Land*—Good morning, sir—the old Rax wears a crown. It will snow soon. *Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen*—Ah, madam the milk *frau*, and are the cows frozen up today like the pump? No? Marvelous! Dost thou know that tonight is Mignon at the Opera, and that the Engel sings? *Kennst du das Land* ——"

At eleven came Rosa with her husband, the soldier from Salzburg with one lung. He was having a holiday from his sentry duty at the hospital, and the one lung seemed to be a libel, for while the women had coffee together and a bit of mackerel he sang a very fair bass to the *portier's* tenor. Together they pored over the score, and even on their way to the beerhall hummed together such bits as they recalled.

On one point they differed. The score was old and soiled with much thumbing. At one point, destroyed long since, the sentry sang A sharp: the *portier* insisted on A natural. They argued together over three steins of beer; the waiter, referred to, decided for A flat. It was a serious matter to have one's teeth set, as one may say, for a natural and then to be shocked with an unexpected half tone up or down! It destroyed the illusion; it disappointed; it hurt.

The sentry stuck to the sharp—it was sung so at the Salzburg opera. The *portier* snapped his thumb at the Salzburg opera. Things were looking serious; they walked back to the lodge in silence. The sentry coughed. Possibly there was something after all in the one-lung rumor.

It was then that the *portier* remembered Harmony. She would know; perhaps she had the score.

Harmony was having a bad morning. She had slept little until dawn, and Peter's stealthy closing of the outer door had wakened her by its very caution. After that there had been no more sleep. She had sat up in bed with her chin in her hands and thought.

In the pitiless dawn, with no Peter to restore her to cheerfulness, things looked black indeed. To what had she fallen, that first one man and then another must propose marriage to her to save her. To save her from what? From what people thought, or—each from the other? Were men so evil that they never trusted each other? McLean had frankly distrusted Peter, had said so. Or could it be that there was something about her, something light and frivolous? She had been frivolous. She always laughed at Peter's foolishnesses. Perhaps that was it. That *was* it. They were afraid for her. She had thrown herself on Peter's hands—almost into his arms. She had made this situation.

She must get away of course. If only she had some one to care for Jimmy until Peter returned! But there was no one. The *portier's* wife was fond of Jimmy, but not skillful. And suppose he were to wake in the night and call for her and she would not come. She cried a little over this. After a time she pattered across the room in her bare feet and got from a bureau drawer the money she had left. There was not half enough to take her home. She could write; the little mother might get some for her, but at infinite cost, infinite humiliation. That would have to be a final, desperate resort.

She felt a little more cheerful when she had had a cup of coffee. Jimmy wakened about that time, and she went through the details of his morning toilet with all the brightness she could assume—bath blankets, warm bath, toenails, finger-nails, fresh nightgown, fresh sheets, and—final touch of all—a real barber's part straight from crown to brow. After that ten minutes under extra comforters while the room aired.

Very Silently She Closed the Door Behind Her

She hung over the boy that morning in an agony of tenderness—he was so little, so frail, and she must leave him. Only one thing sustained her. The boy loved her, but it was Peter he idolized. When he had Peter he needed nothing else. In some curious process of his childish mind Peter and daddy mingled in inextricable confusion. More than once he had recalled events in the roving life he and his father had led.

"You remember that, don't you?" he would say.

"Certainly I remember," Peter would reply heartily.

"That evening on the steamer when I ate so many raisins."

"Of course. And were ill."

"Not ill—not that time. But you said I'd make a good pudding! You remember that, don't you?"

And Peter would recall it all.

Peter would be left. That was the girl's comfort.

She made a beginning at gathering her things together that morning, while the boy dozed and the white mice scurried about the little cage. She could not take her trunk, or Peter would trace it. She would have to carry her belongings, a few at a time, to wherever she found a room. Then when Peter came back she could slip away and he would never find her.

At noon came the *portier* and the sentry, now no longer friends, and rang the door-bell. Harmony was rather startled. McLean and Mrs. Boyer had been her only callers, and she did not wish to see either of them. But after a second ring she gathered her courage in her hands and opened the door.

She turned pale when she saw the sentry in his belted blue-gray tunic and high cap. She thought, of course, that Jimmy had been traced and that now he would be taken away. If the sentry knew her, however, he kept his face impassive and merely touched his cap. The *portier* stated their errand. Harmony's face cleared. She even smiled as the *portier* extended to her the thumbed score with its missing corner. What, after all, does it matter which was right—whether it was A sharp or A natural? What really matters is that Harmony, having settled the dispute and clinched the decision by running over the score for a page or two, turned to find the *portier*, ecstatic eyes upturned, hands folded on paunch, enjoying a delirium of pleasure, and the sentry nowhere in sight.

He was discovered a moment later in the doorway of Jimmy's room, where, taciturn as ever, severe, martial, he stood at attention, shoulders back, arms at his sides, thumbs in. In this position he was making, with amazing rapidity, a series of hideous grimaces for the benefit of the little boy in the bed: marvelous faces they were, in which nose, mouth and eyes seemed interchangeable, where features played leapfrog with one another. When all was over—perhaps when his repertoire was exhausted—the sentry returned his nose to the center of his face, replaced eyes and mouth, and wiped the *ensemble* with a blue cotton handkerchief. Then, still in silence, he saluted and withdrew, leaving the youngster enraptured, staring at the doorway.

Harmony had decided the approximate location of her room. In the higher part of the city, in the sixteenth district, there were many unpretentious buildings. She had hunted board there and she knew. It was far from the Stadt, far from the fashionable part of town, a neighborhood of small shops, of frank indigence. There surely she could find a room, and perhaps in one of the small stores what she failed to secure in the larger, a position.

Rosa having taken her soldier away, Harmony secured the *portier's* wife to sit with Jimmy and spent two hours that afternoon looking about for a room. She succeeded finally in finding one, a small and wretchedly furnished bedroom, part of the suite of a cheap dressmaker. The approach was forbidding enough. One entered a cavelike, cobble-paved court under the building, filled with wagons, feeding horses, quarrelsome and swearing teamsters. From the side a stone staircase took off and led, twisting from one landing cave to another, to the upper floor.

Here lived the dressmaker, amid the constant whirring of sewing machines, the babel of work-people. Harmony, seeking not a home but a hiding-place, took the room at once. She was asked for no reference. In a sort of agony lest this haven fail her she paid for a week in advance. The wooden bed, the cracked mirror over the table, even the pigeons outside on the window-sill were hers for a week.

The dressmaker was friendly, almost garrulous.

"I will have it cleaned," she explained. "I have been so busy: the masquerade season is on. The *Fraulein* is American, is she not?"

"Yes."

"One knows the Americans. They are *chic*, not like the English. I have some American customers."

Harmony started. The dressmaker was shrewd. Many people hid in the sixteenth district. She hastened to reassure the girl.

"They will not disturb you. And just now I have but one, a dancer. I shall have the room cleaned. Good-by, *Fraulein*."

So far, good. She had a refuge now, one spot that the venom of scandal could not poison, where she could study and work—work hard, although there could be no more lessons—one spot where Peter would not have to protect her, where Peter, indeed, would never find her. This thought, which should have brought comfort, brought only new misery. Peace seemed dearly bought all at once; shabby, wholesome, hearty Peter, with his rough hair and quiet voice, his bulging pockets and steady eyes—she was leaving Peter forever, exchanging his companionship for that of a row of pigeons on a window-sill. He would find some one, of course; but who would know that he liked toast made hard and plenty of butter, or to leave his bed-clothing loose at the foot, Peter being very long and apt to lop over? The lopping over brought a tear or two. A very teary and tragic young heroine, this Harmony, prone to go about for the last day or two with a damp little handkerchief tucked in her sleeve.

She felt her way down the staircase and into the cave below. Fate hangs by a very slender thread sometimes. If a wagon had not lumbered by as she reached the lowest step, so that she must wait and thus had time to lower her

veil, she would have been recognized at once by the little Georgiev, waiting to ascend. But the wagon was there, Harmony lowered her veil, the little Georgiev, passing a veiled young woman in the gloom, went up the staircase with even pulses and calm and judicial bearing, up to the tiny room a floor or two below Harmony's, where he wrote reports to the minister of war and mixed them with sonnets—to Harmony.

Harmony went back to the Siebensternstrasse, having accomplished what she had set out to do and being very wretched in consequence. Because she was leaving the boy so soon she strove to atone for her coming defection by making it a gala evening. The child was very happy. She tucked him up in the salon, lighted all the candles, served him the daintiest of suppers there. She brought in the mice and tied tiny bows on their necks; she played checkers with him while the supper dishes waited, and went down to defeat in three hilarious games; and last of all she played to him, joyous music at first, then slower, drowsier airs, until his heavy head dropped on his shoulder and she gathered him up in tender arms and carried him to bed.

It was dawn when Marie arrived. Harmony was sleeping soundly when the bell rang. Her first thought was that Peter had come back—but Peter carried a key. The bell rang again, and she slipped on the old kimono and went to the door.

"Is it Peter?" she called, hand on knob.

"I come from Peter. I have a letter," in German.

"Who is it?"

"You do not know me—Marie Jedlicka. Please let me come in."

Bewildered, Harmony opened the door, and like a gray ghost Marie slipped by her and into the hall.

There was a gaslight burning very low; Harmony turned it up and faced her visitor. She recognized her at once—the girl Doctor Stewart had been with in the coffee house.

"Something has happened to Peter!"

"No. He is well. He sent this to the *Fräulein* Wells."

"I am the *Fräulein* Wells."

Marie held out the letter and staggered. Harmony put her in a chair; she was bewildered, almost frightened. Crisis of some sort was written on Marie's face. Harmony felt very young, very incapable. The other girl refused coffee, would not even go into the salon until Peter's letter had been read. She was a fugitive, a criminal; the Austrian law is severe to those that harbor criminals. Let Harmony read:

Dear Harry: Will you forgive me for this and spread the wings of your splendid charity over this poor child? Perhaps I am doing wrong in sending her to you, but just now it is all I can think of. If she wants to talk let her talk. It will probably help her. Also feed her, will you? And if she cannot sleep, give her one of the blue powders I fixed for Jimmy. I'll be back late today if I can make it. PETER.

Harmony glanced up from the letter. Marie sat drooping in her chair. Her eyes were sunken in her head. She had recognized her at once, but any surprise she may have felt at finding Harmony in Peter's apartment was sunk in a general apathy, a compound of nervous reaction and fatigue. During the long hours in the express she had worn herself out with fright and remorse: there was nothing left now but exhaustion.

Harmony was bewildered, but obedient. She went back to the cold kitchen and lighted a fire. She made Marie as comfortable as she could in the salon, and then went into her room to dress. There she read the letter again, and wondered if Peter had gone through life like this, picking up waifs and strays and shouldering their burdens for them. Decidedly, life with Peter was full of surprises.

She remembered, as she hurried into her clothes, the boys' club back in America and the spelling matches. Decidedly, also, Peter was an occupation, a state of mind, a career. No musician, hoping for a career of her own, could possibly marry Peter.

That was a curious morning in the old lodge of Maria Theresa, while Stewart in the *Pension* Waldheim struggled back to consciousness, while Peter sat beside him and figured on an old envelope the problem of dividing among four enough money to support one, while McLean ate his heart out in wretchedness in his hotel.

Marie told her story over the early breakfast, sitting with her thin elbows on the table, her pointed chin in her palms.

"And now I am sorry," she finished. "It has done no good. If it had only killed her—but she was not much hurt. I saw her rise and bend over him."

Harmony was silent. She had no stock of aphorisms for the situation, no worldly knowledge, only pity.

"Did Peter say he would recover?"

"Yes. They will both recover and go to America. And he will marry her."

Perhaps Harmony would have been less comfortable, Marie less frank, had Marie realized that this establishment of Peter's was not on the same basis as Stewart's had been, or had Harmony divined her thought.

The presence of the boy was discovered by his waking. Marie was taken in and presented. She looked stupefied. Certainly the Americans were a marvelous people—to have taken into their house and their hearts this strange child—if he *were* strange. Marie's suspicious little slum mind was not certain.

In the safety and comfort of the little apartment the Viennese expanded, cheered. She devoted herself to the boy, telling him strange folk tales, singing snatches of songs for him. The youngster took a liking to her at once. It seemed to Harmony, going about her morning routine, that Marie was her solution and Peter's.

During the afternoon she took a package to the branch post-office and mailed it by parcel post to the Wollbadgasse. On the way she met Mrs. Boyer face to face. That lady looked severely ahead, and Harmony passed her with her chin well up and the eyes of a wounded animal.

"Under the Circumstances I Could Hardly Have Taken Her In"

McLean sent a great box of flowers that day. She put them, for lack of a vase, in a pitcher beside Jimmy's bed.

At dusk a telegram came to say that Stewart was better and that Peter was on his way down to Vienna. He would arrive at eight. Time was very short now—seconds flashed by, minutes galloped. Harmony stewed a chicken for supper, and creamed the breast for Jimmy. She fixed the table, flowers in the center, the best cloth, Peter's favorite cheese. Six o'clock, six-thirty, seven; Marie was telling Jimmy a fairy tale and making the fairies out of rosebuds. The study lamp was lighted, the stove glowing, Peter's slippers were out, his old smoking coat, his pipe.

A quarter past seven. Peter would be near Vienna now and hungry. If he could only eat his supper before he learned—but that was impossible. He would come in, as he always did, and slam the outer door, and open it again to close it gently, as he always did, and then he would look for her, going from room to room until he found her—only tonight he would not find her.

She did not say good-by to Jimmy. She stood in the doorway and said a little prayer for him. Marie had made the flower fairies on needles, and they stood about his head on the pillow—pink and yellow and white elves with fluffy skirts. Then, very silently, she put on her hat and jacket and closed the outer door behind her. In the courtyard she turned and looked up. The great chandelier in the salon was not lighted, but from the casement windows shone out the comfortable glow of Peter's lamp.

XXI

PETER had had many things to think over during the ride down the mountains. He had the third-class compartment to himself, and sat in a corner, soft hat over his eyes. Life had never been particularly simple to Peter—his own life, yes; a matter of three meals a day—he had had fewer—a roof, clothing. But other lives had always touched him closely, and at the contact points Peter glowed, fused, amalgamated. Thus he had been many people—good, indifferent, bad, but all needy. Thus, also, Peter had committed vicarious crimes, suffered vicarious illnesses, starved, died, loved—vicariously.

And now, after years of living for others, Peter was living at last for himself—and suffering.

Not that he understood exactly what ailed him. He thought he was tired, which was true enough, having had little sleep for two or three nights. Also he explained to himself that he was smoking too much, and resolutely—lighted another cigarette.

Two things had revealed Peter's condition to himself: McLean had said: "You are crazy in love with her." McLean's statement, lacking subtlety, had had a certain quality of directness. Even then Peter, utterly miserable, had refused to capitulate, when to capitulate would have meant the surrender of the house in the Siebensternstrasse. And the absence from Harmony had shown him just where he stood.

He was in love, crazy in love. Every fiber of his long body glowed with it, ached with it. And every atom of his reason told him what mad folly it was, this love. Even if Harmony cared—and at the mere thought his heart pounded—what madness for her, what idiocy for him! To ask her to accept the half of—nothing, to give up a career to share his struggle for one, to ask her to bury her splendid talent and her beauty under a bushel that he might wave aloft his feeble light!

And there was no way out, no royal road to fortune by the route he had chosen; nothing but grinding work, with a result problematical and years ahead. There were even no legacies to expect, he thought whimsically. Peter had known a chap once, struggling along in gynecology, who had had a fortune left him by a G. P., which being interpreted is Grateful Patient. Peter's patients had a way of living, and when they did drop out, as happened now and then, had also a way of leaving Peter an unpaid bill in token of appreciation; Peter had even occasionally helped to bury them, by way, he defended himself, of covering up his mistakes.

Peter, sitting back in his corner, allowed the wonderful scenery to slip by unnoticed. He put Harmony the Desirable out of his mind, and took to calculating on a scrap of paper what could be done for Harmony the Musician. He could hold out for three months, he calculated, and still have enough to send Harmony home and to get home himself on a slow boat. The Canadian lines were cheap. If Jimmy lived perhaps he could take him along; if not——

He would have to put six months' work in the next three. That was not so hard. He had got along before with less sleep, and thrived on it. Also there must be no more idle evenings, with Jimmy in the salon propped in a chair and Harmony playing, the room dark save for the glow from the stove and for the one candle at Harmony's elbow.

All roads lead to Rome. Peter's thoughts, having traveled in a circle, were back again to Harmony the Desirable—Harmony playing in the firelight, Harmony flushed over the brick stove, Harmony paring potatoes that night in the kitchen when he—— Harmony! Harmony!

Stewart knew all about the accident and its cause. Peter had surmised as much when the injured man failed to ask for Marie.

He tested him finally by bringing Marie's name into the conversation. Stewart ignored it, accepted her absence, refused to be drawn.

That was at first. During the day, however, as he gained strength he grew restless and uneasy. As the time approached for Peter to leave he was clearly struggling with himself. The landlady had agreed to care for him and was bustling about the room. During one of her absences he turned to Peter.

"I suppose Marie hasn't been round?"

"She came back last night."

"Did she tell you?

"Yes, poor child."

"She's a devil!" Stewart said, and lay silent. Then: "I saw her shoot that thing out in front of us, but there was no time—— Where is she now?"

"Marie? I sent her to Vienna."

Stewart fell back, relieved, not even curious.

"Thank heavens for that!" he said. "I don't want to see her again. I'd do something I'd be sorry for. The kindest thing to say for her is that she was not sane."

"No," said Peter gravely, "she was hardly sane."

Stewart caught his steady gaze and glanced away. For him Marie's little tragedy had been written and erased. He would forget it magnanimously. He had divided what he had with her, and she had repaid him by attempting his life. And not only his life, but Anita's. Peter followed his line of reasoning easily.

"It's quite a frequent complication, Stewart," he said, "but every man to whom it happens regards himself more

or less as a victim. She fell in love with you, that's all. Her conduct is contrary to the ethics of the game, but she's been playing poor cards all along."

"Where is she?"

"That doesn't matter, does it?"

Stewart had lain back and closed his eyes. No, it didn't matter. A sense of great relief overwhelmed him. Marie was gone, frightened into hiding. It was as if a band that had been about him was suddenly loosed: he breathed deep, he threw out his arms and laughed from sheer reaction.

During that afternoon ride, while the train clump-clumped down the mountains, Peter thought of all this. Some of Marie's things were in his bag; her rosary lay in his breast pocket, along with the pin he had sent her at Christmas. Peter happened on it, still in its box, which looked as if it had been cried over. He had brought it with him. He admired it very much, and it had cost money he could ill afford to spend.

It was late when the train drew into the station. Peter, encumbered with Marie's luggage and his own, lowered his window and added his voice to the chorus of plaintive calls: "*Portier! Portier!*" they shouted. "*Portier!*" bawled Peter.

He was obliged to resort to the extravagance of a taxicab. Possibly a fiacre would have done as well, but it cost almost as much and was slower. Moments counted now: a second was an hour, an hour a decade. For he was on his way to Harmony. Extravagance became recklessness. As soon die for a sheep as a lamb! He stopped the taxicab and bought a bunch of violets, stopped again and bought lilies of the valley to combine with the violets, went out of his way to the American grocery and bought a jar of preserved fruit.

By that time he was laden. The jar of preserves hung in one shabby pocket, Marie's rosary dangled from another; the violets were buttoned under his overcoat against the cold.

At the very last he held the taxi an extra moment and darted into the delicatessen shop across the Siebensternstrasse. From there, standing inside the doorway, he could see the lights in the salon across the way, the glow of his lamp, the flicker that was the fire. Peter whistled, stamped his cold feet, quite neglected—in spite of repeated warnings from Harmony—to watch the Herr Schenkenkaufer weigh the cheese, accepted without a glance a ten-kronen piece with a hole in it.

"And how is the child today?" asked the Herr Schenkenkaufer, covering the defective gold piece with conversation.

"I do not know; I have been away," said Peter. He almost sang it.

"All is well or I would have heard. Wilhelm the *portier* was but just now here."

"All well, of course," sang Peter, eyes on the comfortable glow of his lamp, the flicker that was the fire. "*Auf wiedersehen*, Herr Schenkenkaufer."

"*Auf wiedersehen*, Herr Doktor."

Violets, lilies of the valley, cheese, rosary, luggage—thus Peter climbed the stairs. The *portier* wished to assist him, but Peter declined. The *portier* was noisy. There was to be a moment when Peter, having admitted himself with extreme caution, would present himself without so much as a creak to betray him, would stand in a doorway until some one, Harmony perhaps—ah, Peter!—would turn and see him. She had a way of putting one slender hand over her heart when she was startled.

Peter put down the jar of preserved peaches outside. It was to be a second surprise. Also he put down the flowers; they were to be brought in last of all. One surprise after another is a cumulative happiness. Peter did not wish to swallow all his cake in one bite.

For once he did not slam the outer door, although he very nearly did, and only caught it at the cost of a bruised finger. Inside he listened. There was no clatter of dishes, no scurrying back and forth from table to stove in the final excitement of dishing up. There was, however, a highly agreeable odor of stewing chicken, a crisp smell of baking biscuit.

She Went Down to Defeat in Three Hilarious Games

In the darkened hall Peter had to pause to steady himself. For he had a sudden mad impulse to shout Harmony's name, to hold out his arms, to call her to him there in the warm darkness, and when she had come, to catch her to him, to tell his love in one long embrace, his arms about her, his rough cheek against her soft one. No wonder he grew somewhat dizzy and had to pull himself together.

The silence rather surprised him, until he recalled that Harmony was probably sewing in the salon, as she did sometimes when dinner was ready to serve. The boy was asleep, no doubt. He stole along on tiptoe, hardly breathing, to the first doorway, which was Jimmy's.

Jimmy was asleep. Round him were the pink and yellow and white flower fairies with violet heads. Peter saw them and smiled. Then, his eyes growing accustomed to the light, he saw Marie, face down on the floor, her head on her arms. Still as she was, Peter knew she was not sleeping, only fighting her battle over again and losing.

Some of the joyousness of his return fled from Peter, never to come back. The two silent figures were too close to tragedy. Peter, with a long breath, stole past the door and on to the salon. No Harmony there, but the great room was warm and cheery. The table was drawn near the stove and laid for *Abendessen*. The white porcelain coffee pot had boiled and extinguished itself, according to its method, and now gently steamed.

On to the kitchen. Much odor of food here, two candles lighted but burning low, a small platter with money on it, quite a little money—almost all he had left Harmony when he went away.

Peter was dazed at first. Even when Marie, hastily summoned, had discovered that Harmony's clothing was gone, when a search of the rooms revealed the absence of her violin and her music, when at last the fact stared them, incontestable, in the face, Peter refused to accept it. He sat for a half hour or even more by the fire in the salon, obstinately refusing to believe she was gone, keeping the supper warm against her return. He did not think or reason; he sat and waited, saying nothing, hardly moving, save when a gust of wind slammed the garden gate. Then he was all alive, sat erect, ears straining for her hand on the knob of the outer door.

The numbness of the shock passed at last, to be succeeded by alarm. During all the time that followed, that condition persisted, fright, almost terror. Harmony alone in the city, helpless, dependent, poverty-stricken. Harmony seeking employment under conditions Peter knew too well. But with his alarm came rage.

Marie had never seen Peter angry. She shrank from this gaunt and gray-faced man who raved up and down the salon, questioning the frightened *portier*, swearing fierce oaths, bringing accusation after accusation against some unnamed woman to whom he applied epithets that Marie's English luckily did not comprehend. Not a particularly heroic figure was Peter that night: a frantic, disheveled individual, before whom the *portier* cowered, who struggled back to sanity through a berserk haze and was liable to swift relapses into fury again.

To this succeeded at last the mental condition that was to be Peter's for many days, hopelessness and alarm and a grim determination to keep on searching.

There were no clews. The *portier* made inquiries of all the cabstands in the neighborhood. Harmony had not taken a cab. The delicatessen seller had seen her go out that afternoon with a bundle and return without it. She had been gone only an hour or so. That gave Peter a ray of hope that she might have found a haven in the neighborhood—until he recalled the parcel post.

One possibility he clung to: Mrs. Boyer had made the mischief, but she had also offered the girl a home. She might be at the Boyers'. Peter, flinging on a hat and without his overcoat, went to the Boyers'. Time was valuable, and he had wasted an hour, two hours, in useless rage. So he took a taxicab, and being by this time utterly reckless of cost let it stand while he interviewed the Boyers.

Boyer himself, partially undressed, opened the door to his ring. Peter was past explanation or ceremonial.

"Is Harmony here?" he demanded.

"Harmony?"

"Harmony Wells. She's disappeared, missing."

"Come in," said Boyer, alive to the strain in Peter's voice. "I don't know, I haven't heard anything. I'll ask Mrs. Boyer."

During the interval it took for a whispered colloquy in the bedroom, and for Mrs. Boyer to don her flannel wrapper, Peter suffered the tortures of the damned. Whatever Mrs. Boyer had meant to say by way of protest at the intrusion on the sacred privacy of eleven o'clock and bedtime died in her throat. Her plump and terraced chin shook with agitation, perhaps with guilt. Peter, however, had got himself in hand. He told a quiet story; Boyer listened; Mrs. Boyer, clutching her wrapper about her unstayed figure, listened.

"I thought," finished Peter, "that since you had offered her a refuge—from me—she might have come here."

"I offered her a refuge—before I had been to the *Pension* Schwarz."

"Ah!" said Peter slowly. "And what about the *Pension* Schwarz?"

"Need you ask? I learned that you were all put out there. I am obliged to say, Dr. Byrne, that under the circumstances had the girl come here I could hardly—Frank, I will speak!—I could hardly have taken her in."

Peter went white and ducked as from a physical blow, stumbling out into the hall again. There he thought of something to say in reply, repudiation, thought better of it, started down the stairs. Boyer followed him helplessly. At the street door, however, he put his hand on Peter's shoulder. "You know, old man, I don't believe that. These women ——"

"I know," said Peter simply. "Thank you. Good night."

XXII

HARMONY'S only thought had been flight, from Peter, from McLean, from Mrs. Boyer. She had devoted all her energies to losing herself, to cutting the threads that bound her to the life in the Siebensternstrasse. She had drawn all her money, as Peter discovered later.

(Continued on Page 61)

Harmony Felt Very Young, Very Incapable

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $2.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $2.50). Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 18, 1914

The Leopard's Spots

FOR more than a year the German Government has been moving, with that unvarying persistence that generally characterizes it, to make the trade in petroleum a state monopoly; and its movements have borne heavily on American investments and business interests in the Fatherland.

The difficulties of our Government in seeking to protect those interests have been extreme, because the interests either belonged to the Standard Oil Company or were in close alliance with it. As for any objection we might raise to the bodily ousting of the Oil Trust from Germany, the Kaiser's ministers had only to quote at random from a whole library of governmental denunciations of the trust at home and ask why Germany should tolerate a concern the United States Government repeatedly declared to be intolerable.

If we retorted that the Oil Trust had been dissolved and absolved by a Supreme Court decree, Germany could point to many Congressional assertions that the dissolution was ineffectual. Recently, before receiving the bid of an American concern for the supply of a large amount of oil, the German Government required a statement, backed by proof, that the concern had no relations with the Standard Oil Company. That was discrimination; but in view of all we have officially said about the Oil Trust it hardly lies in our mouths to object to it.

At this writing it appears that a considerable amount of American property will be practically confiscated; but it is property of or in alliance with the Oil Trust, and anything we can say in its defense must sound odd in view of all we have said against it. If a foreign government wished to discriminate against the Steel Trust or any one of twenty or more great American concerns having extensive interests abroad, it could find no better justification than in our own official language regarding those concerns. We can hardly expect to paint our trusts black on the domestic side and white on the foreign side.

The Serious Mind

NOBODY in recent years has said anything extensively about the modern theater without remarking—reproof to America being always implied—that Germany takes the theater seriously. Any week's announcements of theatrical performances in any large German town will prove the fact. In any week anywhere there will hardly be less than two or three performances of Shakspere and one or two of Ibsen, with some other foreign classics and the regular representation of the serious national drama.

We do not recall that any one has yet attempted to defend this country from the stigma that a comparison of theater programs suggests; but we venture to point out that the Germans take pretty nearly everything seriously: Nothing more serious than German architecture has ever been conceived by the human brain. They take Kant and Hegel seriously.

As a profound and conclusive test of the difference in national temperaments, we may add that they even take their government seriously. Probably there is no other nation in the Western World which goes to that length of serious-mindedness. Certainly we should give Germany all proper credit for taking the theater seriously and take all proper shame on the United States for the contrary attitude; but the fact is, neither nation can help it.

Blaming Westminster

SEVERAL years ago a distinguished and conservative Englishman pointed with indignation to the fact that radical policies at Westminster were ruining British trade. He was able to show that business was in a relatively bad way; that British capital was going extensively into foreign investments, while few new enterprises were started at home.

Since that weighty utterance the same radical ministry has been continuously in power, and it has taken one progressive step after another; yet, while all this went on at Westminster, British exports rose year after year—from three hundred and seventy-seven million pounds to five hundred and twenty-five millions. The greatest trade boom in recent English history occurred, and labor was so fully employed that unions with a membership of nearly one million reported only a little over two per cent of unemployed at the end of 1913 as against nearly eight per cent five years before. In the latter part of 1913 there was some reaction in business, and conservative gentlemen again pointed to Westminster as the cause of it.

It may be added that in Germany—whose actual, effective government consists of an emperor and a nobility of the most conservative turn—business broadly follows exactly the same lines as in England and the United States.

Bricks Without Straw

HERE are some figures from a survey of country schools in a large Middle Western region: In all the schools linear measure is taught, yet in only one-fifth of them are tapelines found; they all teach avoirdupois weight, yet less than a tenth of them have scales; they teach liquid measure, but only a fifth have any measures.

In a third of the schools geography is taught without maps, and in more than two-fifths without globes. All of them seek to teach children things about this fruitful and wonderful earth, yet more than two-thirds of the teachers never step outdoors to vitalize a point by the fields, flowers, woods, rocks and streams near at hand.

That is the blessed old educational recipe: Get everything out of a book; reduce it so far as possible to a parrotlike exercise of memory; make it all as dry and repulsive and remote from actual life as possible.

Hit-or-Miss Finance

IN THE departments at Washington there must be a hundred or more bureaus or divisions charged with a particular branch of work that requires expenditure of public money. Naturally each bureau or division thinks its own work especially important and can readily see how to improve it if sufficient money is appropriated.

On the other hand, there are at least a dozen committees in Senate and House that pass on bills carrying large appropriations; and there are two big committees, entirely distinct from each other and from all spending committees, which formulate revenue measures. But there is nobody at any point to strike a general balance sheet—to compute outgo side by side with income and lay down a comprehensive, authoritative fiscal program for the Government.

The nearest approach to it is the Public Expenditures Committee which the Senate created a few years ago, consisting of the chairmen of the seven big committees that handle the revenue and appropriations in the Senate, together with several other members. In this committee income and outgo met in the persons of the chairmen of the revenue-raising and revenue-spending committees; so it was a step in the right direction. Yet it was inconclusive, as the House, in which theoretically all revenue measures must originate, had nothing to do with it.

Why should there not be a joint budget committee? That there should be somebody to draw up an authoritative fiscal program and accept responsibility for it is clear.

The Itching Palm of Mars

NO DOUBT there was some graft in connection with Japanese naval contracts. Mars ever has an itching palm. The loot in army contracts during our Civil War pained Lincoln, but he saw no way to stop it without stopping the war. Honorariums generously bestowed on German officers by great armament manufacturers are of recent memory.

In the light of history a military World Power ought to accept these things with martial dignity; but the heavily taxed people of Japan—the income tax rising to twenty-two per cent!—have not quite got their military stride. The graft disclosures immediately resulted in great indignation meetings in the larger towns. In the House of Representatives a member demanded to know why a Japanese ship should cost six hundred thousand pounds more than an English ship of the same dimensions built in the same shipyard.

On being interrupted by a government supporter, he retorted that the supporter was interested in an armament concern, hence should not speak on the subject. Whereupon, says a correspondent, the supporter resorted to bodily violence and the session broke up in great disorder. The Parliament building one day was surrounded by a crowd of forty thousand people. On another day, after a tumultuous public meeting, a devoted band styling themselves "the infuriated tigers" set out to put things right, and actually smashed a ministerial automobile.

All this misbehavior rather scandalizes Japan's great Western ally. As a British paper observes, in commenting on these unseemly Japanese doings: "Our canteen scandals have not led to the assembly of a single popular gathering."

The canteen scandals referred to consisted of disclosures of graft in connection with army supplies. In this unwarlike country such disclosures would have produced almost as great a sensation as in Japan; but in England they were taken very sedately—as befits a really experienced martial nation. War and graft go hand in hand.

Cheaper Money for Farmers

CANADIAN railroads, cities and other big concerns have borrowed in England and the United States during the last half dozen years probably more than a billion and a half dollars at about five per cent interest. With this money great permanent improvements have been made and incidentally a great number of farms opened for settlement and cultivation.

The farmers, however, complain that they have been unable to borrow money except on rather burdensome terms. In the new Northwest the rate of interest on farm loans has nominally ranged from eight per cent upward; but it seems that the agricultural borrower has usually paid, including expenses, about ten per cent—or at least twice what the big corporate borrowers paid.

Farmers, we hear, have willingly paid this high rate, giving the good security of their land at half its market value; but, even so, they have found it difficult to get money, applications for loans outrunning the supply of funds.

Now this is simply the difference between good organization and no organization. Certainly, under proper conditions, a loan on the land itself is as good security as a loan on the railroad, the prosperity of which mostly depends on the land; but the big borrowers were organized, while the small borrowers were not.

Hence a very interesting project by the Saskatchewan Provincial Government to organize cooperative farm-mortgage associations. The idea is, in brief, for the farmer members of each association mutually to guarantee one another's loans, while the association itself raises capital for farm loans by issuing bonds guaranteed by the province. An investor, in buying a bond, would not look to a particular mortgage on a particular farm, but to the whole resources and credit of the association, backed by the Provincial Government's indorsement. Such bonds, no doubt, would be as readily marketable as a railroad bond.

There is no question that farmers can borrow as readily and cheaply as railroads do by organizing and offering equally attractive securities.

Urban Elbow-Room

AN AIMLESS journalistic controversy as to the comparative sizes of New York and London reminds us that the real need of every great city is not to grow larger but to grow smaller. It would be much better if the area of Greater New York or of the metropolitan district of London contained fewer people by a third or a half.

Probably that condition will happen as means of transit and communication steadily increase; already, in fact, the growth of great cities shows a strong centrifugal as well as a centripetal movement. The city itself increases, but the people disperse over a wider space. The Borough of Manhattan and some London districts tend to lose population rather than to gain.

Massing a great number of people in a small area benefits a few landlords and possibly some department stores, but injures everybody else. The modern big city is mostly only a landlord's gold mine. Why other people should brag about it is a mystery.

We should like to see New York spread over Westchester County, Southwestern Connecticut and the Jersey shore—with the mammoth ant-hills along Central Park West and Riverside Drive converted into dormitories for farmers who would be flocking into town for overnight to hear the opera and see the pictures.

It is spreading somewhat, and more spreading is only a question of transportation. When a man can get to Broadway and Twenty-third Street from Stamford or Ossining in the time it now takes to go from Morningside Heights to the City Hall, the metropolis, we hope, will be less populous than it is today—and infinitely better.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C

He is Not So Fierce as He Looks

EVERY well-regulated Administration has a Nemesis on its list of retainers. Some Administrations have several, notably the one before the present one—Mr. Taft's—which was a veritable retribution trust, with an introrse manner of delivering its goods that was somewhat uncomfortable to those within, to say the least of it.

If I have my mythology on straight—and a glance into the esteemed Mr. Bulfinch's mirror assures me I have—the original Nemesis was a lady; but since the days when she operated, her sex has been disregarded when her name is needed for descriptive purposes, and we are as prone to refer to a male person as a Nemesis as we are prone to refer to a female person as such, albeit the sex of the first of the name was perhaps rightly denominated—judging, that is, from the things that have happened since those days wherein the female element of requital has been dominant.

Thus it is not out of place to observe that Charles C. McChord is the official Nemesis of this Administration, for a glance at the pictorial embellishment of these lines will convince the most superficial glancer that Mr. McChord is of the male persuasion, and a perusal of what shall be herewith set forth will show that he is fully entitled to his designation. Though it may be true that, so far, Mr. McChord has confined his nemesizing to one particular object or objective, the fact cannot be denied that as an all-round, retaliatory and retributive Nemesis he has no superior; and it is well known that he stands ready at any time to nemesize any little matter wherein governmental reprisal shall be demanded.

Mr. McChord, you understand, is by way of being a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which, as the railroads and their presidents will tell us tearfully, is hampering the proper development of the country by insisting that various and varied of the said presidents, and others, shall unhamper the same by observing a few of the amenities of polite finance.

To hear a railroad president exclaim about it, the Interstate Commerce Commission is an instrument whereby the old and established order has been rudely disrupted, to the consequent astonishment of many persons who have considered a railroad to have extraconstitutional rights merely because it is a railroad, and therefore exploited by the persons who took over the exploitation privileges.

It is needless to go into that phase of the subject—for two reasons: The first is that the Interstate Commerce Commission does not believe it; and the second is that nobody else does—save the men who view the situation with alarm. The proposition that a railroad president and his railroad associates must obey the law, though novel and distressing to the parties of the first part, is distinctly agreeable to the parties of the second part, who comprise about ninety-seven and seven-tenths of the total population.

Nor is it too much to say that a Nemesis of the peculiar character supplied by McChord was needed. Indeed, we had been lax in our nemesizing. So when a good chance to use a regular, accredited, skillful and earnest Nemesis came along, it is small wonder that McChord was selected.

Of all the folks in public life McChord, I should say, looks more like a regular Nemesis than any other. His specialty for many years has been trailing railroad persons to their lairs; and no sooner had he been given national scope than he selected a field well suited for the operations of a first-class, trained and expert Nemesis, and began to nemese.

It is probably true that, at the moment of the advent of this abrupt and abbreviated Kentuckian into the arena of railroad investigation, there existed nowhere in the world a railroad wherein the probing possibilities were greater than in the case of the New York, New Haven & Hartford. There, it seemed, was a great highway of commerce that exuded opportunities at every fishplate. And the railroad itself called specific attention to this condition by having at Bridgeport one day a wreck that made the entire nation gasp on account of the sheer horror of it.

The Torquemada of the New Haven

COMMISSIONER McCHORD investigated that wreck. What he said about it he said in plain—even blunt—American language, using no figures of speech or flowers of rhetoric. It was a most annoying report, viewed by the lights of the men who were operating the road, and wounded their sensibilities. Also, it jarred their complacencies and jolted their arrogance. It was a plain statement of culpability. It was as direct as a crossing sign—as a stop-look-and-listen admonition. It was very direct.

Proceeding, Commissioner McChord went further into the affairs of this railroad. He supplied a Nemesis for the New York, New Haven & Hartford—an appliance the railroad hitherto had not possessed, but, as events proved, had needed for quite some time. He made other positive statements about the road, its management, its financing, its manipulators and its various other delinquencies.

Whereupon, not recognizing McChord in his capacity as Nemesis, he was immediately called an anarchist by various interested persons. The term was a misnomer. Though it is true that captains of finance are wont to term persons anarchists who disclose their captaining and their financing, it does not necessarily follow that such persons are anarchists. Nor is McChord such. What he is is a man who does not seem to stand in fear and trembling before a predacious plutocrat.

Anyhow he called attention to many things—called strident and forceful attention to them. Since that time the attention he called has become quite general in its extent and many things have happened to the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad; and more are likely to happen; for when McChord begins nemesizing he nemesizes until the cows come home.

He is a Kentucky lawyer who first began to attract attention in the stirring Goebel times in that state and was associated with Goebel before his killing, as well as active in the days that followed that event. Kentucky passed one of the first railroad regulation laws, and McChord became a member of the state railroad commission.

The railroads did not want him elected and tried to defeat him; but he won and immediately began the enforcement of the statute. Next time he ran, Kentucky went Republican. The Republican candidate for governor was elected by some thousands of votes; and McChord was defeated by only seventeen votes, running as a Democrat—which gives an idea of his standing in his own state.

Then came a vacancy on the Interstate Commerce Commission. There was opposition to McChord, largely on account of the Goebel aftermath; but McChord had the support of most of the prominent men in the state, all of whom advised President Taft that the best thing to do about the Goebel tragedy was to forget it; and Mr. Taft appointed him to succeed Commissioner Cockrell.

McChord came to Washington and, soon after he took office, was chosen to make the Bridgeport wreck investigation. From that he went into other New York, New Haven & Hartford affairs and has been the New Haven specialist on the Interstate Commerce Commission ever since.

McChord's idea of the functions of an investigator is that he should investigate. His idea of a report is that the report should embody the results of his investigation. His choice of language is guided by the fixed conviction in his mind that the word which means negligence is spelled n-e-g-l-i-g-e-n-c-e, and the word that means fraud is spelled f-r-a-u-d. If a thing is bad he says it is bad—not that it is not good or that it might be better. If he finds a man responsible he names that man. His command of direct and uncompromising—not to say compromising at times—speech is remarkable and remarked.

A short, stocky, active, alert man, he really is not so fierce as he looks; for when he is not acting in his capacity as Nemesis he is affable and companionable, soft voiced and mild mannered. You would never think of him as a Nemesis at all if perchance you saw him in his evening clothes officiating at a social function, or mayhap tangoing a trifle—you never would pick him out as the person who so unequivocally calls a spade a spade when he is dealing with that sort of hardware, that he is positively distressful to railroad persons who come within the purview of his reports and who have been used to distinguished consideration from those who have hitherto examined their affairs.

Still, inasmuch as it is necessary for every Administration to have a Nemesis, owing to these latter-day fashions in dealing with corporations that have in the past done the dealing themselves, there is no doubt that the choice of this Administration has fallen on the proper person. As Nemesis, Charles C. McChord is perfect in the part; and there are times, too, when he seems to have impinged a trifle on the well-known province of the haughty Adrastea, who was, as you remember, the lady who looked out for the inevitable.

The Right Bait

"Sure - I'll be home"

"That is, I will if it won't make too much bother for *you*. Isn't this the maid's day out?"

"Yes. But that doesn't matter. No trouble at all. I'll give you

Campbell's Tomato Soup."

"Fine!"

"I'll make it as a bisque; or with noodles in it if you'd rather. I have them handy."

"Great! Do I get two plates-full!"

"All you want. I've a dozen cans on the shelf. Then some cold sliced—"

"Never mind the rest of it. The starter catches *me*."

"Yes. It's so perfectly easy. And we'll be so cozy. Doesn't that beat dining down town?"

"Has it skinned a mile! The very thought of that soup makes me hungry *now*."

"I knew it would fetch you. Ready at six, sharp. Goodbye!"

"Goodbye!"

THE TEA FANS OF NEW YORK—By Mary Isabel Brush

AN EARNEST young American coming home from Europe assured an English girl that his countrymen did not drink tea as hers did. A shadow of dismay spread over her pink-and-white face, clouding her wide blue eyes.

"What in the world, then, do you ever do with your awfternoons?" she demanded.

Statement and question carry a sociological significance. The American boy spoke with frowning impatience, signifying:

"We Americans are serious-minded people. We haven't got time for this idle practice of taking half an hour off every day simply to gratify a foolish habit."

The English girl's words represented the woman of leisure in a dull home, contemplating an afternoon of embroidering, unbroken even by the pleasant arrival of a neighbor for the gratification of a mild national taste.

That was four years ago. Now go on to Fifth Avenue any day at four-thirty and you will say something is going to happen that is very important indeed. It would seem that a siege of the city had either been declared or raised, a reigning monarch had come to our republic, a fraternal conclave was pending—or, at least, that a circus had reached town.

Everybody in New York possessing a vehicle of any kind gets out on to Fifth Avenue with it, forming into two long lines of traffic, like counter processions, which appear to move something like the sixteenth part of an inch, until they are halted by the lifted arm of the blue-sleeved crossing policeman, who seems to be in sympathy with those wishing to go east and west.

Everybody without a vehicle swings on to the long reaches of sidewalk from the cross streets and sets a pace that puts them far ahead of the glacial flow of limousines. Though nobody makes any time except those on foot, every one is in a hurry.

People sit four abreast on top of omnibuses and look down in a detached way on the excited crowds, their own problems being of a different nature—namely, to keep their noses from getting too awfully red and to be careful not to fall out or in when the busses strike up martially for an uninterrupted run of forty feet.

Bill Swan, striding along the Avenue with a step conspicuously too long, sees the sun, red and elliptical, looking down from a remote, gray western sky. It touches with a rosy glow the magnificent masses of gray-stone of the Public Library, and lays on the city the same impersonal chill with which it bathes the fallow fields of South Dakota. "Same old sun!" observes Bill Swan; but he sees nothing else to remind him of home.

It shines through the low-draped windows of stone hostelries, where blocks of tiny tables are set so thickly as just to allow the small gold chairs surrounding them to move. It marks faint shadows of tense waiters stirring with noiseless rush, a little two-pronged fork in one hand and a saucer of circular cross sections of lemon in the other.

The Rush to Relax

Beyond its reaches, out in an electric-lighted dressing room, Maria Theresa arranges mounds of invisible hairpins on a china tray—excitedly, always excitedly. She places in a celluloid box a bunch of white cotton, which pulls out from a small opening in restricted quantities, and these are valuable, when dipped in face powder, for removing the high lights on the nose.

Belowstairs in the dry heat of the kitchen waiters hover over a long zinc table crowded with little, round, brown teapots, which carry strainers in their spouts, like nose decorations.

Outside, handsomely costumed ladies descend from limousines drawn in at the curbs. They are preceded by huge bunches of purple orchids stuck on the front of them over furs, and they show a vertical line of transparent silk stocking above light-top pumps as narrow skirts draw up like a curtain in the long reach for the sidewalk.

Are they excited too? Dear me, no! Expectant, but not perturbed. They are what most of the excitement is about. An important moment in the diurnal flow of life is approaching, of which they form the central ornament. The metropolis is about to observe its tea hour.

Every dining room on and off the Avenue is at present devoting itself heart and soul to serving this afternoon beverage. Most of smart New York is putting a like amount of ardor into drinking it, and gets on thousands of dollars' worth of clothes for the occasion. We are in possession of a foreign custom—or should it be stated that a foreign custom possesses us? To be sure we have not given ourselves to it without reserve—without such modification as stamps it for our own.

Tea, with us, is a generic term, and we drink it in the same fixity of purpose with which we fight fires, build fortunes and adorn our persons. That pellmell rush up the Avenue is largely directed toward the tearooms. A peevish-faced woman sticks her feathered head out of the cab window and says to the round-faced cabby, with edged utterance: "I expected delays at this hour, but I cannot put up with anything like this!" She is headed for a hotel, where, with good American impatience, she is rushing to relax.

Only she and members of her leisure set in our land of the free have this privilege. No record has come to us of our working classes—like those of England—stopping for their five-minute gulp of the national drink. Girl clerks of the United States are not excused from work to sit in A B C shops on red plush seats that are just too far away from the marble-topped tables to be comfortable.

Fighting the Ravages of Leisure

In America there is a particular regard for excessive comfort in the observance of our new custom. It has not been established to fill a fundamental need; not to supply nourishment the peculiarities of climate make necessary; not to allow a modicum of relaxation that will result in a maximum of energy for work. Our disciples of the practice are forever fighting the ravages of too much leisure—are foregoing the pleasures of jam and seedcakes for fear they may gain an ounce of flesh.

American tea fans are drawn from the ranks of those who recognize pleasure only when it is expensive. Thus in our country a very high price is paid for a very little refreshment. Something like five dollars goes for nothing in particular served for two. No charming little teashops are recommended by New Yorkers where one may get a delicious cup of sweet-smelling tea for threepence.

A sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year orchestra is provided by one hotel to accompany the exercises of the afternoon. A glass dome, graceful in lines and soft with green lighting, arches over the participants. As to price, the hotel has lost its memorandum, but the sum is sufficient to endow a hospital, to finance the suffrage movement, or to pay a year's interest on our debt. A gardener is rising to independence just by coaxing into tropical splendor the palm forests in which the scene is set.

In England Parliament observes a four-o'clock siesta. In our country Wall Street and the banks do not shut down for the tea hour—indeed, nothing whatever shuts down for it in New York; but a great deal opens up. Ours is a public and not a private function. No innocuous observance takes place between the neighbor on Fifth Avenue dropping round to knit with the neighbor on Fifty-seventh Street, whose property is valued at only a few dollars less a foot. Any private consumption of afternoon tea is quite beside our metropolitan purpose.

New York regards the custom as one more opportunity for display. In its milder forms it represents a new occasion for creating expensive obligations and of discharging them at a slightly greater cost. It affords one more chance—like a wife's Christmas present to her husband—of giving oneself a pleasure while performing a duty toward some one else. The rich old aunt who will not give her country niece five dollars with which to buy a petticoat sets her down day after day in an expensive dining room when she visits the city and buys her thirty-five dollars' worth of tea.

It affords an excellent chance for the metropolitan resident to put one over on the rural visiting relative. A smart New York department-store buyer took her brother,

Our Fashion Catalog

IS NOW READY—IT IS **FREE**

Write for This Book Today

It Shows All the New Spring Styles

Ask for Catalog No. 62G

Our Catalog not only shows you all the very newest styles in Spring and Summer wearing apparel—and the styles have changed radically—but it will also show you how you can make a most decided saving when you are ready to buy your Spring and Summer clothing. A copy is yours, FREE. *When you write ask for Catalog No. 62G.*

We Pay All Mail or Express Charges

2G40 Waist $1

2G40—Blouse of cool, soft embroidered white crepe, [illegible] and in the back beneath collar is a [illegible] Special Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us $1.00

This Dainty Dress Costs Only $1.00

4G41—A simple, One-piece Frock of charming style, made of extra fine white washable crêpe with pretty Dresden floral figures. The waist has pretty pointed [illegible] lar of fancy woven crêpe daintily trimmed with silk embroidery and [illegible] with Swiss embroidery. Three-quarter kimono sleeves have a tuck around arm and are edged with embroidery to match collar. Dress has a stitched plait down center of skirt in back. It fastens in front, where it is [illegible] by a piping of colored [illegible] Special Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us . . . $1.00

4G41 Dress $1

We Satisfy You or Refund Your Money

BELLAS HESS & CO

WASHINGTON, MORTON & BARROW STS.

NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

who was a college student, to have a cup of tea. She led him as by a leash the length of Fifth Avenue to a hotel and, in the wake of a foreign waiter of comprehensive gestures through a pathway of staring eyes, to a table beside a fountain. He brooded over the small gold table like a lampshade above its bowl and tried to focus his eyes on his order of sandwiches. This consisted of a slice of bread halved over the shadow of a thinness of white meat.

"Rough exercise that!" he muttered; and thereby communicated, like a spirit from another world, that he realized a foreign, exotic art was being practiced on him.

A certain celebrity was induced to go to one of these public tea parties and he was amazed. Some girls wished to meet him, with the result that a young matron who was acquainted with him before he became a celebrity invited him to tea. Knowing him as she did, she never expected that he would come on any such errand as meeting admirers—or she might have arranged a different form of entertainment. Admirable chance that, she thought, for discharging two obligations—and hers not the fault if the guest of honor followed his custom of accepting and then did not appear. She went on with her arrangements; and when at five on the appointed day he was not by the gold elevator in the lobby she led two disappointed girls into the tearoom. Just as her order arrived, in came the guest of honor looking not altogether satisfied.

He wound his way through the narrowest of crooked paths between chairs to the table of his hostess, which, he observed, was like a ten-cent piece on top of a stick of sealing wax and covered with a cloth—or like a mushroom on its stem, but not so large. There was a great, poignant flow of orchestral melody, with the breathy hum of voices coming up through it. There was a subdued—oh, a very subdued—clack of white and gold plate, piece on piece. There was a zigzag rush of black and white figures, who were the waiters. The tea hour was in full blast.

The celebrity ordered a cocktail and could not have it. He took out a cigarette and was not allowed to smoke it. He squinted at his microscopic chicken sandwich, hastily secured by his hostess.

"I realize, Jane"—he addressed the lady entertaining him—"that a life-sized sandwich could not be served on so small a table; but this is my breakfast."

The Five-Dollar Table by the Door

No place was this for any one with a definite want to fill! He moved the entire tea party over into the opposite dining room, where he ordered some regular food in the regular way. During the repast he kept looking across the hall at the tearoom, and he indulged in exclamations on the very slight entertainment of the afternoon as contrasted with the "enormous noise everybody is making about coming out to tea."

Not all the rooms are so very restricted as this one in the privileges they allow. For the most part, men and women alike may drink whatever they will; and the men, though not the women, may smoke. These details, however, are unessential and unconsidered by the tea fan in choosing a location. The highest purpose served by the afternoon custom in New York is not to satisfy appetite, but to afford opportunity for people to see those whom they have seen before—to recognize those of reputation whose names are associated with wealth, title and privilege.

The most sought place, therefore, is so close to the righthand pillar between the favorite tearoom and the hallway that the marble column interferes with the operation of your right arm. The seat is squarely in the entrance, where everybody coming and going bumps into you and all the waiters stand a chance to empty their trays into your lap; but the view is excellent. Nobody can elude the holder of that seat—not even the transient visitor who has merely thought he might possibly take tea, and has stuck his head for a moment over the chief-waiter's shoulder at the end of the hall. Numbers ask for this place and are all firmly told that it is reserved.

Popular interest comes to center round the identity of the ruling potentate holding it. At length an old lady, hobbling with a cane and ornamented with a false, frizzled front, limps in. Her under jaw juts out like a bulldog's, though her eyes are less kind than his. They have malice in them. Her mind is a ready-reference library of scandal. Everything she has ever heard of

This Man

Gave You Puffed Grains

Gave you Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. He found the way to explode by steam the hundred million food granules inside of each grain

He did this as a College Professor, in the service of science. Did it to make whole grains wholly digestible. In all the ages, men had never accomplished that.

Thus he gave you the best-cooked foods, the most digestible cereals that science had ever prepared.

Gave Delight to Millions

He also gave you a new delight which millions are enjoying. Grains puffed to eight times normal size—bubble-like and thin. Grains that crush into dainty granules, with a taste like toasted nuts.

Before these came, no morning or evening ever brought to your table such fascinating foods.

That is all due to the years and years Prof. Anderson gave to this problem. And he is now seeking a way to do the same with corn.

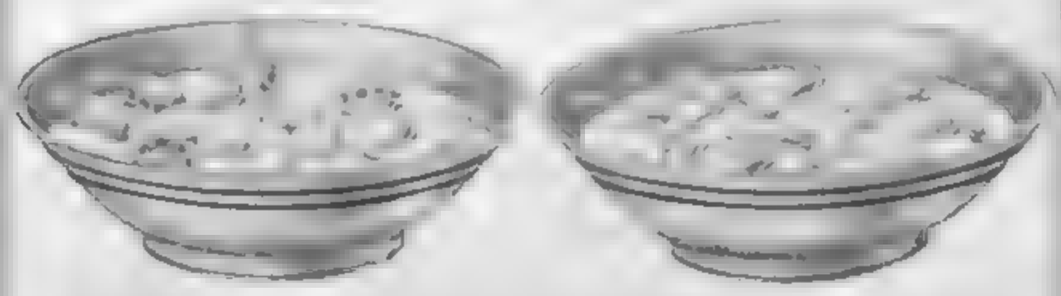
Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Serve with cream and sugar in the morning. When berries come, mix these Puffed Grains with them. For suppers, serve like crackers floating in bowls of milk.

Use like nut meats in desserts, in candy making, as garnish for ice cream.

Keep them on hand for hungry children, between meals or at bedtime. For Puffed Grains do not tax the stomach. And every element is converted into food.

Puffed Grains should be, in every home, as staple as bread and crackers.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

NEW YORK U.S.A.

This is the Emblem

of the Rice Leaders of the World Association. Wherever you see it, remember that it marks the highest business standing in name, product and policy—as shown by the following

Qualifications of Membership

Honor—A recognized reputation for fair and honorable business dealings.

Quality—An honest product, of quality truthfully represented.

Strength—A responsible and substantial financial standing.

Service—A recognized reputation for conducting business in prompt and efficient manner.

Upon this foundation is based the Emblem of the Association.

By invitation, the following are members:

Rifles—Shotguns and Ammunition
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
New Haven, Connecticut

"Yale" Locks, Builders' Hardware and Chain Hoists
THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. COMPANY
New York

Crane's Paper and Fine Stationery
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
Pittsfield, Mass.

"Y and E" Filing Devices and Office Systems
YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y.

Hams, Bacon, Lard, Veribest Specialties, Grape Juice
ARMOUR & COMPANY
Bouillon Cubes, Laundry and Fine Toilet Soaps

Pillsbury's Best Flour
PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
THE TOWLE MAPLE PRODUCTS CO.
St. Paul, Minn.

Fine Furniture
BERKEY AND GAY FURNITURE CO.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves & Ladies' Silk Underwear
NIAGARA SILK MILLS
North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Rugs and Carpets
M. J. WHITTALL
Worcester, Mass.

Linoleums and Oil Cloths
COOK'S LINOLEUM COMPANY
Trenton, N. J.

Varnishes, Japans, Enamels, Fillers, Stains, Shellacs
BERRY BROTHERS, Inc.
Detroit, Michigan

Typewriters
REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO.
New York

"Porosknit" Summer Underwear
CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
Amsterdam, N. Y.

Small Motor and Fan Specialists
THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY
Springfield, Ohio

Watches
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY
Chicago, Ill.

Umbrellas
HULL BROTHERS UMBRELLA CO.
Toledo, Ohio

Bohn Syphon Refrigerators
WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR CO.
St. Paul, Minn.

Alabastine—Sanitary Wall Coating
ALABASTINE COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Fruit Jars, Packers' and Druggists' Glassware
HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS COMPANY
Wheeling, W. Va.

"Oildag," "Gredag," Acheson-Graphite & Electrodag
INTERNATIONAL ACHESON GRAPHITE CO.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Electric Pleasure and Commercial Autos
"Detroit Electric"
ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

"I-P" Loose Leaf Books and Forms
IRVING-PITT MANUFACTURING CO.
Kansas City, Mo.

Fine Mechanical Tools
THE L. S. STARRETT CO.
Athol, Massachusetts

Sharpening Stones and Abrasive Materials
THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Revolvers
SMITH & WESSON
Springfield, Mass.

Lawn Mowers
COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY
Newburgh, N. Y.

Waterman's "Ideal" Fountain Pens and Ink
L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY
New York

Holeproof Hosiery
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wis.

Clocknakers Since 1817
THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
New Haven, Connecticut

"Indestructo" Trunks and Luggage
NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS CO.
Mishawaka, Ind.

Electric Heating Apparatus
SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO.
Cambridge, Mass.

Women's Fine Shoes "Queen Quality"
THOMAS G. PLANT COMPANY
Boston, Mass.

Spectacles, Eyeglasses, Lenses, "Ful-O-Vue" and Other Optical Goods
AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY
Southbridge, Mass.

Lead Pencils, Pen Holders, Rubber Bands and Erasers
EBERHARD FABER
New York

Rice Leaders of the World Association

ELWOOD E. RICE
Founder and President

NEW YORK

unpleasantness is deposited behind those eyes and used ad libitum as perfectly authentic information.

Two girls pass her as she limps in. They look so fluffy-haired and vacant-faced you would say that nothing short of a million-dollar gown would catch their attention. After passing her, however, they all but tumble into the dressing room and over Maria Theresa, clasping each other's hands with the exclamation: "She has the most evil face I ever saw!"

Down the old lady drops into the desirable, long-reserved seat, to pluck the scandal of the afternoon; and the departing head waiter inadvertently lets show the sharp V of a five-dollar bill.

Under a high-mounted piece of statuary sits another tea fan. In his fixed, absorbed rigidity he looks like a parody on a bust in a gallery—like a colored, correctly dressed, mustached and monocled model of Henry Clay. His table is engaged by the year. The girl with him changes from time to time, but the table never.

You would scarcely know that the woman beside him is his guest, so unmindful is he of her in his absorption in the scene. He opens his countenance and his soul to the enactment round him; and it seems as though all the harmless, chittering, idle, foolish, vain display taints him with a murkier, sinister quality as it flows through his mind. A red line runs from the base of his nose across his cheek, making an acute angle with the black, wide ribbon of his eyeglass in its straight descent down his cheek. The red, angry-looking streak has a thin touch of something white, like salve, along its edges—as though it were constantly induced to subside, without success.

By chance the old woman's gaze and his meet as she falls into her seat. Their eyes cross a moment—then turn, as though both are embarrassed. Can it be they hold an acquaintanceship in some of the subterranean passages of life that would not bear the pink light of sophisticated vapidity? Or is it that they simply gaze into the soul's secret chamber, each of the other, and what they see there causes both to shift the eyes?

The Most Important Engagement

Once in their long watch of the tearoom they have the triumph of detecting a tall, monocled Irishman, whose mustache droops in a horseshoe curve of sad dejection when he leaves off smiling—which thing he seldom does. They are the first to recognize him and they pass the word that Sir Thomas Lipton is present. This, of course, brightens the afternoon, for Sir Thomas is popular everywhere.

Three little children, as like as butterballs of graduated roundnesses, are led into the room by a sad-faced, uniformed nurse. They are dressed in white, from their fuzzy hoods to their leggings. "The Baroness de Vonne's little girls!" run the tidings; and great is the excitement, for the baroness is the American daughter of the only house in the most expensive section of Fifth Avenue that dares to have a yard.

A tall man, broadening into middle age, wanders into this favorite tearoom, his ample shoulders carrying his fur-lined coat easily. He has a manner of accustomedness, though he frankly does not know the place. His wife, who is much smaller, seems to have taken on a smartness in spite of herself, though her look is as if forever on her children. The two follow in the curving path of a waiter for several minutes before they are accommodated with a table. Then they smile at each other comfortably as she unbuttons her long, loose sealskin coat.

Down on Wall Street that day at four o'clock he was sitting in one of those mahogany-paneled offices that are fortified from encroachment by three secretaries without, and are approached by the world only through liveried men standing about the high-tapestried reception room. A little silver vase of pink flowers, which a girl stenographer is instructed to have for him every morning, stood between the baby's picture in a silver frame and the mahogany inkwell.

All the secretaries were at his desk with different demands for his attention, when the vice-president of the corporation stepped in to say:

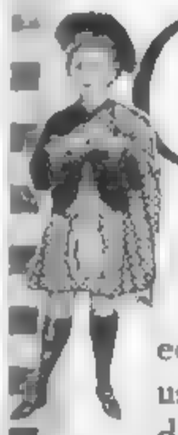
"Harry, you had better just give this your attention."

The great man, taking out his watch, replied:

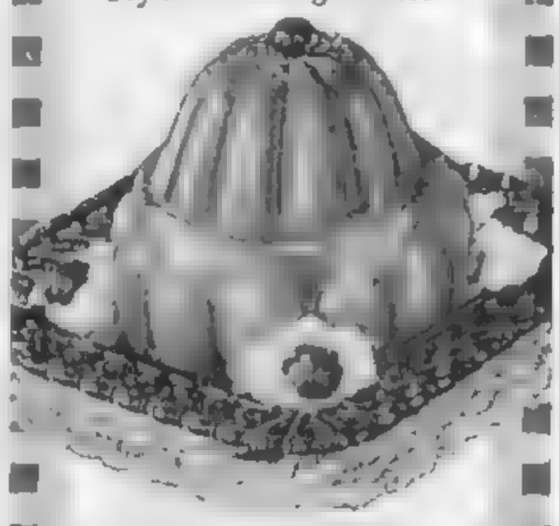
"I can't."

"But this is vital. The National Financial ——"

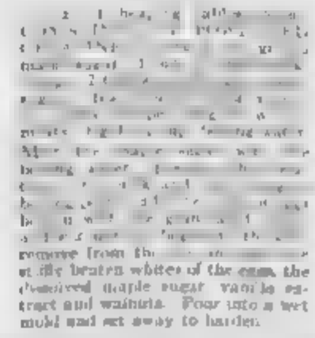
Cox's
Instant Powdered
GELATINE



COOKERY experts favor Cox's Gelatine—and rightly. It is pure and clean and good. It is convenient and economical. It is usable for *so* many desserts, savories, jellies, frozen dishes, creams, salads, gravies, cold meats, etc. It adds substance and nourishment to every dainty dish of which it forms a part. Try this enticing dessert—



MAPLE CHARLOTTE
6 to 8 persons

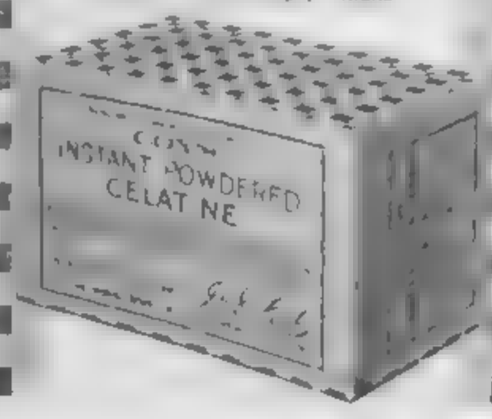


This delightful sweet is one of 200 good things described in our remarkably complete book—*Cox's New Manual of Gelatine Cookery.* We will be pleased to mail you a copy on request.

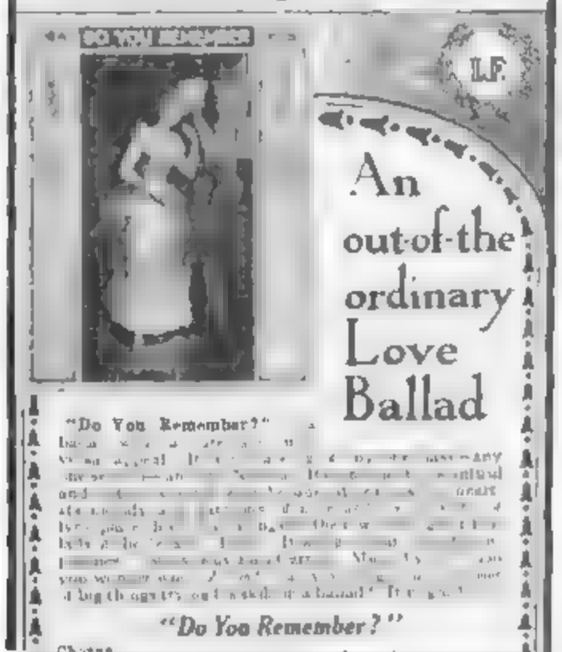
Cox's Gelatine is sold by grocers everywhere at 10c for the small size, and 15c for the large package. Always look for the red, white and blue checkerboard box.

THE COX GELATINE CO.
Dept. E, 100 Hudson St.
NEW YORK

Sole Agents in U. S. A. for J. & G. Cox, Ltd., Edinburgh, Scotland



"You Can't Go Wrong with a 'Feist' Song"



Makes a HIT with Everybody

"Everybody Loves My Girl"
Chorus

These few bars (shown above) at best barely suggest the unusual beauty of these two pieces. Try them. If you like them, then you'll like the complete songs even more

On Sale Today Wherever Music is Sold

At any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory or other 10c Store

INTRODUCTORY PRICE—Pacific Coast Cities and Canada, 15c, Everywhere Else, 10c

Some of Our Other New Songs

"I'm on My Way to Mandalay"

Society's Favorites for the Latest Dance Crazes

Hesitation—Valse Boston.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us six 2c stamps for any one, or dime

Leo Feist Inc Feist Building
231 W 40th St. New York City

"I've got an important engagement," answered the president, "and must be uptown at half past four o'clock."

It was in his mind that, as the limousine had drawn up that morning at eight o'clock under the porte-cochère, which looked out over the Hudson, his wife, Dorothy, had said:

"I'll be at the hotel, Harry, today at four-thirty. Suppose you stop for a cup of tea and pick me up."

"All right," he had replied.

That was the engagement he would not sacrifice to the National Financial Something-or-other; and here he is in the incidental enjoyment of a ceremonial that recurs daily.

He and his wife have been married for ten years. When they married, the man was only just beginning to show signs of a genius which is now an accepted thing. He had been badly treated by another woman, who had loved him—there was no doubt about that—but had weakly allowed a meddling family to make what they deemed a better match for her.

In the reaction of that moment he asked Dorothy Robins to marry him. She put up a pitiful plea with her family to allow her to decline. In the privacy of her chamber she asked some unseen influence for youth to match her own youth and tastes to coincide with hers.

A half-shabby college boy, working his way through a university, had devoted himself to her; then withdrawn—nobody knew whether through a reaction of feeling or through consideration for her. Chiefly because she had no excuse for not doing so, she married the elder man and the match turned out superbly well.

She had been buoyed ever since on a joyous wave of satisfaction. There are three children running over the broad, fair acres along the Hudson.

Life contains very little for this family that they would change.

Living Happily Ever After

As they sit waiting for their tea and toast, how do you suppose this president of the Amalgamated Consolidation of Corporate Interests occupies himself? With listening to the music! Why does the hotel maintain that orchestra—because it is expensive or because the waiters enjoy it so much? Un Peu d'Amour is the selection. The great financier has a far-away look on his face, stealing back, one should say, at least ten years, to the time when he had no mustache that was graying and no fortune. What is he thinking about? Not wife and children!

They say that, whereas a woman forgets all other men in the maternal possessorship of one, a man remembers the woman who has been dear to him and is not his. As the sixty-thousand-dollar orchestra plays Un Peu d'Amour maybe he is thinking of that early love and wishing he might steal a hurried whisper with her—just to say, "Hello, little girl!" and to ask with tense excitement:

"Are you happy?"

Un Peu d'Amour! If his wife hears it she gives no sign. She is looking, her heart in her eyes, at those three children of the Baroness de Vonne, with their sad-faced nurse, now sitting at a round table—the little toddlers with their bare, chubby legs sticking straight out from their gold chairs and their faces circled in mugs of milk.

That youthfulness in herself which she once lamented—the youthfulness for which she begged a mate—is hers to trouble about no longer. The cushioned folds of middle age have closed over her girlish outline and her cheeks are leaner than they were. The success that has endowed her husband with a persistent youth has accorded her no such beneficence—so unfair is time in its dealings with women; but in the happiness of what she has gained her mind reflects not on what she has lost.

They do not remain at tea a great while. Buttoning up their fur coats they make for their limousine, their minds intent on their larger, living interests miles away up the placid Hudson, as they nod their course between bowing men in livery.

With so much of big, personal history behind these two, only the obvious occurs to those industrious tea drinkers who form a lane of searching eyes through which they depart.

"Curious that she should let her figure go that way!" "Twenty millions—you've heard that name before—president—genius for financiering! Wish I were half as rich as he is!" Such are the comments.

Every Men's Wear Merchant Knows We *Civilized* the Union Suit

In three short years we have revolutionized the underwear trade of the continent with

Cooper Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch Union Suits

We have supplied a long unsatisfied requirement.
Just *one smooth, single thickness of cloth throughout the crotch.* "The Crotch of Comfort."
Every thinking merchant does or will offer a complete line of Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch Union Suits.
The kind men know how to recognize by the smooth, single thickness of cloth throughout the crotch.
Write us for information if you want to increase your union suit sales.
We make every good, wanted style, weight and quality.

The Original
Bears This Label.

Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch Union Suits
Retail at $1.00 and up to $18.00 a suit.
Always comfortable—All ways.

COOPER UNDERWEAR CO.
Originators, Patentees and Manufacturers
Kenosha, Wisconsin

EVINRUDE

The Best of Summer Pleasures ——Yours in One Minute

Any rowboat, yours or a rented one, may be turned into an eight-mile-an-hour motor-boat in less than one minute if you own an

Evinrude Detachable Rowboat Motor

It attaches to rowboats of all shapes and sizes, canoes and duck boats; starts with one-twelfth turn of the flywheel and is so simple to operate that women and children may enjoy the pleasures of "Evinruding". Besides its many other attributes the following exclusive features are most noteworthy:

The Only Portable Motor with a Built-In Reversible Magneto

The Evinrude Magneto is built within the flywheel and in that manner is protected from all injury. It has no brushes, bearings or commutators to wear out and is not affected by rain, waves or even complete submersion.

The Only Portable Motor which Does Not Require a Rudder

The propeller turns freely in either direction to steer the boat. There is no rudder to become entangled in the weeds, fouled or damaged by rocks and driftwood. The propeller turns the boat within its own length.

The Only Portable Motor with a Maxim Silencer

We can now supply special Maxim Silencers for 1913 and 1914 "Evinrudes". The Silencer eliminates practically all noises. No similar motor can use the Maxim Silencer as it is an exclusive "Evinrude" feature.

The Only Portable Motor with a Compensating Steering Device

The tiller is controlled by a shock-absorbing, Compensating Device which allows the tiller free range in either direction and permits steering without the exertion or strength, which is necessary with a rudder.

The Roosevelt Expedition, the Stefansson Expedition and other important parties of explorers are using the "Evinrude", while throughout the entire world those who love the water are enjoying the thrills and pleasures of motor boating with any ordinary rowboat. The "Evinrude" is on sale at Sporting Goods and Hardware Dealers everywhere. Have you seen it?

Evinrude Magneto Motor, 2 H. P. $80.00
Evinrude Battery Motor, 2 H. P. $70.00

Illustrated catalogue free upon request

Evinrude Motor Co.
463 F St., Milwaukee, Wis.

EVINRUDE DETACHABLE ROW BOAT MOTOR

People like these are very occasional visitors. They take so little interest in the diversion of the place that they leave just as regular patrons are assembling. Know ye that everybody in New York does everything as nearly as possible after the manner of everybody else. It is, therefore, established to be little short of outrageous to take tea before four-forty-five. Only inelegant visitors from the Corn Belt do that.

The hour approaches when one has to stand in line. A white-mustached gentleman in a Prince Albert coat leans against a marble colonnade at the entrance and asks all comers when they got back from Europe. To some he answers: "Wretched chef on that boat!" To others, especially the young women, he replies, looking at them and patting their hands: "My dear, you were fortunate. The cuisine on that boat is excellent!"

A small stripling of a youth comes along, dressed as if to represent a grown man. His yellow hair is plastered close to his delicately small head. He wears the regulation man-of-leisure afternoon suit—rather short-coated, loose and tremendously well set. A chit of a girl is with him, whose dimples smile a proclamation that she is not more than fifteen and that in three years she will be well placed matrimonially. She strolls on as the older man asks of the younger:

"How's your father? When I knew him he was at it pretty hard."

"Only tolerable," the boy answers, stopping with well-bred decorum to accord a certain amount of time to a generation that is passing.

Courtesy demands that the older man should have what moments he desires. The younger hears him through an anecdote of which the father in question is the central figure.

"He stays downtown all day," the boy continues, "and then goes to bed at nine o'clock. We see nothing of him. It's his heart."

There is a certain degree of sobriety, of correct regret, in the statement, and yet it is infinitely patronizing and incidental. He passes on to the more serious business of recovering his young girl and getting tea.

The Count and His Bulldog

Among others arriving are the Count de Something and his bulldog. They have just been striding up the Avenue, the bulldog carrying the evening paper in his mouth. However cold it may be the count is without an overcoat; and he does some very fancy figures with his walking stick, held between the fingers of his bright yellow gloves. On arriving he is immediately surrounded by a bevy, a group—no, a coterie—of extremely chatty ladies, who laugh a great deal and say:

"Are you de-ead? I am just simply de-ead! Everybody is going so hard I should think they would all—just—be—de-ead!"

These ladies are divided socially into those who call him Jack and those who are restricted to the more formal title of count. There is an almost impassable gulf between them, yet each is intent on her own fell purpose, which is that of marrying him either to herself or to her daughter—this, too, in spite of the fact that the count has had one matrimonial experience in America which was not altogether fortunate, his father-in-law having kicked him downstairs for a lazy lout, a fortune hunter and a foreigner.

Some—among whom is the count—insist there is much to be said on the other side, and that he was unfamiliar with the customs of our country. He has now concluded that he prefers our home of the brave to his own more formal nation, and he is engaging in business, with the aim of making an American of himself. Thus far he matches up very well with the residents of our most unrepresentative city and can only be distinguished from the throngs round him by the large stir he makes.

The lady with a leopard coat drawn closely round the loins slides through the revolving entrance doorway. Her eyes are touched up to slant a little and she walks with a tread premeditatedly feline. Likewise are present the three schoolgirls, tall as young matrons, a curl over their shoulders, who swung up the Avenue dangling their books at the end of a leather strap. They are free—oh, so very free!—in their gait, in their laugh, in their assured enunciation.

There is also the very small dark person, practically snuffed out by her low-lying mushroom hat, who stands under a palm

Preachments on Tailoring by KAHN of Indianapolis

IN a Summer Suit for out of doors the line of demarcation between *shapeliness* and *shapelessness* is thin. The absence of superfluous lining necessitates the presence of vitals-deep tailoring to ward off "that hangdog look" due to the crumpling and sagging of soft fabrics, as Flannels, Serges, Homespuns and Tropical Worsteds.

A Summer Suit is the *crucial test* of every tailor. Its style must be patiently and painstakingly *needled into the garment.* It should soften and "smarten" with wear, like a fine glove and rebound over night from its creases.

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

$20 to $45

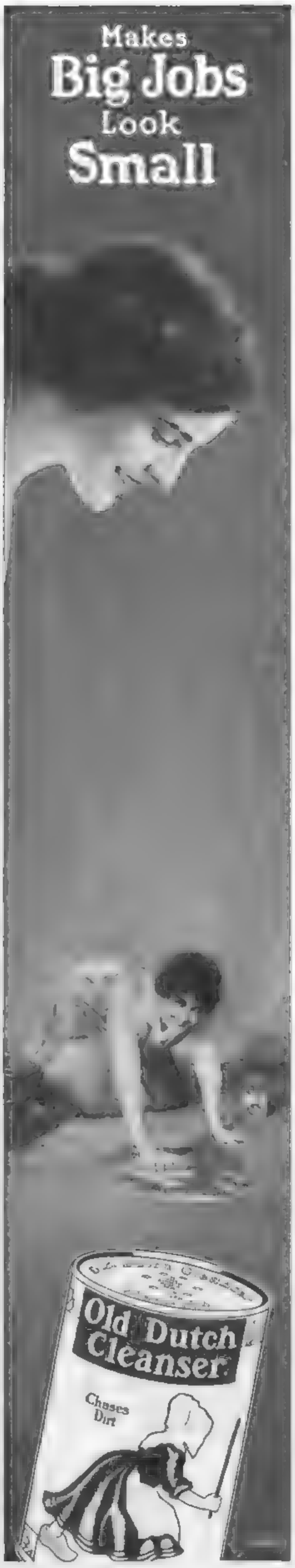
are created in the largest institution dedicated to *merchant tailoring* under one roof, by tailors who have never plied a needle on any but *"custom"* garments. Their shape is everlasting, because it is put in by hand, not pressed in by machine. Their style is *"custom"* style—*unmistakable* any time, any place, even to the casual eye.

Sketched here is a fashionable Three-Button, Patch-Pocket Lounge Suit for Summer. It's soft, simple, "smart". Let our Authorized Representative in your town measure you for a Suit like this, or for any other style-thought shown by us or imagined by yourself, from any of our 500 *"custom"* fabrics. Go to him *to-day* lest it slip your mind. Our seal, reproduced below, is in his window.

Kahn Tailoring Company

of Indianapolis

The Kind of Clothes KAHN TAILORED CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear



tree, facing a mustached gentleman in a fur-lined overcoat, and turns on him her brown gaze, like a warm light from a fortification. There is the taller, strictly tailored girl, with regular features, who makes a point of wearing heavy bunches of white aigret hat trimmings, now that there is a restriction on them—just by way of showing how an American girl laughs at laws.

All tastes are respected at the favorite tearoom and a place is provided for those who prefer neither to see nor to be seen. Parallel lines of palms trace a lane that opens into a clearing behind a forest of rubber plants interspersed with flowering, potted things. It is set with Marie Antoinette couches and tables, which are watched over by sculptured bits of outdoor statuary looking down on one.

Charming place that in which to get oneself engaged—or free! Un Peu d'Amour is given by request. The big, dark man, with hair parted deep on one side—he who sits in the palm forest with the amber-shaded lady—asked to have it rendered. He is from a Pacific Coast state, and every two or three months, when he comes here, he requests it. His mission in crossing the continent is always the same. It is to see the lady of the brown hair and the amber eyes—matched by a jeweled chain of his choosing—whose mellow roundnesses flow into the soft curves of her velvet and furs.

Every year for five years he has crossed the continent quarterly to see her—at Christmas, on her birthday, in midsummer, and on another little anniversary observed just between those two. Each occasion was marked by a gift—a strand of pearls, a ring, a gold vanity case. Once she audaciously takes out the little implements of it, with which she powders her nose, rouges her lips, runs a pencil across her eyebrows. Wriggling in his chair, the big man petitions:

"Don't do that, Laura! Why can't you fix up at home?" She laughs a taunting, amused, rippling laugh; and he looks at her with eyes that say: "Well, whatever you do is all right anyway."

Why, then, are not these two wedded? The lady is not free. A brute of a husband threatens her with death and scandal if she stirs away from him. And the gentleman, her respectful devotee, has a large political path to blaze in that Western state!

The Reign of the Maxixe

They talk it over right here in the vapid, pleasure-seeking tearoom—this important matter of how to dispose of the remainder of their lives. They decide to bide their time and guard their secret, thinking themselves securely isolated among a throng of those interested in every scattering thing.

"My dear," says the girl at the next table, while the orchestra plays Un Peu d'Amour and the lovers arrive at this large decision, "she wears them so tight; but I do say she is a beautiful woman!"

Yes; the crowd takes what comes to hand for mental occupation and the lovers are inconspicuously uninteresting. Still, they have trusted too far to the mental indolence of tea drinkers. Some of them probe their own investigations minutely, among whom is that eminent authority on scandal, that old woman with the bulldog jaw; and she has their story.

If this article were not about tea drinking proper a good deal might be said about the tangoing that goes on at the tea hour. At four o'clock the tired business man says: "My nerves are all unstrung. I need recreation." He calls up his wife to go with him for a cup of tea.

The place to which the limousine winds by sheer force of habit is the home of the dance. An area six feet square is therein dedicated to the preparation and the serving of afternoon tea, while the handsome, big reception rooms are given over to two orchestras and every variety of tango step.

At present the Maxixe is absorbing popular attention, its ideal being to express the emotions in an abandonment of rhythmic movement. This endeavor is engaging the efforts of the tired business man in the name of the cup of tea, which he swallows in the moment after the first orchestra stops and before the second begins.

Mammas are troubled about their sons; employers are irate with their young men clerks because they pass their golden hours in dancing. At four o'clock in the afternoon they dip and whirl and glide. So do they, however, at eleven in the morning, as well as at eleven at night.

No waiter from a cheap restaurant could hold a position in a popular tea place unless

Three "*Onyx*" Days

APRIL 20th MONDAY 21st TUESDAY 22nd WEDNESDAY

The "ONYX" DAY Offerings will consist of the Top-Notch "ONYX" Numbers, Advertised for Years, and known to dealer and consumer alike as the very Cream of "ONYX" Qualities, such as will establish a Broader and Better Relation with the Public than ever before.

We surely are going to celebrate; It will be a Most Memorable Occasion, the Greatest in the annals of

"*Onyx*" *Hosiery*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

SELLING IN AMERICA

A Much Wider Range of Styles has been selected which will include the Wants of Every Member of the Family

READ CAREFULLY THE DESCRIPTIVE LIST BELOW:

For Women

H 248:—Women's "ONYX" Medium Weight Cotton; Full Fashioned; "Dub-l" Top; Reinforced Heel, Sole and Toe; Black only. Our Regular 35c—3 for $1.00 Value.
"ONYX" DAY Price, **25c per pair**

409 KK: Black
402 S W: White
403 S: Tan
} Women's "ONYX" Medium Weight Silk Lisle; "Doublex" Heel and Toe; "Dub-l" Top and Reinforced Sole Feels and Looks like Silk but wears Better Regular 50c Value
"ONYX" DAY Price, **3 pairs for $1.00**

E 970: Black
962 S: White
} Women's "ONYX" Finest Gauze Lisle; "Dub-l" Top, High Spliced Heel and Spliced Sole and Toe. Regular 50c Value
"ONYX" DAY Price, **3 pairs for $1.00**

H 366:—Women's "ONYX" Medium Weight Lisle; "Dub-l" Top; High Spliced Heel and Spliced Sole and Toe; Black, White and Tan. Regular 35c—3 for $1.00 Value
"ONYX" DAY Price, **25c per pair**

6607:—Women's "ONYX" Boot Silk with Lisle "Dub-l" Top; Reinforced Heel, Sole and Toe; Black, White and Tan. Regular 50c & 75c Values
"ONYX" DAY Price, **3 pairs for $1.00**

120 M:—Women's "ONYX" Extra Size Medium Weight Silk Lisle; "Dub-l" Garter Top, and Double Spliced Heel, Sole and Toe, Black only. Regular 50c Value
"ONYX" DAY Price, **3 pairs for $1.00**

Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk; a Fine Medium Weight in Black only; "Dub-l" Garter Top of Silk or Lisle; High Spliced Heel and Double Sole of Silk or Lisle. Regular $1.35 and $1.50 Value
"ONYX" DAY Price, **$1.00 per pair**

For Men

E 325:—Men's "ONYX" Silk Lisle in Black only. "Doublex" Heel and Toe. Spliced Sole. *Has no Equal.* Regular 50c Value.
"ONYX" DAY Price, **3 pairs for $1.00**

615:—Men's "ONYX" Pure Silk Fibre Ribbed Top, Spliced Heel, Sole and Toe, in Black, Tan, Navy, Grey, Purple and Smoke. Regular 50c Value
"ONYX" DAY Price, **3 pairs for $1.00**

620:—Men's "ONYX" Finest Pure Silk, Medium Weight; Reinforced Heel, Sole and Toe; Black only. Regular $1.50 Value
"ONYX" DAY Price, **$1.00 per pair**

For Boys

B1273:—Boys' "ONYX" Medium Weight "Dub-l Wear" Ribbed Cotton in Black and Tan; Sizes 6 to 10; Best Boys' Hose of its kind in America. **25c per pair**

For Misses

X 46:—Misses' "ONYX" Medium Weight "Dub-l Wear" Lisle; Fine Ribbed; Black and Tan; Sizes 5 to 10; Best Misses' Hose in America. **25c per pair**

Look for your dealer's announcement in the daily papers on this date, April 20th, for full particulars, and if you cannot get service at the dealer's from whom you always buy "ONYX" Hosiery, write us, Dept. E. P., and we will help you

Wholesale *Lord & Taylor* *New York*

The Rug of Today— and Tomorrow

Madam, this is the rug you have waited for—a satisfactory answer to your demand for a beautiful, durable, sanitary, convenient and inexpensive Floor Covering.

DELTOX
FINE WEAVE
GRASS RUGS

Look at the picture and see how the Deltox Rug beautifies the room. That's the keynote of Deltox—harmony. From porch to attic Deltox is at home anywhere in the house—and it's reversible, practically two rugs in one. Especially suitable for porch use because dust and moisture do not harm the texture.

A cheerful and durable floor covering for the office.

The extra fine weave gives Deltox a flexible strength of body and a smoothness of surface that heretofore have not been obtainable in a grass rug, permitting the use of exquisite patterns and charming mellow colorings that add to the appearance of any room.

Always fresh looking because the dust filters through to the floor. Easy to handle—roll up the rug, sweep the floor, unroll the rug and the work is done.

INEXPENSIVE

And yet, madam, they are so very inexpensive—ask your dealer.

If your dealer can't supply you, his name and 10c postage will bring you a beautiful 18 x 18 inch sample Deltox Rug suitable for lamp or jardinière mat.

An unusually complete and attractive booklet illustrating Deltox Rugs in actual colors and one-twelfth actual size as in use in many American homes showing artistic arrangement of furniture in various rooms, on request.

Insist on Deltox—Look for the Trade-Mark

Oshkosh Grass Matting Co.
81 Adel Street, OSHKOSH, WIS.

he maintained a certain standard of deportment; for the men who serve are as cultivated in their way as are those served. Sometimes one of the more gracious patrons speaks to them. "Oh, you have changed your table!" said a smiling matron. But the waiters do not encourage that sort of thing.

Every man has charge of three tables and he has assistants to the number of three or four. His rank is designated by a uniform ornamented with brass buttons, while the assistants' servitude is designated by a white apron. He presents no menu card when he asks for the order. As his client mentions whatever is in his mind the waiter writes it down and turns the blank over to one of his menials—not churlishly, but with, say, such a designation of difference in rank as a fashionable woman uses in addressing another of her own wider set who is a notch beneath her.

As the servitor returns the waiter takes from him the baby sandwich muffled in its white napkin and serves it, at the same time placing the tea on the little table for the presiding lady to dispense at will.

The party once finished, he hopes most ardently that they will depart, for, however long they remain to watch the spectacle of the afternoon, his tip remains about the same. Still, he does nothing so ill-mannered as to glance in their direction or to display in the distance their check. If they signify that they really wish it he again dispatches one of his menials to have it added—he all the while pacing sentinel-like along his avenue of territory.

One day a brave young American woman went against custom after having taken ten at the favorite room for a year, and she sent for a bill-of-fare. She got up her courage suddenly at the end of her afternoon portion. It took half an hour to find one. When it arrived she discovered it to record cinnamon rolls, the presence of which she had never suspected. She forthwith ordered some, they being her favorite dissipation.

A Comprehensive Order

The waiter indicated no anxiety over the situation, though she gave him but her customary tip for occupying his table during twice her usual length of tenure, the incident resulting to him in an accrued loss of at least a dollar.

Three women and a man from the West not only asked to see a bill-of-fare, but when one was unearthed ordered assorted sandwiches. That is what the menu says; but what it means is that you may have any kind of sandwich under the sun—that there is a grocery store right in the kitchen, from which anything may be secured, however freakish and uncommon the order—even to ham. This was exactly what the group ordered when it caught the idea. The waiter, instead of humiliating them by explaining a point in Manhattan formality, merely inquired again:

"What kind of sandwich do you wish, madam?"

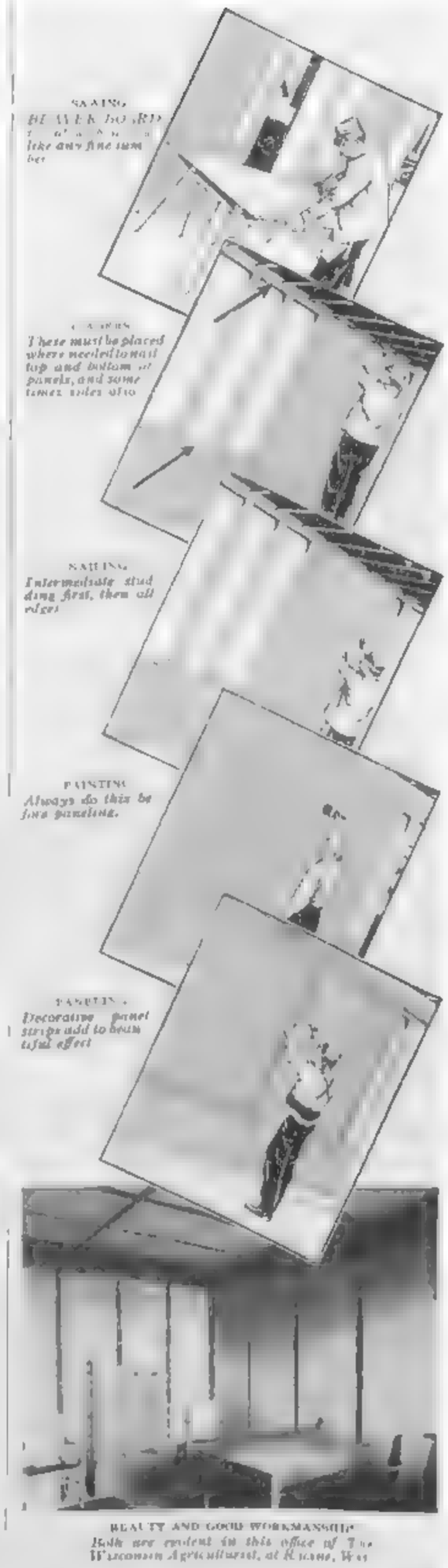
The hostess, who was quick, caught the suggestion and ordered the only kind prevalent in her town. After the party had leisurely eaten their way through the bill-of-fare, ably assisted from course to course by the waiter, and after they had remained for some time to watch the display, the man of the party rose and with elaborate abandon laid ten cents on the white cloth.

The waiter bowed a "Thank you, sir!" with the same remote gravity he had on the day previous accorded the seventy-five cents which was laid on that same table. None but a really big character could maintain itself in such a situation as that.

Still, this is not a disquisition on waiters, but on the idle practices of the idle rich. It calls attention to a recent tendency in American habits, to an allowance, on the part of the most overworked of all our people—the successful business man and his socially prominent wife—of an hour of leisure in the daytime. It invites speculation on the possible outcome of the innovation.

Will it extend to the other classes? Will it be accepted by our industrial system? And if so, will it prove a benefit or a blight? What will the tea hour be like when Americans settle down into an unexcited acceptance of the ceremonial?

At present they keep up their mad observance of it until the sun sinks behind the library, leaving a wipe of scarlet in the western sky, and Maria Theresa's little pile of invisible hairpins is reduced to two. Then everybody grabs up veils and sables in a mad rush homeward to dress for dinner.


SAWING
BEAVER BOARD
like any fine lumber
CAPPING
These must be placed where needed to nail top and bottom of panels, and some times sides also
NAILING
Intermediate studding first, then all edges
PAINTING
Always do this before finishing.
PANELING
Decorative panel strips add to beautiful effect

BEAUTY AND GOOD WORKMANSHIP
Both are evident in this office of The Wisconsin Agriculturist, at Racine, Wis.

ALL who intend to build or remodel should consider BEAVER BOARD. It has 41 advantages over lath and plaster for walls and ceilings. In eight years it has become a standard building material almost as staple as brick or concrete.

Write today for free booklet, "BEAVER BOARD and Its Uses," painted sample and full information.

The Beaver Board Companies

United States: 779 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y.
Canada: 479 Wall St., Beaverdale, Ontario
Great Britain: 4 Southampton Row, London, W. C.
Australia: 369 Queen St., Melbourne, Victoria

BEAVER
BOARD WALLS AND CEILINGS

BEAVER BOARD
TRADE MARK

Buy By This Label

(This Label on every garment)

For Man—For Boy

You get real coolness, comfort, quality, in Chalmers "Porosknit"—Guaranteed. But be sure it's the GENUINE. It is imitated widely, but duplicated never. Buy by the label. It's your protection.

Let's see what are "The Things That Count" in summer underwear.

Let's make some comparisons.

We will see *why* none may duplicate the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" quality, lightness, coolness, elasticity, durability, comfort. None—now, nor ever.

Let's investigate. Then *you* can judge if you'll accept imitations.

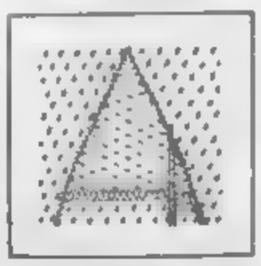
Union Suit Comfort

Examine any genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suit. Turn it inside out. Notice how strongly every seam is reinforced throughout. They are double-seamed by cover-seaming. Note that there are no cumbersome flaps to gape open. Stretch the fabric. See the *extra* stitches surrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lock-stitch, prevent unraveling.

The Elastic Seat

Now the "stretch" in all knit goods is entirely one way. Observe the triangular piece in the back of a Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suit.

See how this piece of fabric is reversed. It runs opposite to the rest.



This shows how the fabric is reversed in the back.

This means full elasticity in the seat—up-and-down—as well as across. It *gives*—at every turn or bend, with no pull, no bulge, no draw. Therefore you have

Both Fit and Ease

There can be no "short-waisted" feeling—no "cutting in the crotch."

Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits *stay* buttoned while on. They do not gape between the buttons. The Closed Crotch is comfortable. It fits. It stays put.

Softest of Yarn

The soft yarn we use is the finest of long-fibre, combed.

We have been told that the yarn is *better* than it need be. That we *could* use less costly combed yarn. That we could pocket thousands of extra dollars each year. That the yarn would still be good enough. That we *could* "get away with it."

True. We might. None might realize the difference but ourselves.

The Extra Quality

The same careful workmanship could be employed in finishing such less-good yarn—and Chalmers "Porosknit" would still *look* about the same.

Yet—the durability—the *wear*—would suffer. Something would be lost in softness and elasticity.

So—we take no chances with durability—no risks with the established Chalmers "Porosknit" quality.

'Tis Unseen Quality

Such fine shades in superiority you cannot *see*. But they account for the inability to duplicate Chalmers "Porosknit." They explain the unfailing satisfaction. They mean unvarying comfort. They cause the wide demand.

Such is the "hidden" quality—the *extra* quality—in Chalmers "Porosknit."

Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in *all* styles—for man, for boy.

Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Your pores breathe the needed air

The yarn's softness eliminates irritation of the skin.

Note This Point

Many men and boys merely ask for "Porosknit"—and get *imitations*. That's because they fail to look carefully for the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" *label* (sewn in the garment) and the Guarantee Bond. Because they never have worn the genuine—and in *that* way learned the difference.

"Looks" Not All

Those who get imitations that merely *look* something like Chalmers "Porosknit" wonder why the *real* is so popular.

Don't let that happen to *you*. Buy by the label. For those who once wear Chalmers "Porosknit" swear by it.

You'll find this runner's face on the box top of Chalmers "Porosknit"—at your dealer's.

No-Limit Guarantee

Chalmers "Porosknit" is guaranteed unconditionally (a bond with every garment) as follows:

> **"If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."**

Insist that the actual label be shown you—sewn on the garment. For none can duplicate genuine Chalmers "Porosknit"—none.

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

FOR MEN 50c	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	FOR BOYS 25c
FOR MEN $1.00	Union Suits Any Style	FOR BOYS 50c

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY

1 Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Full and Winter Weight

50 CENTS EACH | Macmillan's Best New Books | 50 CENTS EACH

The Best Modern Novels

Here is what every lover of fiction has always wanted—the best of recent popular copyrighted novels by leading authors—great stories, every one of them—wholesome and entertaining—at a small price, within the range of the average purse. Illustrated. Handsomely bound. Decorated cloth covers.

Only 50 CENTS each volume

A Few of the Many Titles (complete list free on application)

BURNING DAYLIGHT. By Jack London. "Jack London has outdone himself in 'Burning Daylight.'"—[illegible] *Current*

ADVENTURE. By Jack London. "No reader of Jack London's stories need be told that this abounds with romantic and dramatic incident. *Los Angeles Tribune.*

THE COMMON LOT. By Robert Herrick. "A story of present day life [illegible] of a young architect w[illegible] were, at their highest, aesthetic rather than spiritual."

A KENTUCKY CARDINAL. By James Lane Allen. "A narrative told with naïve simplicity, of how a man who was devoted to his fruits and flowers and birds came to fall in love with a fair neighbor."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE REIGN OF LAW. By James Lane Allen. A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp-fields. "A style as original and as perfectly finished as Hawthorne's. . . . Rich in the qualities that are lacking in so many novels of the period."

PATIENCE SPARHAWK. By Gertrude Atherton. "One of the most interesting works of this leading novelist."

MOTHER. By Kathleen Norris. "A charming story of family life." "Worth its weight in gold."—*Catholic Columbian.*

FAIR MARGARET: A Portrait. By F. Marion Crawford. "A story of modern life in Italy, . . . glorifying the country and its people, and warm with the red blood of romance and melodrama."—*Boston Transcript*

THE HEART OF ROME. By F. Marion Crawford. "A story of underground mysteries"

ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN. "It is full of nature in many phases—of breeze and [illegible] of the land, and the sheer [illegible] *N. Y. Times.*

DAVID GRIEVE. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. "A perfect picture of life, remarkable for its humor and extraordinary success at character analysis."

MR INGLESIDE. By E. V. Lucas. "He displays himself as an intellectual and amusing observer of life's foibles, with a hero characterized by inimitable kindness and humor."

KINGS IN EXILE. By Charles G. D. Roberts. "The author catches the spirit of forest and sea life, and the reader comes to have a personal love and knowledge of our animal friends."—*Boston Globe.*

LOVES OF PELLEAS AND ETARRE. By Zona Gale. "Full of fresh feeling and grace of style . . . a draught from the fountain of youth."—*Outlook.*

DISENCHANTED. By Pierre Loti. "It gives a more graphic picture of the life of the rich Turkish women of today than anything that has ever been written."—*Brooklyn Eagle*

A FRIEND OF CÆSAR. By William Stearns Davis. "There are many incidents so vivid, so brilliant that they fix themselves in the memory."—*The Independent*

THE FOUR FEATHERS. By A. E. W. Mason. "The [illegible] legitimate thrills than any novel we have read in a long time."—*N. Y. Press.*

THE CONVERT. By Elizabeth Robins. "'The Convert' devotes itself to the exploitation of the suffragist movement in Engl[illegible] easily forgotten by any thoughtful reader

A DARK LANTERN. By Elizabeth Robins. "A powerful and striking novel, English in scene, which takes an essentially modern view of society

THE JUSTICE OF THE KING. By Hamilton Drummond. "Read the story for the sake of the living, breathing people, the adventures, but most for the sake of the boy who served love and the King."

The Best Books for Boys and Girls

Every boy, every girl, likes a good story. These stories by popular authors are among the best ever published—exciting, thrilling, adventurous tales—every one clean, wholesome, good for healthy boys and girls to read. Illustrated. Handsomely bound. Decorated cloth covers.

Only 50 CENTS each volume

Some Samples (complete list free on application)

THE HORSEMEN OF THE PLAINS. By Joseph A. Altsheler. "A story of the West, of Indians, of scouts, trappers, fur traders, and, in short, of everything that is dear to the imagination of a healthy American boy."—*N. Y. Sun*

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN. By E. Nesbit. "A delightful story, revealing the author's intimate knowledge of juvenile ways."—*The Nation.*

UNCLE TOM ANDY BILL. By Charles Major. "A stirring story, full of bears, Indians and hidden treasure."

AUNT JIMMY'S WILL. By Mabel Osgood Wright. "Barbara has written no more delightful book than this. Every child will love it."

A LITTLE CAPTIVE LAD. By Marie Beulah Dix. "The human interest is strong and children are sure to like it."

WHILE CAROLINE WAS GROWING. By Josephine Dasham Bacon. "Only a genuine lover of children, and a keenly sympathetic observer of human nature, could have given us a book like this."—*Boston Herald*

THE SLOWCOACH. By E. V. Lucas. "The record of an English family's coaching tour in a great old-fashioned wagon. A charming narrative, as quaint and original as its name."—*Book News Monthly*

PICKETT'S GAP. By Homer Greene. "The story presents a picture of truth and honor that cannot fail to have a vivid impression upon the reader."—*Toledo Blade.*

BEARS OF BLUE RIVER. By Charles Major. "Wholesome adventure of the best kind for boys and girls . . . vivid pictures of pioneer life in the middle West."

Complete lists of these books will be mailed to any address for the asking.

The books are well printed, on good paper, strongly and beautifully bound in cloth with decorated covers.

They are not cheap books, but the best books at a very low price.

You know the names of these authors and what they stand for.

These books are for sale at 50 cents each wherever good books are sold.

If there is no bookseller near you, send 50 cents (stamps or money-order) to the publisher, and the book you want will be forwarded at once, postpaid.

Published at 64-66 5th Ave. New York | The Macmillan Company | On Sale Wherever Books are Sold

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Pocket Wireless

THE dream of wireless telephony—that a person will be able to carry in his pocket a telephone instrument and at any time or place call up a number and have a conversation—has actually become true in a limited way. Such pocket wireless telephones are in daily use in some European mines for communication with the surface and with other places in the mine.

Wireless telephony has been a complete success for some years for short distances of transmission; and in the short distances needed for use in one mine wireless telephony is as practical as wireless telegraphy. Instruments are located at convenient places in the mine, with wires already attached to pipes, rails, or some other means of getting a good electrical connection with the ground, and it is these stationary instruments that are depended on for most uses.

In addition, however, portable instruments are used frequently. These weigh too much to be carried in one's pocket, and so are carried like a handbag.

Besides these portable instruments there are provided for the officials pocket instruments that can send but cannot receive messages.

When a message is sent all the stations in the system receive it; but in practice it has been found to work much like a party-line telephone, giving little trouble to the stations for which the message is not intended.

Pocket receiving instruments for wireless telegraphy are also appearing now. They are useful, of course, to only a limited degree, for they can only receive and not send; and they receive only strong signals, such as those of near-by stations or government time signals.

Wheeling Yourself

ELECTRIC wheel chairs, which need no practice to operate, have now appeared as a substitute for the push chairs common at seaside resorts. Pressing on a lever with the foot makes them go ahead; and the harder the pressure the faster they will go, though the top speed is not much faster than a walk. Removing the pressure on the foot lever puts on the brakes. The steering is done by means of an ordinary steering lever.

Why Orange?

ORANGE paint for street cars is now suggested for safety reasons. Investigations by the Montreal street-railroad lines to determine what color can be seen farthest, both on city streets and on country roads, resulted in a finding for orange.

Accordingly the company has adopted this color for its cars, both as an added precaution for traffic on its single-track lines and as a means of enabling patrons and drivers of other vehicles on the streets to see the street cars as far away as possible.

Tempus Fidgets

HARRIS DICKSON tells a story of a negro who was in jail in Mississippi under sentence of death for murder. The prisoner had tried and exhausted all other means of obtaining a reprieve or a commutation; and at the eleventh hour, so to speak, he thought he would make a personal appeal for executive clemency. So he took his pen in hand and wrote to the governor.

The most significant part of his letter was the first paragraph, which ran somewhat as follows:

"*Dear Boss:* The white folks is got me in this jail fixing to hang me on Friday morning—and here 'tis Wednesday already!"

Hot Dogs of War

"SAY," said an eager visitor to Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky, "you can do me a good turn at the War Department if you want to, senator."

"What can I do for you?" asked James.

"Go down there and get them to give me the frankfurter privilege for them battles the Mexicans are fighting just across from El Paso."

Like custom shoes in appearance but—

like no other shoe in the wonderful resilience and flexibility of sole that matches nature's purpose in giving spring and full freedom of motion to every muscle of your foot. The surest prevention of foot troubles.

For Wear Anywhere

City or country, house or street, outing or business. These shoes are worn by thousands who appreciate the good appearance of an ordinary shoe, plus moccasin comfort.

Trot-Moc

BACK TO NATURE SHOES

For Grown-ups and Growing-ups.

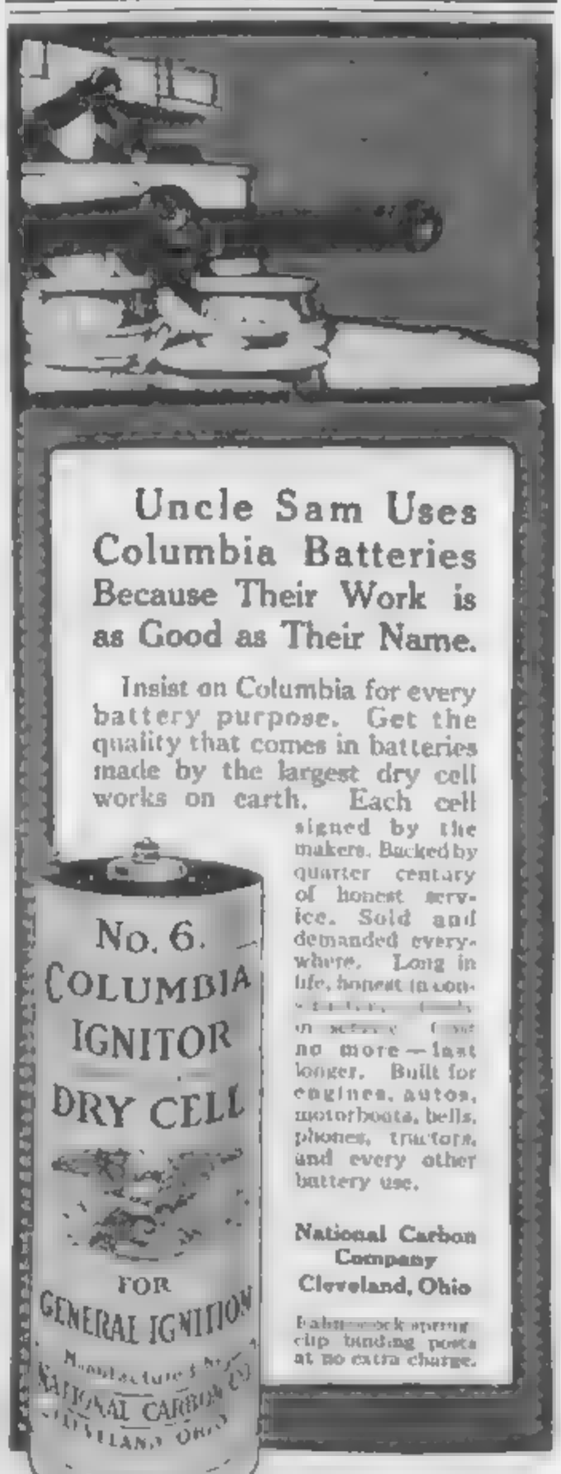
Of soft Indian tanned Moose leather, unlined, with genuine Trot-Moc soles tanned by a special process that increases their toughness and strength and gives the flexibility that is the secret of their comfort. Less than half the weight of ordinary shoes—cooler and wear longer.

For Men, Women and Children

Over 2,000 representative dealers throughout the country sell Trot-Mocs with the positive assurance of satisfaction.

All styles, regular or high cut, tan and white, with or without heels. If not at your dealer's write us.

Ashby-Crawford Co., Dept. B, Marlborough, Mass.



Uncle Sam Uses Columbia Batteries Because Their Work is as Good as Their Name.

Insist on Columbia for every battery purpose. Get the quality that comes in batteries made by the largest dry cell works on earth. Each cell signed by the makers. Backed by quarter century of honest service. Sold and demanded everywhere. Long in life, honest in construction, [illegible] no more—last longer. Built for engines, autos, motorboats, bells, phones, tractors, and every other battery use.

National Carbon Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Dahlgren [illegible] clip binding posts at no extra charge.

NATIONAL MAZDA

THE QUALITY LAMP

For Your Car— *NATIONAL MAZDA* *Lamps*

The rugged lamps that stand the racket on rough roads;

The lamps that stay bright; the lamps that are made right;

The lamps that are approved and used by ninety-three per cent of all Automobile Builders as a result of their own laboratory and service tests;

The embodiment of quality, efficiency, uniformity and durability;

Your guaranty of safety at night because each lamp is standardized; made for every car whether gasoline or electric;

Name your car and any National Mazda agent will supply you with lamps of correct brightness, voltage and style of base.

Sold everywhere by garages and electric shops in the miniature Blue Convenience-Carton, singly, or in the handy compact lamp chest containing a complete set of six lamps especially selected to fit your car.

Dr. Chas. P. Steinmetz, The Master Electrician, recommends NATIONAL MAZDA lamps for efficiency and durability.

For Your Home— *NATIONAL MAZDA* *Lamps*

The low priced lamps that pay for themselves after a very short period of use—by tripling the lighting value of your current; the lamps that by giving more light for the same cost have made all other types of home illumination obsolete;

The lamps that offer you the choice of many sizes and shapes, all with threefold efficiency, for every kind of fixture; the lamps that are rugged, fit any socket, burn in any position, don't discolor and use only one-third as much electricity as carbon lamps of the same candlepower;

The lamps for the most modest home or the most elaborate mansion; for stores, offices, factories and mills;

The only lamps that come in the Blue Convenience-Carton that opens the way to better light. Put a NATIONAL MAZDA lamp in every socket before you pay your next light bill and have more light.

For Scientific Lighting Everywhere
NATIONAL MAZDA Lamps At New LOW PRICES

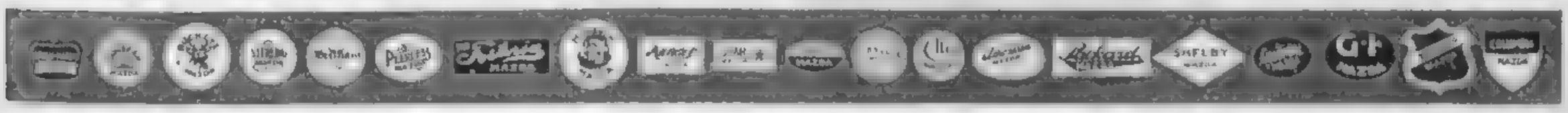
From pocket-flash to boulevard, from battleship to dining car, from factory to mine, for every socket everywhere, there's a NATIONAL MAZDA lamp with a guaranty of quality. Every NATIONAL MAZDA lamp represents the results of researches in the best lamp laboratories of the world.

Buy at the new low prices. Insist on seeing the name "NATIONAL MAZDA" etched on the glass—and buy the original Blue Convenience-Carton containing five lamps. Get NATIONAL MAZDA lamps at the store that shows them in the windows. Any National Mazda agent in any business center will give you information on the choice of proper lamps for every room and fixture in your home, or for any part of your automobile, or you may have free descriptive booklets on request by addressing any of our Divisions or

Any of these labels marks a NATIONAL MAZDA lamp and is a guaranty of National Quality

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
62 Nela Park, Cleveland, Sixth City

Member [illegible]



The Girard Smile

As conceived by J. W. Gruger

When we mention the "Girard blend" we refer to a definite, important manufacturing method; it is not a mere catch-phrase, for cigars differ not merely in the *quality* of the *tobacco* but also as to the *kind* of *leaf* and the way different kinds are *combined*.

GIRARD Cigars

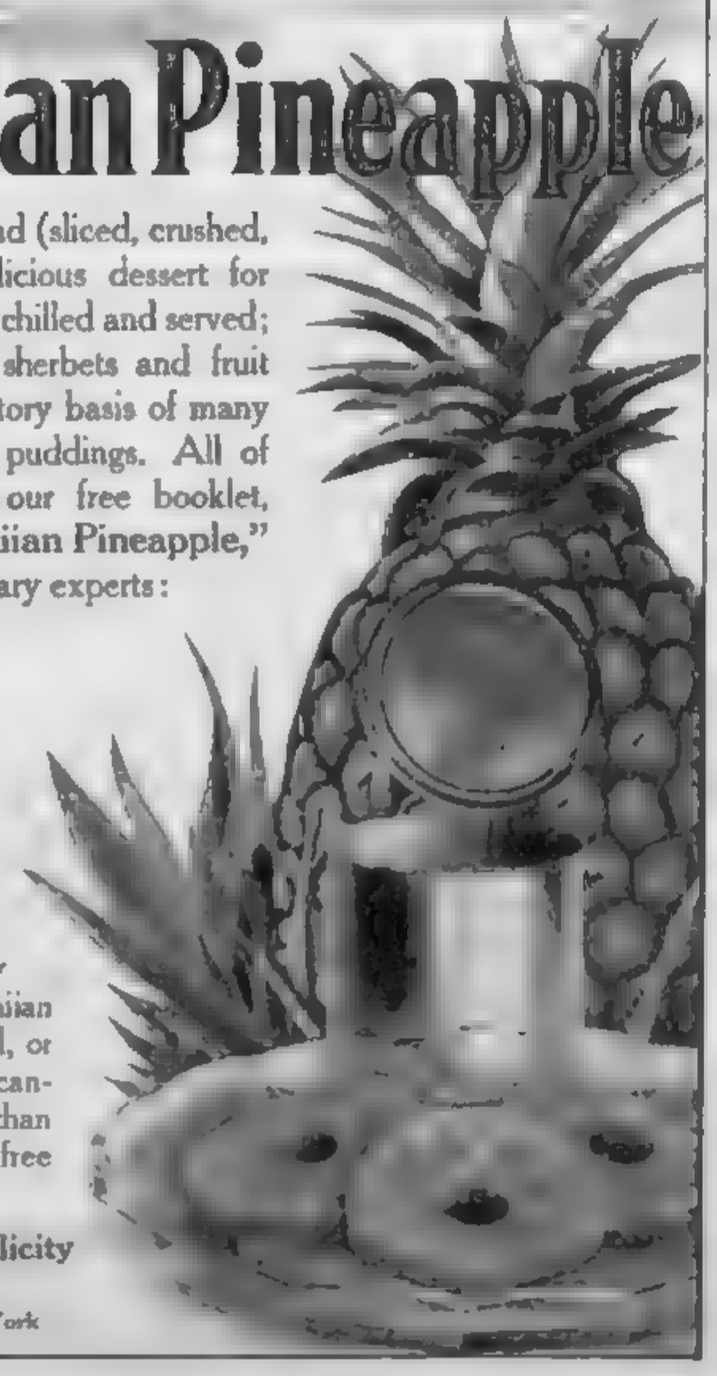
represent long and careful experimenting and the result yields a smoke which is *mild but full flavored*.

Girard cigars are made in 14 sizes, from 3 for a quarter to 20c. straight.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 1871
Philadelphia

Hawaiian Pineapple

—the golden luscious kind (sliced, crushed, or grated), makes a delicious dessert for early summer days, simply chilled and served; it makes tempting ices, sherbets and fruit cups; or it is the satisfactory basis of many fine salads, pastries and puddings. All of which are described in our free booklet, "How We Serve Hawaiian Pineapple," by the following 15 culinary experts:



Fannie Merritt Farmer
Marion Harland
Janet McKenzie Hill
Alice Getchell Kirk
Marion Harris Neil
Lilian Dynevor Rice
Sarah Pearson Stuart
Josephine Grenier
Christine Terhune Herrick
Helen Louise Johnson
Anna W. Morrison
Maria Parloa
Sarah Tyson Rorer
Emma Paddock Telford
Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Ask your grocer for Hawaiian Pineapple, Sliced, Crushed, or Grated. It is picked ripe, canned right and costs no more than domestic fruits. Send for free booklet today. Address

Hawaiian Pineapple Publicity Department A
1502 Tribune Building, New York

MY SON

(Continued from Page 22)

It isn't much to our credit that a man who produced milk that kept this side of being a positive source of death to children should be looked upon as a local pioneer and daring innovator. To be sure this attitude wasn't peculiar to our town. Most pure milk elsewhere is advertised like some choice luxury and charged for as such. So are other foods. But the consolation that comes of finding yourself merely no worse than the other fellow is faint-hearted and doesn't go very deep.

The boy, in spite of his failure to respond to all of Barney's suggestions, was enthusiastic. Don't make any mistake about that. He had always been a hard worker, putting his heart and soul into everything he undertook. In the contracting business he was the inspirer, while his partner, equally valuable, was the man who worked out the results in terms of dollars and cents. Dick was the inspirer of the contracting business, but in this new venture it was the business that inspired Dick. It roused all the good in him, which was the Ruth in him. It did what a profession often does for a man but what business too seldom does. It placed an interest outside himself above self-interest. He felt a responsibility for the health of his customers as a good doctor does for his patients. In supplying them with good milk he felt also a keener sense of citizenship.

"Great Scott, dad," he said to me one evening, "we sometimes catch our breath when we see figures showing the number of immigrants pouring into this country; but that's only the beginning. Every single one of those immigrant couples represents a future family. We ought to multiply the present figures by ten or twenty to get a realization of what a power in the land they're going to be. Now it's no more natural to try to stop them than it would have been to try to stop the movement west of Missouri in the forties. The only other thing to do is to improve them. One way is to catch 'em as infants and help them to decent health."

In his small way the boy felt he was doing something along that line. It shows the broader outlook he was getting.

We had him before the Pioneer Club that winter for two or three talks. The boy wasn't a public speaker. He had no natural gifts and was as scared on a platform as Ruth was; but with the same spirit back of him that Ruth had he tackled the job like a man. It had come to be considered a public duty for every man in town to respond to a call from the club. When we found a man or woman doing anything particularly well in Brewster we had him up to tell the rest of us how he did it. And if there wasn't much oratory of the old political variety, it was surprising what good talks we heard. In every case we listened to a man dead in earnest expressing himself to the best of his ability, and I tell you these men got home to us deeper than many a trained speaker would have done.

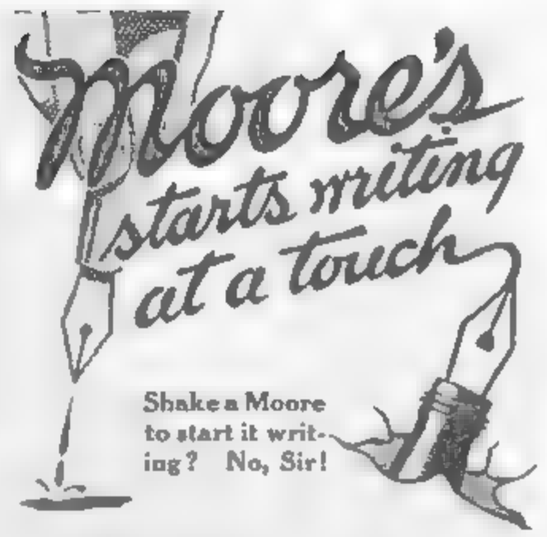
So the boy took his place with the others and gave in detail the results of what he had accomplished during the first months. I think he made every one there understand the wide gulf between fairly pure milk and the stuff most of them were producing. Then he made them see the value of records and the difference between a good cow and a poor cow. He made them understand, too, the necessity for the simple precautions for cleanliness which it was within the power of a man to practice who kept only a single cow. The boy was in earnest and accomplished in an hour more than the agricultural departments had done in years at the expenditure of thousands of dollars. That isn't exactly fair either, for after all what the boy did was to interpret to these folks the things he had learned from the departments.

Then Barney followed and gave the other side—the Little Italy side. Barney was a favorite with Pioneer audiences, for he had a dramatic way of putting things. He had that crowd alternately laughing and crying. And one evening he produced fat, chubby Giuseppe, Jr., and held the infant grinning at the crowd.

"That's a Carleton milk baby," he declared. "Take a good look at him and then ask yourselves if he isn't worth a clean barn. And remember: it wasn't twenty-cent milk that did this but eight-cent milk."

That, after all, was the point that distinguished Dick's business from that of any

Moore's starts writing at a touch



Shake a Moore to start it writing? No, Sir!

A MOORE'S ready for business the minute it's open. Starts in writing at the first stroke—and keeps on writing, too, smoothly and freely as long as there's ink left in the pen.

For when a Moore is closed, the pen itself is pushed down into the ink—kept moist. Ink can't dry in the feed. And it's always ready to write—without coaxing.

Shuts up Bottle-tight

In use, a Moore's the most satisfactory pen you ever owned, because it writes just the way you want it to write. And closed, it's the safest pen you ever carried, because it simply can't leak. Shuts up bottle-tight when the cap screws down on the ink stays where it belongs—inside.

It's the kind of pen a man can rely on—does its work well and doesn't have to be "nursed." Look for the style you like at almost any dealer's—or else write for catalog showing 127 styles and sizes from $2.50 up.

AMERICAN FOUNTAIN PEN CO.
Adams, Cushing & Foster, Selling Agents
201 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

Moore's won't leak

Mr. Motorist

Here's a point you may have missed

THE greatest power loss with which motorists contend is due to leaky, cheaply built spark plugs—compression leaks through or the charge is only partly ignited.

A cheap plug must be poor; a poor plug always causes power loss, over-heating and costly damage to engine and car.

BOSCH PLUGS

were designed so that the right plug could be had, so that power losses, over-heating and other ignition troubles could be eliminated and so that the full power always could be obtained.

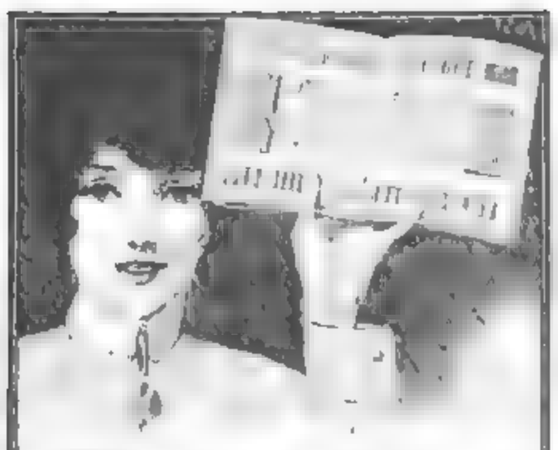
They are right and act right. Proof of this fact is in the showing made by Bosch Products. In the recent Vanderbilt Cup and Grand Prize Races, both winners and *every* car to finish used Bosch Plugs; also the Bosch Magneto. This was a gruelling test—more heat and oil and speed than you ever would require—but Bosch Plugs stood it because they are As Good As Bosch Magnetos.

Try a set in your car—the same plugs as used by the racers.

$1.00 Each in U. S. from any dealer, or from Bosch Service Stations or Branches.

"Locating the Spark Plug" tells what you ought to know about plugs—it's free.

BOSCH MAGNETO COMPANY
233 West 46th Street, New York, N. Y.
160 Service Stations in U. S. and Canada to serve you.



3 SILK SHIRTS Made to Measure $10.50

For Men and Women

Write Today For Our "How To Shop By Mail" Catalog

of SILK Shirts and SILK Pajamas, SILK Night Shirts and SILK Athletic Underwear for Men.

All Garments Made To Individual Measurement.

Sold Direct From Weaver To Wearer.

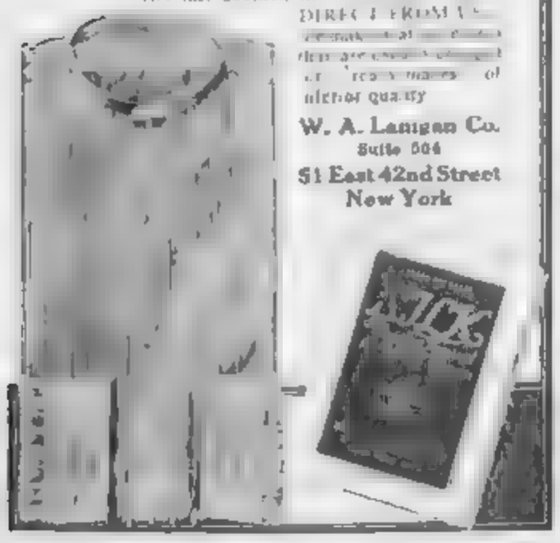
Catalog contains full descriptions, correct [illegible] explicit directions for ordering.

Take instant advantage of this remarkable opportunity and write today. For, at this season [illegible] the demand is very great.

THREE [illegible] SILK SHIRTS [illegible] $10.50

This will be a great [illegible] season. Get this booklet, and order [illegible] DIRECT FROM US [illegible] of inferior quality

W. A. Lanigan Co.
Suite 504
51 East 42nd Street
New York



with its invisible clamp firmly holds this handy household convenience to the back of a chair, head of a bed, or any place where a good strong light is wanted. It will stick to a mirror or any kind of non-porous woodwork.

This lamp is most convenient, the shade and lamp can be instantly adjusted to any desired angle [illegible]

SEND US $5.00

[illegible] you'll get your [illegible] back.

WIZARD ELECTRIC LAMP CO.
147 New Montgomery St. San Francisco

other milk producer I know of. There's plenty of twenty-cent certified milk to be had for those who can afford it; there's some fifteen cent certified milk. But as far as the parents of such as those of Giuseppe, Jr., go there might just as well not be any pure milk in the world.

The eight-cents-a-quart price was still an arbitrary price fixed by Dick. It wasn't by any means based on good business. And because it wasn't it disturbed the boy. Not that he was worrying so much because of selfish interests. He wasn't afraid of losing a little money; he could afford to lose. But that wasn't sound business. An enterprise founded on any such principle necessarily was weak. And the boy, you understand, was striving more and more earnestly every month for stability. The idea of permanency dominated him more and more. Here was to be an undertaking that should be associated with him during his entire lifetime and with the name of Carleton after he was gone. He wasn't so much concerned with making a monument for himself as he was in establishing firmly what he believed to be an important and necessary public work.

From Dick's point of view he was also violating the spirit of his business if he was charging too much. A five per cent net profit was what he considered fair—this profit to be put aside in a separate account to the credit of the business. This was to be in the nature of a reserve fund. It had nothing to do with his personal account. He didn't use it even to include payment for his own services.

Where the boy found time for it all was a marvel to some, especially to his city friends; but the explanation was simplicity itself—he got up at four o'clock in the morning. This gave him four clean working hours over many of his fellows. Then he had at least two more at the end of the day. The boy was leading two lives in one and doing it without strain. Day in and day out he was in better condition than ninety per cent of his business associates who didn't get up until eight and who spent the last few hours of the day in their clubs. He went to bed at nine, which gave him seven hours of sleep. And when Dick slept, he slept.

The life of a galley slave, some will say. Looking at it from the point of view of men who are preaching eight hours as work enough for any free and independent citizen struggling in the pursuit of happiness, perhaps he deserved that title. But honestly you never saw a heartier or a happier galley slave in your life. And he wasn't in the slightest conscious of being a galley slave. The boy's life was full to overflowing with honest joy. He lived every waking hour to the fullest, and got so much fun out of the work itself that most ordinary amusements seemed stupid.

Sometimes I wonder if most public amusements aren't merely a makeshift for people not tired by overwork but bored by too little work. I don't mean the arts—good music, good drama, good paintings—but the amusements that can't be classed under any of those heads and upon which millions of dollars are spent every year. The men I know who go most to such things aren't by a jugful the freshest and keenest for life after them. To a man they are the growlers and yawners. So far as I've seen for myself, it isn't the ten-hour-a-day man who is discontented but the eight-hour-a-day man. Of course the observation of one man doesn't count for much. Maybe, too, I'm growing older. I'd think so if with every year I didn't realize what a brave adventure life itself is; if I didn't feel that it's within the power of every man to live his own pleasures instead of hiring other men to furnish them to him.

Dick had his pleasures of a purely social nature, too, as all of us in Brewster have. There were dances and entertainments enough, and when there was anything especially good in the theaters in town Dick and June went to see it. But it wasn't often there was anything especially good.

There are some women who will think that perhaps Jane herself was bored. That's for Jane herself to say, but I shouldn't be afraid to match her life against that of those women who play bridge in the morning and who yawn over everything in the way of entertainment that comes to the leading theaters. Besides, it was along about this time that Jane found a new interest—an interest that in a normal woman dominates every other interest in life.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

American Lady Shoe
Three-fifty to Five Dollars

American Gentleman Shoe Four to Six Dollars

QUALITY shoes with a style appeal. Styles for Beau Brummel and Uncle Billy. Styles for débutante and aged aunt—styles that please them all, because each gets exactly what suits—in kind, size, width—plus a quality that is not measured by the price paid.

Nearly half a century of shoe making experience on a gigantic scale makes such quality and style possible for the price. Buy American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes and get in on the ground floor of shoe values. You will rest assured of shoe satisfaction.

MAKERS
Keep the Quality up

American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes are made in all styles, sizes and widths, from Narrow A to Wide F.

In nearly every place there is a dealer who sells American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes. Look over his line—if he doesn't have the particular style you want, he will get it for you in a few days' time. If you have any difficulty in locating him, write us and we will tell you the name of the nearest Hamilton, Brown dealer.

Factory 4
Affiliated with the A [illegible] Leader [illegible] Lasts

Send for our Style Portfolio of Shoes. Free.

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company St. Louis Boston

For perfect dance

Mr and Mrs Vernon Castle, teachers and greatest exponents of the modern dances, use the Victor exclusively and superintend the making of their Victor Dance Records.

CASTLE HOUSE
28 EAST 46TH STREET
NEW YORK

March 2, 1914.

The superiority of the Victor & Victor Records is so apparent that Mrs. Castle and I after a thorough trial of other sound reproducing instruments, have decided to use the Victor and Victor Records exclusively at Castle House.

Mrs. Castle and I find the Victrola practically indispensable, while the quality of music it supplies during class work is so satisfactory that our pupils are as enthusiastic regarding the Victrola as we are ourselves.

I also take great pleasure in announcing that I have given to the Victor Company the exclusive services of the Castle House orchestra for the making of dance records, and also that I will personally superintend the making of Victor Dance Records.

Vernon Castle

TELEPHONE 967 BRYANT

Victors and Victrolas $10 to $200
Victor dealers in every city in the wor

Ask any dealer for book of instructions—how to dance the one-st tion, and tango—illustrated with 5 different photographs of Mr and M Castle, and 288 motion-picture photographs. Or mailed direct by us

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

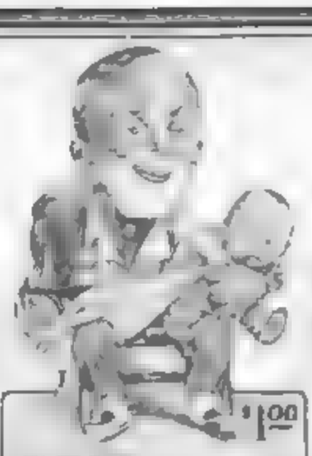
music-the Victrola

This is not a drawing of a motion picture film. A group of young people enjoying an impromptu and very informal dance to the music of the Victrola. Something you can do too, whenever you wish if you have a Victrola

ld

ep, hesita-
lrs Vernon
on request.

"Well That's Fine!!"

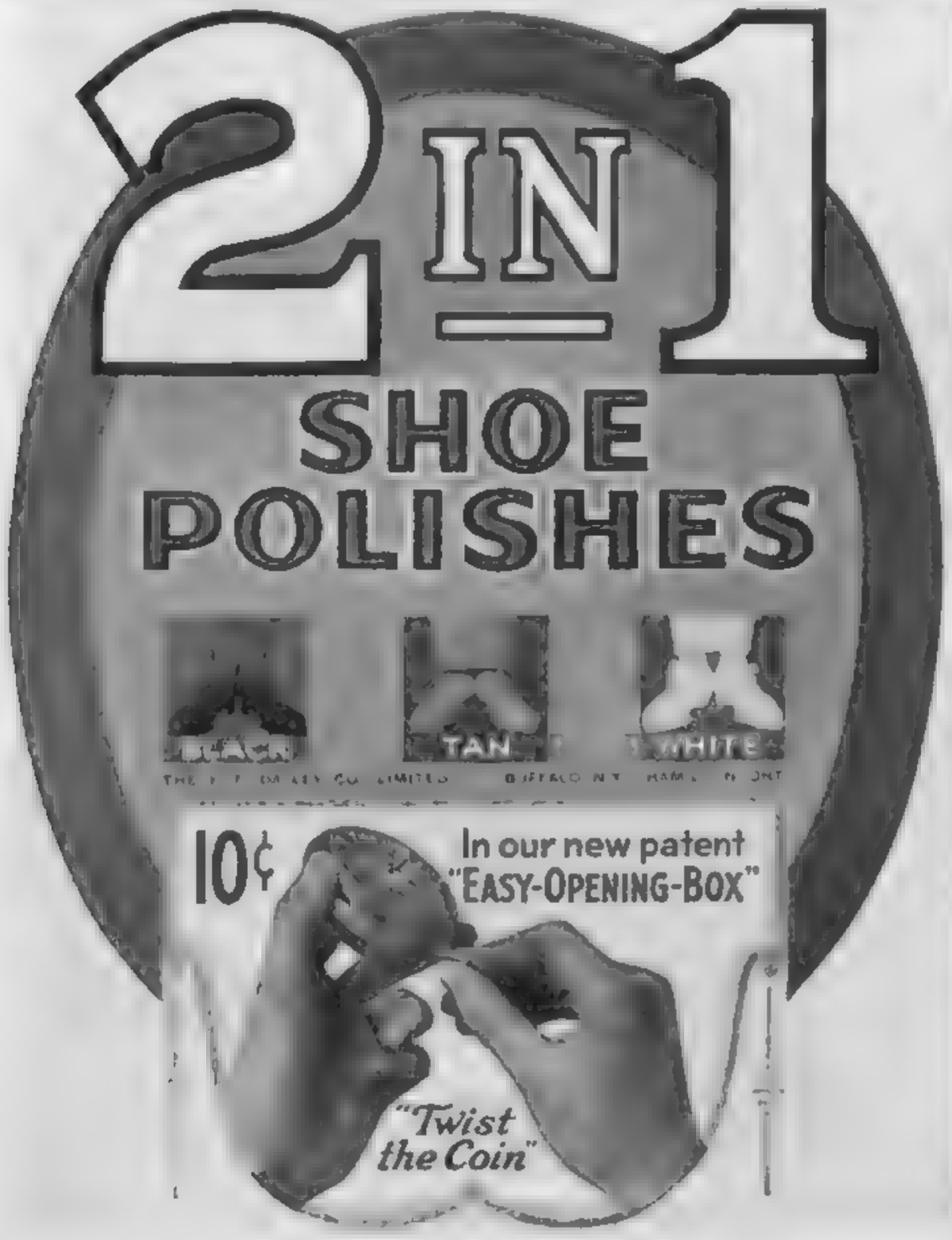


"THE best shaver and saver of them all"—so says the man who shaves with the *Gem Damaskeene* Razor—it overcomes the many difficulties often experienced in shaving with so-called "safeties."—The new *Gem Damaskeene Razor*, with a *Gem Damaskeene Blade*, makes shaving a real pleasure and real economy.

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR outfit complete with 7 *Gem Damaskeene Blades*, in morocco case, $1.00. At all up-to-date dealers.

One Dollar Outfit

Gem Cutlery Co., 210-218 Eleventh Ave., New York



THE JACKSONBOY

(Continued from Page 15)

"Yes, that's it," said Benny, whom I must acquit of knowing what the word meant. "Maw don't find it very sociable here, and that's a fack. I guess she likes more life and go and toiking about the neighbors."

"But you like us, don't you?" inquired Edith, much overcome at our social failure.

"You betcha!" ejaculated the Jacksonboy with a warmth that atoned for the tragedy of our boring his mother. "I just keep cointing all the days of the week, hoping it will be Sunday soon."

As it happened, he did not have to count many more days waiting for it to be Sunday. Bertha left us in the disconcerting way suburban servants often do when you have paid them their month's wages. You lay the notes in a red palm and five minutes afterward you are confronted with the problem of getting your own dinner. Benny rushed into the Berthaless breach and proved himself a perfect trump in helping Edith with the cooking and housework.

More than a week passed before I could find the right kind of girl, and all this time Benny hung about us in a manner that must have seriously affected his dog-ransoming, golf-ball-collecting profits. When I said something about paying him—it seemed only fair that we should—Edith blushed and remarked that she had arranged all that.

"Arranged it how?" I asked, thinking she meant old clothes or boots, and rather dreading any inroads on my wardrobe.

"Oh, I am teaching him to dance," she said.

"Dance!" I exclaimed. "Dance!"

"Yes; he is crazy about it," said Edith, who was extremely fond of dancing herself. "You ought to see us do the Boston—it is simply remarkable how he has picked it up."

Now I did not object to dancing—heaven forbid!—but it came over me that Benny was already unsettled enough in life without our disturbing him afresh with the Boston. Honest toil seemed to me much more indicated than accomplishments, however graceful. Indeed, I was very much put out about dancing; it brought it home to me with sudden force that we might be having a bad influence on the boy. There could be nothing more unkind than to make a parasite out of him—a jobless individual basking at our fire, playing our phonograph and dancing the Boston with Edith.

That night she and I had quite a serious talk about it, which ended in our determining to find Benny a job and—what was still more important—keep Benny at it.

As we had decided to put in a new furnace and heating system, and were therefore on the most intimate terms with Mr. Updyke, the plumber, who was figuring on the matter, I thought perhaps we might manage to unload Benny on him as part of the contract; but it was harder to unload Benny than I had anticipated.

"That there Jacksonboy is n. g. all the way through," protested Updyke. "Why, I had a dog oncet ——"

It was the same old story, even to the collar; but I argued and persuaded and persisted until Updyke, who really needed a boy, as it happened, and was a good-hearted old fellow at bottom, finally consented to take Benny on six months' trial. He exacted some onerous conditions however. I had to agree to pay him four dollars a week, which, in turn, he would hand to Benny as though they were real wages. At the end of six months, if the boy were "anny good at all, at all," the plumber was to keep him on and continue the four dollars a week out of his own pocket.

We were not so well off that we could afford an extra four dollars a week without some inconvenience and pinching, but in such a good cause it seemed selfish to begrudge the money. After all, if it took only four dollars a week to plant a human brother on the ladder of independence, how could one hesitate for an instant? What were a few cigars and theater tickets in comparison with Benny's rescue from a possible life of crime?

We loved to dwell on that potential life of crime—it heartened us up so much about the four dollars. We drew lurid pictures of Benny's descent into the lowest depths of infamy and gloatingly followed him to the electric chair in order to say: "And for only four dollars a week we can make him a happy, prosperous plumber!"

The news that he was to be a plumber seemed far less attractive to Benny than it did to us. He received it with a silent depression that was not a little wounding, and stared gloomily at his toes. I was goaded into lecturing him a bit, pointing out how hard his mother worked to support him and how much he owed her for a devotion he scarcely realized. I told him what a comfort it would be to him later on if he were in a position to support her in her old age and fill her declining years with ease and joy.

Benny, however, only grew glummer and glummer; and afterward, when Edith said he might play the phonograph if he wished, he chose all the saddest, mournfulest, most heartbroken records we possessed and gave each of them an encore. Even Bostoning with Edith failed to raise his stricken spirits.

I was so provoked that I took him to task again; and when I had finished he stammered out:

"I'll woik my hands off—never you fear, Mr. Gilbert. I know how good you folks are to me, and the awful trouble you must have took to get me this job—though maw will just have a fit at my giving up being a lawyer. It's that which makes me act so dopy and like I wasn't grateful—thinking of maw and how dreadful disappointed she will be."

Whether maw was disappointed or not in her imbecile ambitions, Benny certainly showed a most praiseworthy ardor in his new employment. Updyke told me he was "doing fine" and hinted good-naturedly that he would soon let me off the four dollars a week if Benny "kep' it up." But keeping it up, alas! was just what Benny failed to do. In Updyke's picturesque vernacular the boy "lay down on it," and it was in this recumbent position, three weeks afterward, that he received his walking papers.

I was very angry with him and so was Edith, and for a while the Jacksonboy languished in the outer darkness; but after a time he crept back, penitent and hungry-looking, and lawn-mowed himself into our good graces again. Soon he was playing the phonograph and dancing with Edith as though there had been no interlude in our relations.

Our second attempt to connect up Benny with the wheels of industry was through Mr. Fortnum, the grocer. Fortnum, whom I caught redhanded, so to speak, with Boy Wanted in his window, demurred and expostulated at Benny being foisted on him; but the four-dollars-a-week and six-months-free-trial arrangement was not without its appeal and was finally—though unenthusiastically—adopted.

"You are wasting your time befriending that young scalawag," observed Mr. Fortnum with the air of a man who had made a bad bargain and was already regretting it. "I have known him ever since he was a little tad that high and, believe me, Mr. Gilbert, the only thing he is any good at is stealing dogs. I mind a little bull I had once, the pride of my wife's heart; and ——"

Benny took to commerce much more kindly than to plumbing, and went at it in such a brisk, whistling, basket-slamming way that his success seemed assured. But after several weeks, when Mr. Fortnum actually commended him to me, I confess I felt my first tremors of misgiving; for it was at this stage I had the most fear for Benny—the second-wind stage, when the novelty had worn off and the original impetus had lessened. I was only too well justified; for, sure enough, Benny promptly ran down like one of those clocks you wind up once a month. He ticked to the last minute of the last hour of the last day—and then stopped for a rewind.

It was all maw's fault, he said. He put the entire blame on maw. Maw declared he was wasting his time and would not let him stay any longer at Fortnum's. Maw said he was nineteen now and old enough to "woik" his way through the Columbia Law School; and would I please advise him how to go about it? Maw had sent him over to ask me that—how was he to work his way through the Columbia Law School?

It was an exasperating situation and was made even more exasperating by maw's quoted references to Lincoln. It was even more exasperating still that Benny did not

seem to wish to be a lawyer at all and evidently had some glimmering of his own deficiencies. I took down a copy of Every Man His Own Lawyer and forced him to stammer and flounder through a simple partnership agreement.

"That's what law is," I said as he finished, flushed and mortified, with the sweat of the effort glistening on his brow. "It wasn't railsplitting that made Lincoln great it was what he had in his head. Your mother is like so many people—she confuses the two."

"She's a durned old fool!" said the Jacksonboy, with a frankness that left us somewhat overcome. "She don't understand a feller must do the best he can with what he's got."

"Precisely," put in Edith, delighted at such an unexpected gleam of sense—"though it is very wrong to refer to your mother like that, even if she is mistaken."

"That's why I am thinking of going on the stoige," said Benny, ignoring the reproof. "I have been thinking a lot lately of going on the stoige, for it would take me away from maw and her everlasting nagging about Lincoln."

While Edith and I sat there stupefied, Benny produced a little newspaper clipping and proceeded to read it to us. It was the advertisement of a tenth-rate dramatic school, which charged sixty dollars for a three-months' course and guaranteed situations to promising pupils. Benny read it a great deal better than he had the partnership contract and then, putting it away in his vest pocket, regarded us hopefully.

"I could easy pay it back afterward," he murmured. "It's something fierce what actors make! Why, sixty dollars a week ain't hardly nothin' to an actor!"

If I had not minced my words before in telling Benny what I thought of him as a possible lawyer, it was child's play to the way Edith went for him now. I never saw her so worked up. She was so angry that her words could not come fast enough; she held the mirror up to Benny and showed him, in torrents of the most wounding invective, what he really was—an uneducated, uncouth, shambling, half-baked, conceited noodle, with neither the brains of a canary nor the grace and dignity of a yellow dog!

An actor! The scorn Edith put into the word was shriveling. Benny an actor! She pulled down from the bookshelf a volume of Shaw's Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant, and chose a passage at random.

"Read that!" she exclaimed in a paroxysm of contempt. "Read that aloud and just show us the kind of actor you are!"

The Jacksonboy, hunched in his chair as though being struck at from every side, burst into heartrending sobs. The disregarded book fell to the floor. As a scene in a play, with Benny himself playing, it would have brought down any house; but Edith and I were too enraged to see any humor in it. After all we had done for the young ass, after all our sacrifices and privations, to have him wanting to be an actor!

Ridicule, irony and sarcasm beat on his head like hail, and the more they beat the louder Benny sobbed. I washed my hands of him forever; Edith washed her hands of him forever. He was invited to retire into the outer darkness and, so far as we were concerned, to stay there permanently.

By this time Benny had been so completely skinned that the only thing to do, metaphorically speaking, was to wrap him in a blanket and blow in his face. He was altogether repentant—childishly, tearfully, agonizingly repentant. He abjured his errors as pitifully as a medieval heretic up to his waist in burning fagots.

He had been talking like an "idjit," he quavered. He knew he was not fit to black a real actor's shoes and never would be. It was maw's fault for pestering him night and day about Lincoln. The "stoige" seemed to be the only way he could escape from maw—and Lincoln. He pleaded with us not to turn "agin" him and, with his eye on the beloved phonograph, implored and besought us in a hysterical crescendo not to turn again "agin" him.

Needless to say we did not turn against him. Crushed and humbled as he was, it was impossible to turn against him. On the contrary we were greatly mollified by his abasement and hastened to discuss a new plan I had formed for his future. The taxicab era had just dawned; and one of my friends at the club, who was interested in this new business, had told me of the great difficulty he was experiencing in finding enough chauffeurs. He had also told me it cost only forty dollars to go through the Y. M. C. A. automobile school. I had put this in the back of my head, with an eye to Benny if he failed to hit it off with Fortnum.

So we talked chauffeuring with much gusto and enthusiasm, and with it peace descended on us. Benny revived and soon it was all settled that he was to go through the Y. M. C. A. school and learn to drive one of my friend's cabs.

It was a wrench to part with that forty dollars, for it deprived Edith of a new dress she had been counting on for weeks and saving up for, a dollar or two at a time; but the new furnace had cost us so much we had not a penny to spare and therefore I was forced to see her part with her little hoard. It was tremendously generous of her to sacrifice it; for, to a woman, giving up clothes is like a man's giving up tobacco—only more so.

It was her own suggestion, too, which made it all the finer; and she never whimpered a whimper, except to say, "Oh, my darling boy, it is perfectly *dreadful!*" when I ventured to praise the old dress she had made over by Madame Pipin, the local dressmaker. Her words betrayed an inner suffering that would have entitled her to an angel's crown.

Meantime the Jacksonboy, who had to have a six-dollar commutation ticket, which came near breaking the camel's back, toiled and moiled with admirable persistence, and returned at night almost too tired to dance. He was certainly learning all about engines, and proved it by taking the phonograph to pieces and oiling it, as well as reviving our electric bells and overhauling the suction-cleaner.

The only fly in the ointment was maw, who still harped on Lincoln and disapproved bitterly of what we were doing for her son; but Benny, undeterred, went blithely on and in the fullness of time took his examination and gained his certificate.

Instead of hanging about, waiting for me to find him a job, he borrowed a suit of my clothes and went out and promptly found one for himself. And such a job! To drive a splendid, eleven-thousand-dollar imported French limousine for an old Central Park West lady named Miss Van Sickle!

How anybody in her senses could have intrusted such a magnificent car to Benny is beyond my comprehension! It must have been his beautiful blue eyes that accomplished this miracle—either that or the blind stupid faith people often show in engaging servants; or it may have been Benny's engaging manners. Edith had done wonders for Benny and had carefully coached him besides as to how he was to act in applying for a situation.

Anyhow, there he was, with seventy-five a month, a smart livery, free bed and quarters, and little to do except tootle the old lady round the park and hold a bag of peanuts while she fed the squirrels.

Nor must you think we had only Benny's word to go on. There were cankering doubts in my own mind until one holiday morning Benny appeared with the car and, assuring us he had Miss Van Sickle's permission, took us for a forty-mile spin. It was the most stunning car I had ever seen—a great, shining, resplendent palace on wheels—and to sit there behind Benny, lapped in all this eleven-thousand-dollar luxury, was to think oneself dreaming dreams.

I might have known it was too good to last, however—Benny's job, I mean, not our one long glorious ride together. He quitted it through the glass screen in front at the glad, wild hour of three A. M.

Oh, yes, it was the old story—joy riding, girls picked up at random, drinks all along the line, and a milk wagon across the primrose path. The eleven-thousand-dollar car flew into eleven thousand pieces amid milk and blood; and, though no one was seriously hurt, it was a case of ambulance and hospital for all the survivors save Benny.

Once through the screen, he had apparently never stopped running until he reached us at daybreak and fell, breathless and gasping, at our feet. While he lay on the floor and had a saucerful of glass specks picked out of him, he besought us hysterically not to give him up to the police.

I was all for sending for the doctor and allowing justice to take its course; but Edith would not hear of anything except hiding Benny until the hue and cry were past. Having just lost Miss Guleszecwicz—called Maggie for short—we were in admirable trim to shelter a fugitive and afford him that aid and comfort which are so expressly against the penal code.

(Continued on Page 45)

Some folks say you don't need t' chase after a trolley car once you get it. But I say, look out you don't fall asleep after you get on, 'r you might just as well missed it. Similar with jobs. Jedgin' fr'm its uniform quality, the folks that make VELVET don't stop chasin' popularity after they've got it. They're hoein' away as hard as ever.

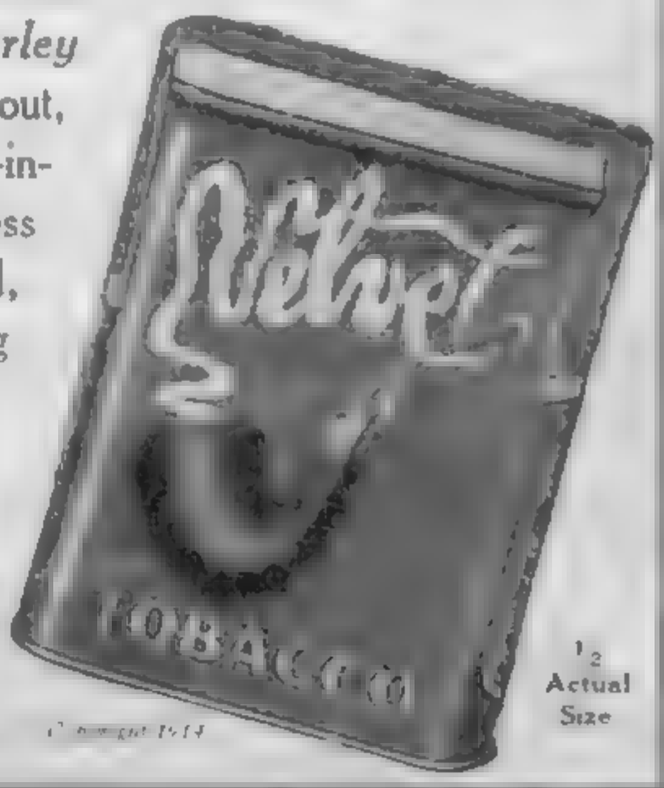
Velvet Joe

SOME goods build up a big reputation and then live on it. VELVET has built up a big reputation and is living *up to* it.

The Velvet Joes that raise the Kentucky Burley for VELVET are "a-hoein' away" to make good tobacco better. The Velvet Joes in the curing sheds and the factory are "a-hoein' away" to make better tobacco *best* in VELVET, the smoothest smoking tobacco. All the mild, full-bodied flavor of this *Burley de Luxe* is brought out, with an added aged-in-the-wood smoothness found only in cool, pleasant, slow-burning VELVET.

5c. Bags
10c. Tins
One Pound Glass Humidors

Coupons of Value with VELVET



½ Actual Size

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Reeling off mile after mile of the boundless out-of-doors. The greatest moving picture machine in the world is the

Indian Motocycle

Out into the open with a motorcycle! A constantly changing panorama of life and unusual sights. Great driving power under you. Unlimited distances at your command. *You* are the master whether throttled down to a walking pace in congested traffic or taking a clearaway road at sixty miles an hour. Comfort is yours—road shocks and vibration absorbed by the Cradle Spring Frame.

There's a snap and a relish to motorcycle riding unlike any other travel. It's a new sport—a fine one—a national one. Today the Indian tribe numbers over 100,000.

THE riding season is on. The world-famous summer regions of America invite the motorcycle tourist—thousands upon thousands of miles of perfect state roads await his preference.

The Indian needs no garage—requires a minimum of care. It is always ready for service. Running cost is next to nothing—*sixty-five miles on a gallon of gasoline, four hundred miles on a gallon of oil.*

To ride is to realize. 2,700 Indian dealers are ready to give a demonstration—to initiate you into a novel, pleasurable, healthful diversion—to show you also the wide utility phases of the Indian.

In the purchase of a motorcycle the Indian commands your first consideration. It has been the leader in motorcycle advancement and refinement, in fact the originator of many of the basic mechanical features which are now standard throughout the whole motorcycle industry.

Electric Equipment ***1914 Indians have 38 Betterments and full Electric Equipment. A 32-page book, illustrated, describes this year's Indians in full—shows all models, describes mechanical perfections in detail and puts you motorcycle wise. To read it is to become a qualified judge of motorcycles. Sent upon request.***

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO., 800 State Street, Springfield, Mass.

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

BRANCHES AND SERVICE STATIONS:

CHICAGO	DALLAS	KANSAS CITY	DENVER	LONDON
SAN FRANCISCO	ATLANTA	MINNEAPOLIS	TORONTO	MELBOURNE

(Continued from Page 43)

Heaven knows it was none of my doing that we kept him—I was angry enough to take Benny by the collar and drag him to the local police station—but one might as well argue with a lion as with a sympathetic lady who has once made up her mind; and when Edith said Benny was to stay, Benny stayed.

Wound round and round with court-plaster like an emblematic figure of Sing Sing, with his suffering form incased in my new baby-blue silk dressing gown, Benny was put to bed on the sofa, with a little bell at hand, which he was to ring if he wanted anything. I must say he did not want much except to be let alone. If ever there was a joy rider the worse for wear it was Benny!

When I got home that night he had chirped up enough to be playing the phonograph; and I was told—as though I ought to be profoundly gratified at the intelligence—that he had eaten two pounds of hot-house grapes. The next day he was up and limping about, helping Edith with the housework; and she said he was so grateful that it brought the tears to her eyes—tottering and hurt as he was, yet so pathetically eager to repay us.

I refrained from making any comment on the number of cigarette stubs I found everywhere or on the ample supper he tucked away. It was impossible not to like the young scamp; there was something so whimsical and absurdly winning about him that one was attracted in spite of oneself.

Even our last farewell was most cordial, though he had overstayed his welcome and become a fearful nuisance. He was wholly cured by now and there was no reason why he should continue to be our guilty secret and keep us on tenterhooks of apprehension.

We gave him ten dollars, my second-best suit of clothes, a selection of my shirts and underclothing in a telescope basket, and ordered him to proceed to Philadelphia and join the army or navy. If Benny were to flee from justice we thought he might as well do it at Uncle Sam's expense and gain a little badly needed discipline and setting up on the way.

We started him off one dark night with as many precautions as though he were an escaping safeblower; and I told him I hoped he would never stop until he had reached Guam. Of course he promised to write from Philadelphia—and of course he did not. Our only communication from him was found subsequently in the top of the phonograph:

"I have took 1073, 2904, 2777, which I hope you won't mind, but cheap at the price perhaps to get rid of One who, whatever his faults, knows how Kind he was treated and will remember same to his Dying Day. God bless you, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert!"

As time went by and there came no word from him, Benny gradually faded from our recollection. Maw, too, disappeared unobtrusively into space and was seen no more. I wish I might say the increasing years brought me increased prosperity, but they did not. Edith and I jogged along the road of life like most other middling people, with a few kicks here and there to ginger us up and an occasional raise, which was always a little less than we expected—but I must not say a word against my firm, for when I got run down last year and was ordered by the doctor to take a six weeks' vacation they acted with the most unexpected liberality.

Imagine my feelings when they sent me a check for a thousand dollars, with the nicest kind of letter about my sixteen years' faithful service and the high value they set on it!

We decided to spend the whole time in Paris, thinking it better to see one foreign place thoroughly than to race all over Europe; and no two kids let out for a holiday ever had a better time than Edith and myself. With all that thousand dollars and my pay still running on, we had money to burn—and there is no place where one can burn it more pleasantly than in that beautiful, incomparable Paris; but, lavish as we were in a quiet way, I admit I got a shock when one day Edith twined her arms about me and asked very falteringly whether she might have a hundred dollars to "throw to the birds."

"I want to do an awfully extravagant thing," she said, hugging me closer than ever and speaking with a breathlessness that showed how worked up she was. "And it isn't a dress, and it isn't jewelry, and it isn't stockings or gloves—but just something I want more than any human being ever wanted anything in the world."

She gazed at me so wistfully that, of course, I said she might have all the money in the bank; but I was thunderstruck, nevertheless, at her wanting so much—for there never was a more careful, economical woman than Edith, or one who could make a dollar go farther.

"It's the tango," she confessed, looking scared to death. "I want to take five half-hour lessons from Muñoz."

Muñoz! If she had said from the president of the republic I could not have been more overcome. In tango-mad Paris Muñoz was king—he loomed over the place like the Eiffel Tower. Why, they named suspenders after him; pumps, all sorts of things. I was wearing Muñozes myself and took a hitch in them every morning.

"Muñoz!" I repeated helplessly. "Oh, my darling, there must be other teachers who could teach you just as well and do it for far less! Do you realize it is almost seventy-five cents a minute?"

"But it would be worth it," she protested. "There is nobody like Muñoz—nobody in the whole world; and they say he gives you a grace and perfection that no other teacher can come within a mile of. Then think of the prestige of being a pupil of Muñoz—you murmur you are his pupil, and people fall dead! And you would be the husband of a pupil of Muñoz—think of that!"

I tried not to sigh as I counted out five one-hundred-franc notes. It seemed a frightful lot of money, though Edith said that by the time she had taught the tango to me—the real Muñoz, drop-dead tango, with the prestige to it—and we had taught it to the Babcocks back home, and made them pay their half—it would work out as hardly anything a lesson, thus divided among the four of us. If her arithmetic seemed somewhat faulty her pleading, eager face was irresistible; and I told her to rush round to the tangery and get her name down quick for five appointments.

She came back almost crestfallen enough to cry. A horrid little secretary had informed her that Muñoz was engaged for three weeks ahead. As we were sailing in two and had our cabin already engaged, you can imagine her despair.

"And he was so detestable about it!" continued Edith bitterly. "Looked me up and down as though I wasn't good enough for his nasty old Muñoz—wasn't smart or important enough for such a tremendous honor! I suppose if I had had purple hair and a transparent dress, and had worn legmuffs, he would have passed me right in!"

With that she threw herself on the sofa and wailed out how unbearable it was to come three thousand miles across a fiendish ocean—and then miss the one thing you had set your silly heart on. Then I said:

"Why couldn't we go to that restaurant in the Bois where the paper advertised Muñoz to dance this very afternoon—ten francs apiece to go in, with afternoon tea extra at little tables."

Edith glanced at the announcement and then brightened up wonderfully, though she was inconsistent enough to demur at the ten francs. But she said that in Paris she supposed even a cat could not look at a king without being charged for it or having to buy a *consommation* for the privilege—a saucer of milk at least, or a lap of red sirup—and that it was an awfully good idea to go to the Bois—and wasn't I the dearest old dear for suggesting it!

It was lucky we arrived early, for the tables were nearly all occupied; and such of them as were not were mostly ticketed by grand dukes and baronesses, and all sorts of tiptop people. Twenty minutes later and we might have been with the scufflers outside the door, who were being held back by menials and rioting in a well-bred way at being refused admittance. There was an electric stir in the whole assemblage that showed better than anything the hold Muñoz had over Paris—an air of anticipation and a curious, indescribable excitement.

Then the music struck up, followed by a sudden loud buzz, a craning of necks and the scraping of a hundred chairs, as a couple was seen advancing toward the cleared space in the center of the room.

There were cries of "Muñoz! Muñoz!" and a frantic handclapping, while Edith and I —— No! It could not be! It was not possible! It was only a marvelous, an incredible resemblance! Those blue eyes; that shy, whimsical smile; that slight figure!

"It's Benny!" gasped Edith, clutching at my sleeve. "It's Benny Jackson!"

I had risen from my chair, hardly knowing what I was doing; and there was a jabber of resentment behind me as all the

Floors That Win Friends

YOUR home is judged by your floors. They are the stage setting for the other furnishings. If your floors sparkle with the lasting beauty of Elastica, then your home will radiate comfort, beauty and coziness.

TRADE ELASTICA MARK

FLOOR FINISH

Look for this Trademark on a Yellow Label. All others are imitations.

Elastica Floor Finish is made for *one* purpose only—*floors*. For 40 years we have been solving floor-finishing problems with Elastica. This wonderful floor finish ends all floor troubles. It is mar-proof, spot-proof, heel-proof and "boy-proof."

For Every Floor

Elastica is equally adapted to old or new floors, hard or soft wood, linoleum or oilcloth. Floor varnish is the most abused varnish made, therefore it *must* be durable. Elastica *protects* floors. Lasting floor satisfaction and beauty is Elastica's record.

Get This Free Book

Our experts have written a great book entitled "How to Finish Floors." It is brimful of splendid floor-finishing suggestions. Every householder should have a copy. Write for one today—we'll send it with our compliments.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

Elm Park, Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y.; 2606 Federal Street, Chicago, Ill.; 113 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal., or International Varnish Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Use Satinette—the perfect white enamel

ASK YOUR DEALER

(2)

A curving, slanting, slippery pavement ahead. Under the car—

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

—those *in* the car enjoying that sense of absolute security from skidding that is taught so quickly by actual experience with the suction-seal Vacuum Cup Tread.

Guaranteed not to skid on wet or greasy pavements, else returnable at full purchase price after reasonable trial.

The guarantee of 4,500 actual miles is not based on maximum mileage, nor on average mileage, but on a *low minimum* mileage indicated by years of carefully observed records. The average service is greatly in excess of the guaranteed mileage and expectation of extra service should always figure in the purchase of Vacuum Cup Tires.

Absolutely Oilproof

Make these tires of *definite* safety and service guarantees your new equipment for this season.

Pennsylvania Rubber Co.

Jeannette, Pa.

New York Boston Pittsburgh Omaha
Chicago Detroit Minneapolis Dallas
Cleveland St. Paul Los Angeles Atlanta
Kansas City, Mo. Seattle San Francisco

An Independent Company with an independent selling policy

dukes and princesses and barons and baronesses hissed and called out at me fiercely to sit down.

The hubbub arrested Muñoz's attention; his arm slipped from his companion's waist; his gaze sought mine—first in anger, then in amazement and dawning recognition. A moment later and I was almost appalled to see him moving toward us through the crowded tables, while heads craned and chairs scraped, and we found ourselves in the dizzy focus of five hundred pairs of staring eyes.

Yes, it was Benny all right—Benny, smiling at me like a long-lost brother—Benny, waving at me and uttering exclamations of joy. He clasped me in a French hug and patted my back; caught Edith's hands to his lips and saluted them as though he would never stop; said again and again that he could not believe it—no, he simply could not believe it! And was it not too wonderful for anything that we three should meet again like that!

Our talk was broken and disjointed, as it could not fail to be—what with the orchestra banging away, everybody staring at us, and Edith and I acutely conscious of the limelight we were standing in. Benny wanted our address and we wanted to know how he had become Muñoz; and somehow we would be talking of the old phonograph in one breath and of Buenos Aires in another, until Edith told him how she had been turned away by his secretary. And he said: *"Caramba!"* She should have a hundred lessons if he had to throw out half of Paris! And would tomorrow do, at three? And might he send his car for her?

"I owe everything to you!" he said, looking down at her and speaking with a little catch in his voice. "It isn't that I can ever repay it—but please let me try!"

Before I realized what he was doing, he slipped off a superb diamond ring and forced it on one of her fingers; and then he pulled out a gold cigarette case heavily monogrammed in brilliants and laid it beside my plate.

"That's for stealing Robbie, and that's for stealing his collar!" Benny cried out, apportioning the gifts with a giggle of recollection; and then he added, backing out of reach before we could expostulate or do anything: "The Jacksonboy will now return to the center of the room and tango for his thousand francs!"

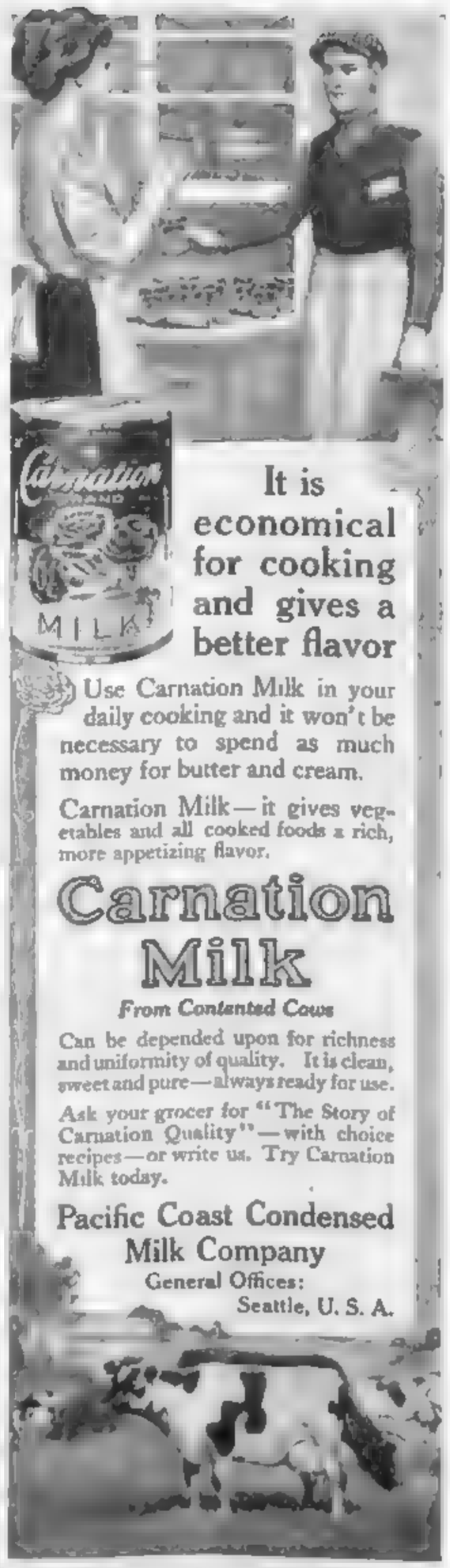
Record Extremes

BIG records for talking machines, largely magnified from the original records in order to have a greatly increased sound, and also little records reduced from the originals in order to have a more delicate sound, have been successfully produced lately by a chemist with a method so ingenious that it is interesting in itself. Whether such records will come into regular use is a question, though it would seem as if there would be a large opportunity for them.

The present practical methods of increasing or decreasing the sound of a talking machine are limited to using different kinds of needles and to horn or shutter arrangements; but all use the same-sized records as the original, as closely identical with the original as possible. This chemist sought a means of increasing the sound by enlarging the record.

He found, first, that he could not make successful enlargements by a pantograph—the apparatus commonly used in enlarging a drawing. The pantograph would record the delicate markings of the original record, but every tiny vibration of the instrument was also recorded in the enlarged copy; so that, instead of a pure sound from the enlarged record, it was possible to obtain only a sound badly broken up with scrapings and other noises.

He then took an impression of an original record in a mold of gelatin and succeeded in getting a perfect print. The gelatin was then enlarged by hydration, which practically means that he soaked it in water until it swelled the amount he desired. Then, by putting it in another chemical solution largely composed of formaldehyde he hardened the gelatin and thus had a mold for a magnified record. To make a reduced-size mold he followed much the same process; but instead of soaking the gelatin to swell it he dried it to shrink it. The chemist then exhibited the records made from these molds and stated that they were very free from scraping and other undesirable noises, having even less of them than the originals.



It is economical for cooking and gives a better flavor

Use Carnation Milk in your daily cooking and it won't be necessary to spend as much money for butter and cream.

Carnation Milk—it gives vegetables and all cooked foods a rich, more appetizing flavor.

Carnation Milk

From Contented Cows

Can be depended upon for richness and uniformity of quality. It is clean, sweet and pure—always ready for use.

Ask your grocer for "The Story of Carnation Quality"—with choice recipes—or write us. Try Carnation Milk today.

Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company
General Offices:
Seattle, U. S. A.

Boston Garter

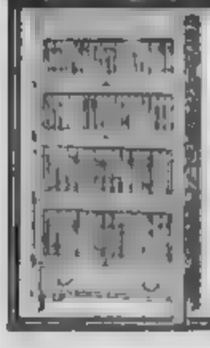
Velvet Grip

Holds Your Sock Smooth as Your Skin

If you desire an unusually fine garter buy the 50c. grade

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON

GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASES



The Best in Bookcase Construction

Send for Free "BOOK OF DESIGNS" (and Souvenir Bookmark)

showing the latest Sectional Bookcases, the ideal home for your books—in our Sanitary Modern, Colonial and Standard Styles, in Fumed, Golden and Mahogany Oak. Removable non-binding dust proof doors, no overhanging rim bands. Quality guaranteed.

OUR PRICES ARE LOWER THAN OTHERS

You will enjoy seeing these bookcases. Start with one section and add to it as your library grows. Shipped direct from factory. Don't forget to ask for our free Souvenir Bookmark.

THE GUNN FURNITURE CO., Dept. M-3, GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

ESTABLISHED 1900

May We Send You Both of These?

A FREE Book

"Household Helper"

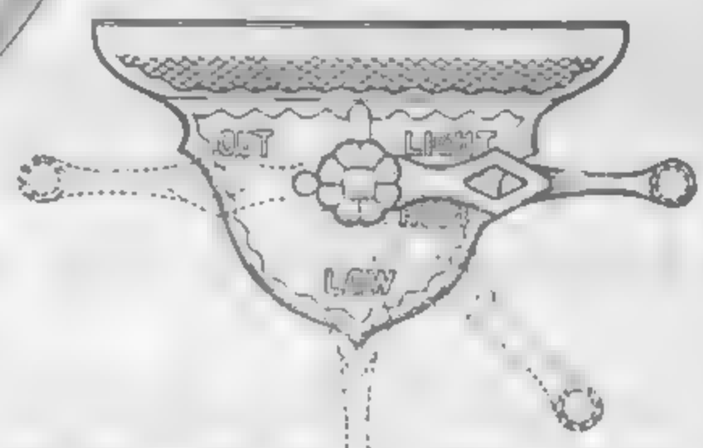
We have for *you*—FREE—an unusual and handsome book of recipes and household helps. It is a first aid to economy in these "high cost" days. It is FREE. Mail the coupon.

A Toy Stove, 16c *(stamps)*

This we also have ready to send you: A toy representation of a Florence Oil Stove. Any child will enjoy this unique plaything. 'Tis a boon indeed for "playing house."

Harmless—not to be lighted.

Again, may we send you *both* of these?



"The Turning Point in Oil Stove History"

At Last— The Right Idea in Oil Stoves

How can we make you—the millionth reader—realize the big significance of this story? For we tell you of the right idea in cooking stoves. How can we make you forget unhappy experiences with other oil stoves? For you must forget. The day of balky, smoking, unreliable, sooty, greasy oil stoves is past. The dependable—the absolutely safe—oil cooking stove has come.

FLORENCE Oil Cook Stoves

"Look for the Lever"

PROGRESS demanded the automobile and it was perfected. It demands the aeroplane. That is being perfected. The housewife—sweltering over her clumsy, dirty range—has cried out for relief. She is answered in Florence Oil Stoves.

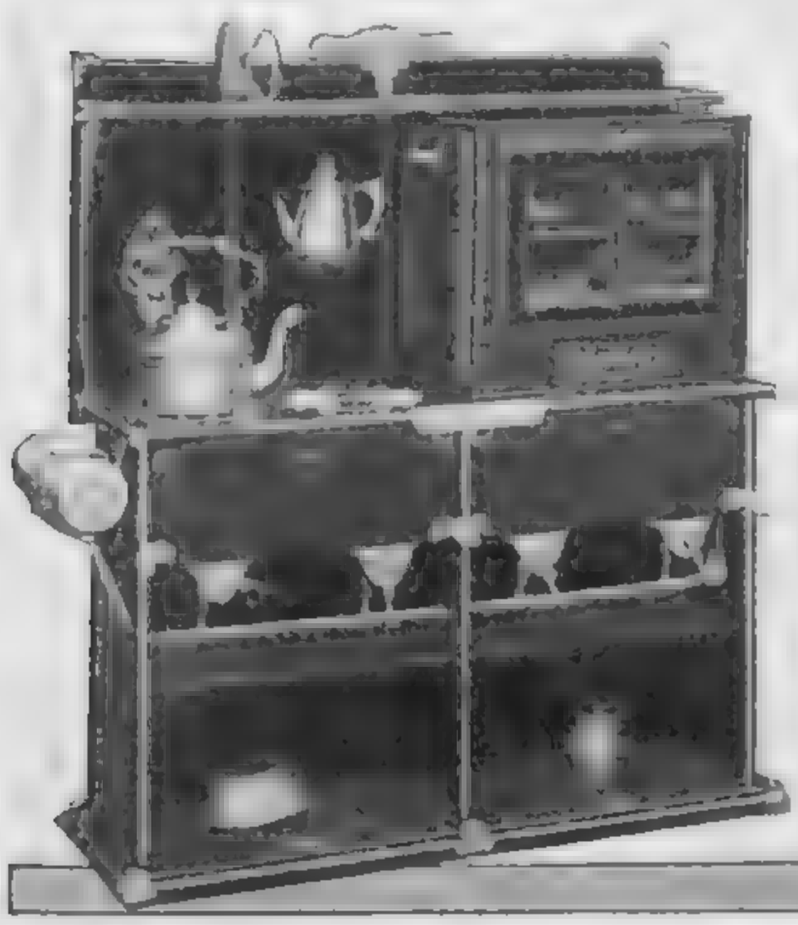
Let us start the day right. You come down in the morning. Not to a cold range—nor a dead, left-over coal fire—but to a *ready* stove.

A lighted match—a lever turned. Quickly you have a clean flame. Intensely hot—and *blue*. A few minutes later coffee is ready, the mush is cooked, the eggs are boiled.

A quarter turn of the lever. Your flame falls to a simmering heat. A half turn. The flame dies.

"I know," you say, "but my old oil stove always smoked and scented and sooted up the whole house."

4 burner, high frame Florence Automatic



Certainly! Because of an untrimmed or raised wick—a flooded burner—a worn-out valve.

But the Florence Oil Stove has *no wick*. There are *no valves* to wear out—nor clog nor leak.

Again you protest, "My old stove never seemed to really heat up—the flame was half yellow and irregular." Imperfect combustion! The oil didn't gasify. Sufficient oxygen was lacking in the mixture.

Florence Oil Stoves change every drop of oil into gas. This is mixed with the right quantity of oxygen. The flame is blue.

When the flame is yellow it means that *oil* is burning—*not* oil-gas. Burning oil does not produce a hot flame. It does smoke and smell. When the flame is blue, oil-gas is burning. Oil-gas that does not smoke and *does* produce the hottest flame for cooking.

Suppose you want to bake. No vexing wait for a stub born coal fire. In a few minutes your Florence oven is ready for six loaves.

Through the glass doors you see the ruddy crust brought only by uniform heat. It is visible baking. That means good baking.

When the baking's done the fire is turned out. Your kitchen was not overheated. The heat was concentrated *under* the oven or cooking utensil.

Those intolerable summer days, when every inch of your cast iron range radiated heat, are gone.

To the Man of the Family

And you men. You who want to know how it works the principle involved—if economical.

Oil seeks its level—from tank to feed pipe. A turn of the control lever lifts the burner above the level, out of the oil. No oil—no flame. Another turn. The burner is lowered into the oil zone. A full supply of oil. A third turn of the lever. The burner is in an intermediate position. A limited supply of oil and a low flame.

Simple—of course. But a simplicity protected by patents.

Next—the principle. It is absolutely safe.

The sides of the steel chimney become red—almost white hot. This heat changes the oil to gas. The holes in the chimney permit just the right quantity of oxygen (air) to enter. The mixture rises as burning gas—intensely hot hotter than coal—infinitely hotter than any other oil flame.

And economy.

Each burner costs about one-half a cent an hour. Very much cheaper than a coal range or gas. There are no plumber's bills for connecting and disconnecting.

In the Florence line you have—at last—the *safe*, reliable oil stove. The model pictured below retails at $25. Others as low as $5.

Florence Ovens with Glass Doors

You *see* your baking at any time without opening the oven. Cold air kept out until the baking is done.

The oven grates run from front to back, instead of lengthwise. Liquid pies or puddings slide in easily. No slopping—no spilling. Florence Ovens are full asbestos lined and rust proof, with arched roof—bakers' oven top, ensuring even heat.

Let us tell you the whole story about the wonderful Florence Oil Stoves. They are fully guaranteed. Send for either the Free "Household Helper," the Toy Stove, 16c in stamps, to delight the children—or both. Please use the coupon and be sure to give your dealer's name.

Central Oil & Gas Stove Co.

Boston, Mass. Address Dept. 25, Gardner, Mass.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.
Dept. 25, Gardner, Mass.

You may send me:
(Check articles wanted)

☐ The Free Cook Book.

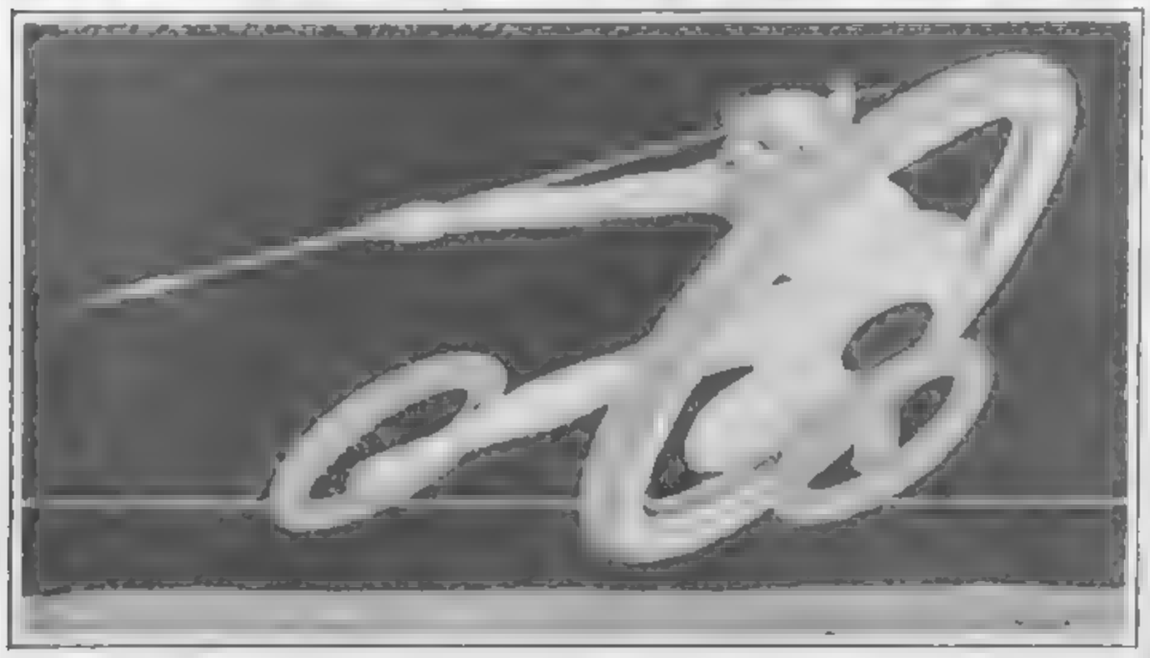
☐ Toy stove, for which I enclose 16c in stamps.

Name _____

Street _____ Town _____

State _____ Dealer _____

AJAX



Guaranteed in writing

AJAX TIRES were born of the conviction that a steadfast determination for higher *in-built* quality would justify a written guarantee of 5000 miles. We are pioneers in building quality into tires and guaranteeing that it is *there*. Nine years ago Ajax set the standard of 5000 guaranteed-in-writing miles for every Ajax tire made. An ever increasing demand, always greater than the supply, is the public's evidence of appreciation.

Ajax tires are better for our own determination to make them so. Their quality, far from being a recent discovery, has been known and guaranteed to motorists for 9 years.

9 YEARS

Investigate Ajax tires! See the Ajax dealer who is close at hand, or write us for new booklets. The increasing favor of Ajax tires has come as users have told their satisfaction.

"While others are claiming Quality we are guaranteeing it."

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER COMPANY
1796 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Branches in 18 Leading Cities *Factories: Trenton, N. J.*

5000 MILES

HEART OF GOLD

(Continued from Page 7)

missed a hook in the corner—that a decent, self-respecting woman would wear.

A good-sized mirror was set on the shelf at the end of the room, with a border of glaring electric lights round it, and occupying the rest of the shelf was a litter of articles the uses of which he did not at all understand, but which somehow signified the intimacies of feminine adornment. Pervading the whole place—and whether it came from the bright pink sticks and crayons and boxes of powder on the shelf, or from the clothes, he did not know—was a perfume. He had never heard of an odor called Bouquet du Diable; but if he had he should have felt no hesitation in asserting that this was it.

And this was the place where he was to wait for his mother! There was something crooked about it surely. There would have been ample time to call her if that had been truly the purpose of the cyclonic and garishly dressed young lady who had thrust him in here. He had not heard her turn the key in the lock though. He went over and tried the door. Yes, it opened all right; and that fact reconciled him to waiting quietly for a few minutes more.

Presently he heard steps come thumping down the stairs. There was a rustle of many persons passing in the corridor. Perhaps his mother was out there now. At any rate there would be some one he could ask to find her for him.

He pulled the door wide open and started out. Then, with a quickness which a Western gunfighter would have envied, he sprang back into the comparative security of the dressing room and slammed the door shut. You see he had unfortunately chosen for making his escape the moment of what is known as a quick change of the chorus.

In the ordinary course of things, when a chorus girl changes one of her scanty costumes for another, she gets the new one off its hook where it hangs in a rank along the corridor, takes it to her dressing room, takes off her old costume, puts on her new one and comes out dressed, except for a V-shaped gap down the back, which the wardrobe mistress or one of her assistants hooks up. But when the time allowed for the change is only a matter of three or four minutes she gets out of her old costume while she is running down the stairs, grabs her new one off the hook and plunges into it in any vacant spot that happens to be handy, much as a fireman jumps into his boots.

The consequence is that what she wears going down the corridor is merely the irreducible minimum that never comes off from the moment when she gets rid of her street clothes until the time when she puts them on again. It is a very small minimum really, and to the panic-stricken eye of one unaccustomed to such matters may easily appear to be less than it is.

For about a fifth of a second Newton looked. After that nothing but an earthquake or a fire could have got him out of that dressing room—except under escort.

Perhaps I should not have said unfortunately, since it was to this fact that Hazel owed it that she found him there ten minutes later. She opened the door brusquely, shut it behind her with a bang and leaned back against it.

"Anybody been in here?" she wanted to know.

He made no answer—just stared. It was his first good look at her—close to her. He had seen painted women before—on the streets of Denver and Obelisk—and he had often wondered that the brazen artifice of such a method of decoration should appeal to any one; but never in his life had he seen any one so flagrantly, so shamelessly painted as this girl who stood guarding the door of her dressing room against his escape.

Her eyelashes were gummed thick with blacking and the lids were penciled blue. And the paint, the powder and the rouge challenged inspection quite without subterfuge. As he looked at her, and from her to her surroundings, the explanation that he was dreaming occurred to Newton as a probable one. The whole situation was simply too grotesque to be real.

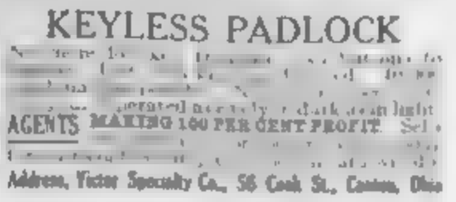
The girl had waited a minute for an answer to her question. Now, assuming from his silence that he had not succeeded in finding a messenger, she asked another question:

"What did you come here for?"

"They told me my m-mother was here," he said, "Mrs. Strong. I don't believe

Silk hose is now universally worn by well-dressed people because it is stylish.
PHOENIX SILK HOSE
is the favorite because it is both stylish and durable
Made of absolutely pure dye thread silk
MEN'S—50c to $1 Pair
WOMEN'S—75c to $2 Pair
"Made in America" by
PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
224 Broadway, Milwaukee

If You Value Hair Beauty Hair Health and Scalp Cleanliness
Send For This Valuable Booklet Today
Hair seldom falls from a
welcome this booklet because
Every Page Tells How To Keep the Hair Beautiful and the Scalp Healthy—
How to stimulate the blood cells of and cleanse the
SANITAX BRUSHES
are positively germ-proof because of their sanitary, all metal
$1
SANITAX BRUSH CO., 2303 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago



Lesson Leaves
I TEACH BY MAIL
WRITE FOR MY FREE BOOK
"How to Become a Good Penman"
and beautiful specimens. Your name elegantly written on a card if you enclose stamp. Write for it today. F. W. TAMBLYN, 417 Meyer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Erickson Leg
Sold on Easy Terms

PARCEL POST
Insure your shipments at minimum cost against loss by shipping our coupons into your parcel post or other mail packages.
Costs only 2½c for $10 parcel
Protects you against partial or entire loss from any cause, including fire theft or breakage.
Insurance Rates
$10 or less 2½c
$15 to $25 5c
$75 to $100 7½c
$125 to $150 10c
Etc. to $150
Policy. Write today for full information.
INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA
234 Walnut St. Philadelphia
Capital $4,000,000
Surplus $8,500,000

Over 34,000 in use
You lose many times more than $18 every year you do without a Bennett Portable Typewriter. It saves you time—stenographic charges. Your correspondence can be confidential. Makes clear carbons. All improvements—standard 84-character keyboard, visible writing, reversible ribbon, marginal release. Durable—serviceable
Typewriter for $18
Send for catalog and Agent's Proposition.
CHAS. C. BENNETT CO.
305 Cook Street
Harrisburg, Pa.

THIS Is The Spark Plug With Which All Overland Cars Are Equipped At The Factory

The "Champion O" was designed especially for this season's Overlands. For Overlands of 1910, '11, '12 and '13, ask for the "Champion O."

In designing these spark plugs, we were required to take into account every feature of the Overland motor.

Then the Factory Sports tested, tested and tested until they had "Champions" that met the highest possible efficiency standard.

75 [illegible] American makers including the Ford, Overland, Studebaker, Maxwell and [illegible] at their factories [illegible] Champion Spark Plugs.

The high quality of these plugs comes not only from the use of superior [illegible] but from our own special [illegible]

"Champions" are oversize. They are built to [illegible]

Ask for the special 1/2 inch Champion X for Ford cars. Price 75c. The Overland dealer sells it.

Consult your dealer on this important [illegible] He will tell you that "Champion" [illegible] Motor car, Motor Truck, Motorcycle, Motor Boat, Aeroplane or Stationary Motor.

[illegible]

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO.
111 Avondale Ave., Toledo, Ohio
Export Representatives, AUTOMOBILE SUNDRIES CO.
25 Broadway, New York

COLUMBIA SHIRTS

The best shirt on earth!

"Made since 1878," in every desirable style—$1.50 and up.

Ask to see *our special summer* shirt "Cufturn" with reversible cuffs, soft or stiff.

Columbia Shirts are unconditionally guaranteed—a new shirt for an unsatisfactory one!

If your dealer can't supply you, write

Columbia Shirt Company, Inc.
729 Broadway, New York

Many Earn $30 to $75 a Week

TORRINGTON Va[illegible]
Sweepers are made to [illegible]
[illegible] reputation [illegible]
[illegible] and Prices to Agents.
SWEEPCLEANER CO Box E, Torrington, Conn

it's true. Maybe it's a mistake. But I was in a hurry to see her; so I came."

"She's here all right," said Hazel after deciding that it was not worth while to try to lie about it; "but you aren't going to see her if I can help it. You're going to see me instead. I'm Hazel Dering. Maybe your mother's written to you about me."

His jaw dropped at that in blank incredulity. The Miss Dering of his mother's letters, who was so kind and clever and who worked so hard that his mother worried about her, turning out to be a shameless bedizened hussy like this! Her announced intention to prevent his seeing his mother faded into the background beside so glaring an impossibility.

She glanced up toward the ceiling, where a thumping overhead told her how much time she had left for the interview. Then, determined to waste none of it, getting as straight to the point as she could—and that was very straight indeed—she sailed in.

"She's told me about you all right. You don't need to tell me what you came here for. You couldn't graft it from her fast enough out there in Arizona, so you came along to make a straight touch. Maybe it's none of my business, but old Keziah's a pal of mine, and right there's where I butt in and say Nix! She's an old lady, and she works twelve hours a day for her little old thirty a week—and she's going to keep it. See! No rathskeller rube is going to separate her from it while I'm right side up with care! Do you get that?"

Newton opened his mouth and drew in his breath preparatory to speech; but the thumping overhead had stopped and the girl knew her time was getting short.

"Now, keep your hair on," she admonished him, "and listen! I don't know what the regular ante was, but if old Keziah could stand it I guess I can."

She had not been looking at him while she said it. Any one who knew Hazel well, if he could have seen her and heard her just then, would have found her manner a little odd. It was an inveterate habit of hers to dress her occasional altruistic acts in a disguise of selfish considerations. She was always—toward her own more romantic impulses—a bit of a cynic. The proposition she had now to make to the rube, in its naked kindness and affection for her old friend Keziah, troubled her modesty as one of her own costumes would have troubled that of a débutante.

"I'm no Sarah Bernhardt or Eva Tanguay—or anybody like that," she said; "but I guess I can see old Keziah's ante all right. Tell me how much you get from her and I'll pay it regular. And I'll stand the carfare back to Arizona if you'll hit the rattler tonight. You play it square with me and I'll play square with you. You write her a letter when you get back and tell her you've got a job, and I'll slip the coin to you once a week—see? Does that go?"

Overhead the ponies were doing the third encore to their specialty, and she had to come strolling on left as they bounced off right. She ought to be in the wings this minute. She left the door and strode up nearer to him.

"Does it go?" she repeated insistently. "Speak up!"

Before she could speak, however, the unguarded door swung open behind her and the look in the rube's face made her turn round.

"Mother!" he said.

Old Keziah just looked at him and her face went white. Her competent, strong old hands went out fumblingly, tremblingly for a chair. Hazel was quick, but the rube was quicker. Before she could sweep away the cumber of things on a chair he had caught the old lady in his arms.

"Keep your mouth shut about that," said Hazel in a last frantic whisper, "and it goes."

She bolted from the room again and fled up the iron stairway, catching her cue and a glimpse of Freddy Boldt's distracted face at the same moment.

When she came off at the end of her scene Freddy was the first person she encountered in the wings, and she was prepared to be properly explanatory and apologetic. A stage wait of one second is long enough to chill an audience and is an excuse for heart-failure on the part of the stage manager. To Hazel's amazement it appeared from Freddy's manner that his own anxiety was to reassure her.

"The old lady's all right," he said. "It wasn't anything serious that happened to her. The rube's taken her home, but she'll be all right in the morning."

LA PREFERENCIA

LA PREFERENCIA is *unique*—the pioneer Broad Leaf Havana Cigar, never successfully imitated.

LA PREFERENCIA is *unrivaled*—immense sales and constantly increasing demand have clearly established the brand as "The National Smoke."

LA PREFERENCIA is *distinguished*—the rich, mahogany-brown color of the Broad Leaf wrapper indicates thoroughly-ripened, fully-matured tobacco.

LA PREFERENCIA has *character*—the pure Havana filler and the Broad Leaf wrapper harmonize perfectly to produce a deliciously mellow, sweet, full flavored cigar.

LA PREFERENCIA is *unvarying*—year after year the brand maintains its exceptional high Quality and skilled Workmanship.

HAVANA-AMERICAN CO., N. Y.

"30 Minutes in Havana"

Road south front of White House, Washington, D. C. Constructed with "Tarvia X" Showing U. S. Treasury building

In front of the White House

THE roadways leading to the White House, U. S. Treasury and State, Navy and War Departments, in Washington, illustrated above, were constructed with "Tarvia X" in 1911.

The above photograph shows the condition of these roadways two years later. They are quiet, clean, smooth and dustless, entirely suitable for so exacting a location.

The Tarvia forms a tough matrix around the stone, holding it firmly in place. Automobile traffic simply rolls down the surface and makes it smoother.

The maintenance cost of tarviated roads is insignificant, and their first cost is only slightly higher than that of ordinary macadam. Tarvia has no odor and does not track.

Tarvia is made in three grades—"Tarvia X" is a dense, viscid coal tar product of great bonding power, suitable for building Tarvia-macadam roads; "Tarvia A" and "Tarvia B" are thinner grades suitable for roads already in use, to preserve them and make them dustless.

Booklets free on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd., Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

TRADE B MARK

I'm afraid that Hazel's expression of her annoyance over this unforeseen turn of affairs would not meet the approval of any writer, however liberal, of a book on etiquette. Freddy did not approve of it either. He had done, according to his lights, a friendly act in letting the old lady go home in the middle of the performance.

However, there was no time to tell Freddy the whole story as she had confided it to George Featherstonhaugh earlier in the evening; so she allowed his natural though rather profane inquiry as to what was eating her to go unanswered.

It was hard luck, though, and no mistake. The rube would have a clear two hours with his mother in which to tell his sob story and make his touch before Hazel could possibly interfere again. Probably he would not waste a minute of it, either, now that her own declaration of war on him had given him such ample warning.

She thought a little of telling George Featherstonhaugh what had happened and getting him to go home with her—George's remark, accompanied by a muscling up of a big right arm, about settling the hash of that particular Johnny recurring pleasantly to her mind. But it was hard to see, on reflection, how an appeal to force would settle matters. The rube could not be beaten up in his mother's apartment and under her eye; and anyway Hazel doubted a little whether George, with the best intentions in the world, were the man to do it. The rube was almost as big as he was and had a lean, hard, dangerous quickness that recalled to the girl's mind a phrase about being able to lick one's weight in wildcats. No; all there was for her to do was to dress as fast as she could after the show, go home in a taxi and hope she would not be too late.

The light, which shone through the transom over the door into their little sitting room, was an encouraging augury as she went panting up the stairs; but the absence of voices as she felt for her key—she had decided to let herself in rather than ring—told in the opposite direction. And when she quietly swung the door open and stepped inside she saw that she was too late, just as she had expected to be.

Old Keziah, in a rocking chair by the window, was alone in the room, and the look of troubled perplexity in the kind old face shot a hot stab of anger through the girl's mind. She closed the door quietly and paused a minute to get her breath.

"Well," she asked at last, her voice harsh with eagerness, "did you fall for it? Are you going to do what he wants you to?"

"I don't know," said old Keziah. "I'm tryin' to figger it out. He's comin' back in the mornin'—to breakfast. I'm a-goin' to tell him then."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Wireless Controls

WIRELESS control from a distant point is now sufficiently perfected for practical use. For several years the idea of control in this way of machinery or apparatus, or recording instruments that are difficult of access, has been discussed and attempted, because of the great number of uses it would find. The first actual one is in the control of fog horns or fog guns on coast lines.

Such fog guns are now being made and placed on dangerous shoals or rocks, supplied with a wireless control operated from a shore station a few hundred feet or even a few miles away. When fog comes up, a switch is turned at the control station and the fog gun begins work, keeping up its warning signals until the switch is turned off.

The fog guns are automatic, and the only action of the wireless signal is to start the gun mechanism or to stop it. Such fog guns are operated by acetylene gas. Gas feeds constantly into an explosion chamber and this gas is exploded at regular intervals, usually two or three times a minute. The reports may be heard three miles away under rather adverse conditions, and under the best conditions as far as ten miles for the largest guns.

Most of such guns now coming into use are operated continuously day and night, with no idea of restricting their use exclusively to times of fog, because the cost of the gas hardly warrants the attention necessary to such restriction and enough gas is supplied to last several months without recharging.

I'll Put The Proof In Your Mouth

All you do is to write me a letter and express your willingness to try my cigars. You may doubt, with all your function of doubting, my statement that my Shivers' Panatela at $5.00 per hundred is the equal of the 10c cigar at retail.

Shivers' Panatela EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

I don't care how much you doubt, so long as you give my cigars a chance.

Without asking a penny of you, I will ship you, express prepaid, a box of my panatelas. You smoke ten and then make up your mind about them.

I have thirty thousand customers scattered all over the country who buy my cigars direct from my factory in Philadelphia.

These people are satisfied that my method of making and selling cigars is economically sensible and correct.

They have every opportunity to cease being customers of mine. They are surrounded by cigar stores and stands. Yet month after month and year after year they re-order and re-order from me—and save half their cigar money.

It is on re-orders that I make my profits. Initial orders do not mean any money for me unless the customer is pleased and wants more of my cigars.

Now that you know these things, consider my offer.

MY OFFER is: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

My Shivers' Panatela is hand made by skilled adult men cigar makers in the cleanest factory that I know of. It is made of Cuban Grown Havana Tobacco with a genuine Sumatra wrapper.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give references, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Three Baby Bonds

Diversified, on the property of three corporations—one each in the railroad, public utility and industrial class

The average yield is about 5½ per cent.

Send for list 93.

John Muir & Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

Odd Lots

of Stock

Members of New York Stock Exchange

74 BROADWAY, N. Y.—MAIN OFFICE

42d St. and B'way—Longacre Building

125th St. and 7th Av.—Hotel Theresa

NEW YORK

Get a Patrick DULUTH

Bigger-Than-Weather

Sold at Best Stores

MACKINAW ROBE For Your Auto

and many other uses:

Sizes 4 ft. 9 in. by 6 ft. 7 in. Beautiful, soft robes of genuine 32-oz. Patrick Mackinaw Cloth.

They resist cold, wind, and moisture and are not heavy nor bulky.

Couch Robe
Picnic Robe
Steamer Rug
Porch Robe
Canoe Rug
Camp Blanket
Bed Blanket
Carriage Robe
Invalid's Robe

All the famous Patrick plaids and plain colors to harmonize with your car and match your "Patrick" (coat).

Regular Price of Robe, $9.50

Write for free Mackinaw Book describing all Patrick-Duluth products and showing colors and patterns.

Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mill

520 Commerce St. Duluth, Minn.

$7.75

Special Price Limited to this Introductory Offer

We Will Send This Mackinaw Robe for Your Inspection Free. Write and Send the Name of Your Dealer

$130 The Greatest Motor Boat For The Money Ever Built

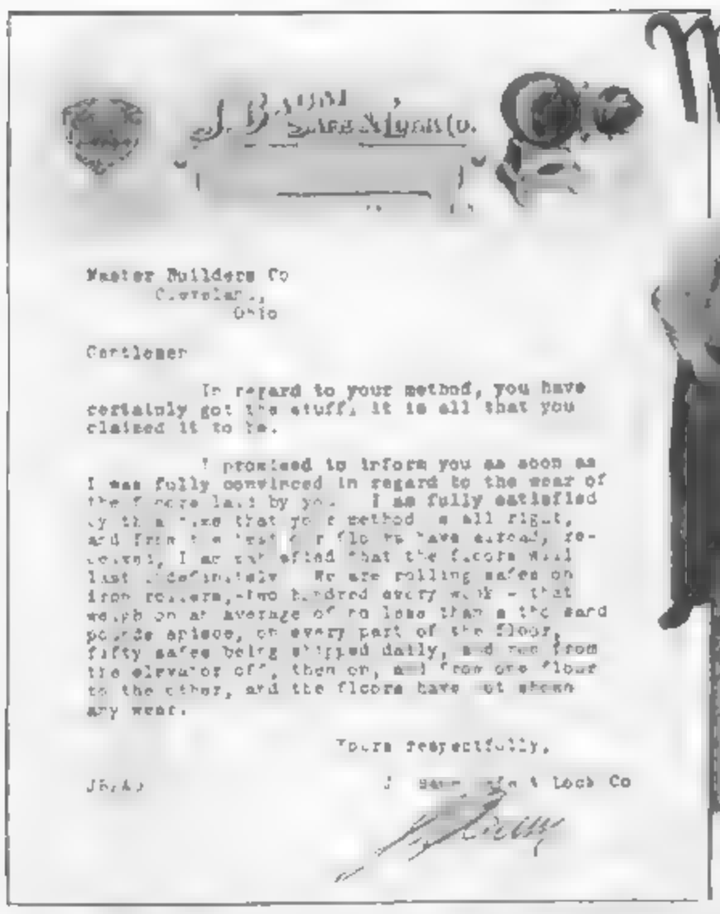
MULLINS 16-foot Special Steel Launch, of graceful lines and beautiful colonial model, as shown in cut. Boat, with [illegible] Absolutely Guaranteed Against Puncture. MULLINS $130 Special Launch [illegible] with [illegible] Speed [illegible] MULLINS [illegible] Write for [illegible] containing full particulars.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.

120 Franklin St. Salem, Ohio, U. S. A.

The World's Largest Boat Builders

MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK



Master Builders Co
Cleveland,
Ohio

Gentlemen:

In regard to your method, you have certainly got the stuff, it is all that you claimed it to be.

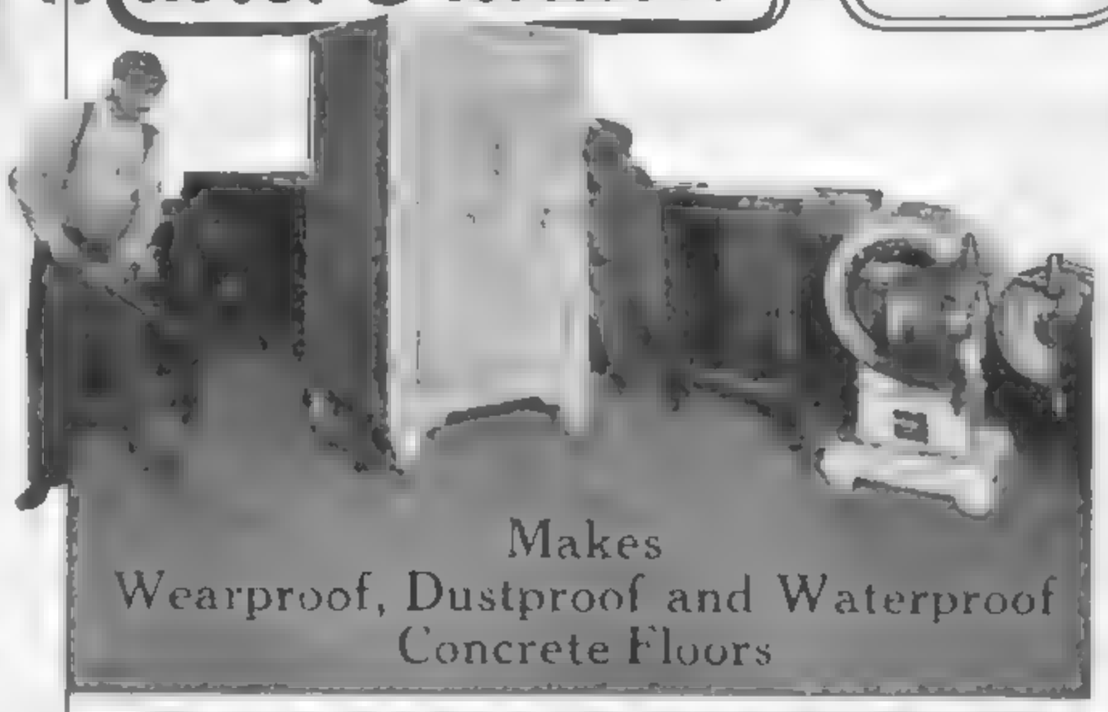
I promised to inform you as soon as I was fully convinced in regard to the wear of the floors laid by you. I am fully satisfied by this time that your method is all right, and from the test our floors have stood, re-cement, I am very glad that the floors will last indefinitely. We are rolling safes on iron rollers, two hundred every week - that weigh on an average of no less than a ton each pounds apiece, on every part of the floor, fifty safes being shipped daily, and run from the elevator off, then on, and from one floor to the other, and the floors have not shown any wear.

Yours respectfully,

JB/AJ

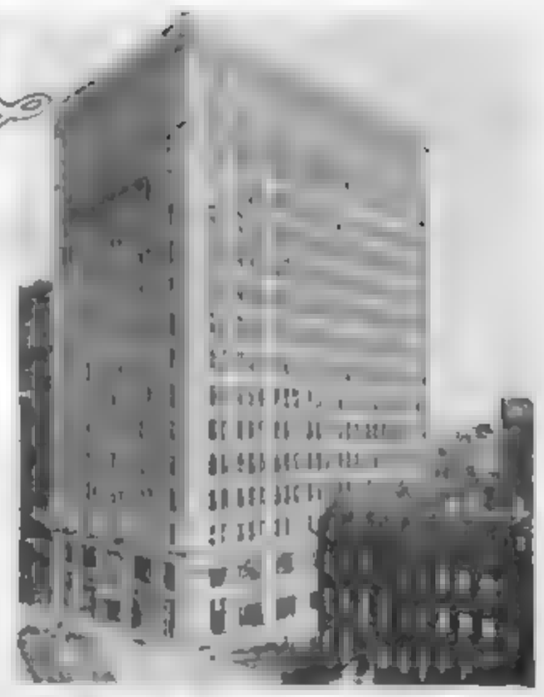
J. Bauer Safe & Lock Co

Master Builders Method

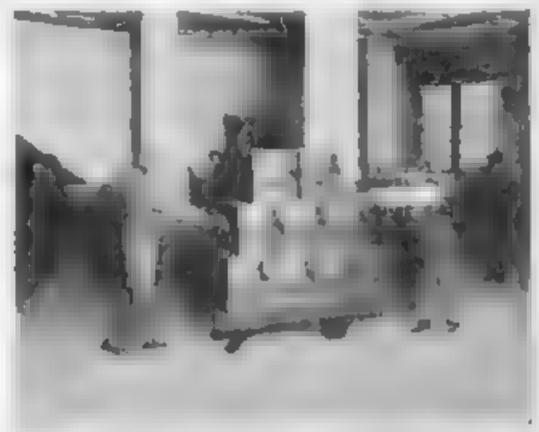


Makes
Wearproof, Dustproof and Waterproof
Concrete Floors

Thousands of tons of steel safes have been moved over this concrete floor without producing any signs of wear. The floor was laid by Master Builders Method for the J. Bauer Safe & Lock Company of Cincinnati.



Architects Building, New York City, a beautiful building of modern construction, [illegible] made by Master Builders Method.



The clean sanitary plant of the H. O. Company at Buffalo, the Home of "H. O." and [illegible] concrete floors were laid by Master Builders Method

25,000 square feet of absolutely sanitary concrete floors made dustproof with Master Builders Method for the Auerbach Candy Co., New York City.

"Prince Albert" Tobacco, Kelly-Clark Building, Power Line Machine Co., Master Builders Method, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Concrete floors made wearproof, dustproof and waterproof by Master Builders Method for Indianapolis [illegible] Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Day of Ordinary Concrete Floors is Past

Ordinary Concrete Floors are Porous

Ordinary concrete floors do not stand up under heavy wear because they are porous. Porosity causes them to disintegrate, to grind and crumble away—spreading dust over product and machinery.

Porosity in Concrete Floors is Prevented by Master Builders Concrete Hardner

Master Builders Method is a scientific means of eliminating porosity by the use of Master Builders Concrete Hardner, a finely divided, chemically-treated and extremely hard material that is mixed right into the topping of the floor with the sand and cement. This material is harder and more resistant to abrasion than either sand or cement. It therefore produces a surface capable of withstanding many times more wear and tear than an ordinary concrete floor. Master Builders Concrete Hardner has been proved right not only in theory, but in practice, under every possible condition. Master Builders Method is patented in the United States, Canada and foreign countries.

Integral—not a Surface Treatment

Master Builders Concrete Hardner is mixed in definite proportions with the sand and cement, and permeates the entire topping. Once properly laid and cured, the floor is down to stay. It never requires painting or patching—the maintenance expense is reduced to the minimum.

Saving in Weight and Materials

With Master Builders Method you can get better results from a floor topping three-quarters of an inch thick than from ordinary concrete three inches thick. You save the difference in weight and materials. And you get a smooth, sanitary concrete floor that will stand extremely heavy wear without any apparent effect.

The Value of Master Builders "Standard Specifications"

The life of a concrete floor is fixed in the laying. Once down, it is down for good. Master Builders "Standard Specifications" take the risks and hazards out of the job. They are the assurance of a wearproof, dustproof and waterproof concrete floor.

Proof by Use

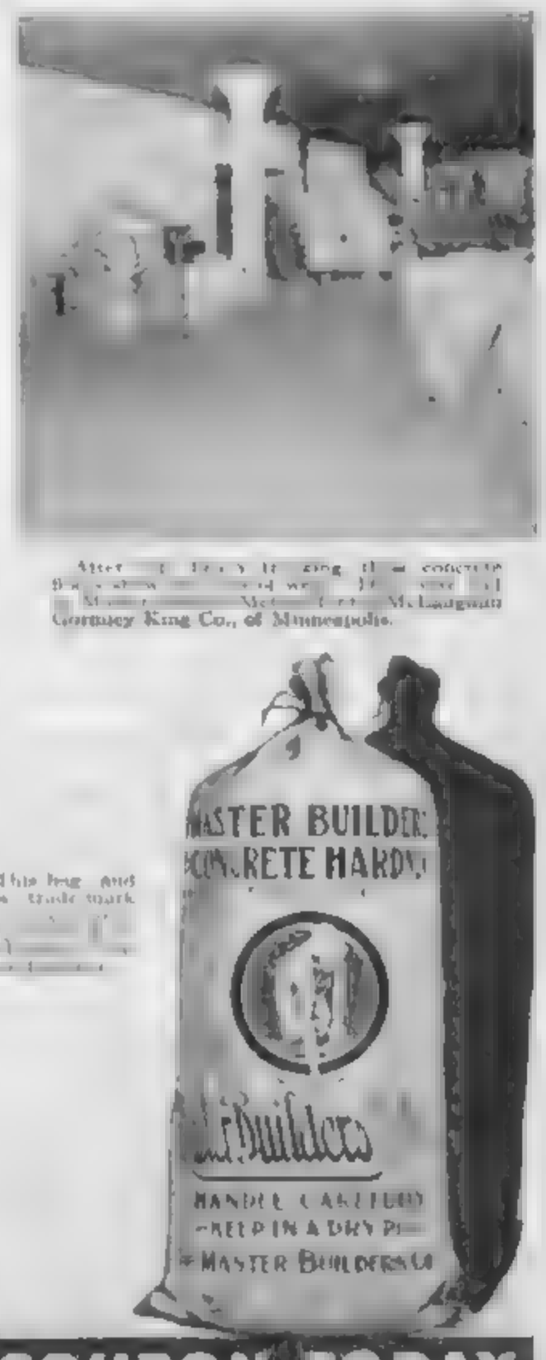
Millions of square feet of concrete floors have been laid by Master Builders Method. After years of service these concrete floors are just as good as new. The best names in the industrial world are on our list of users.

Uses of Master Builders Method

Master Builders Method Concrete Floors are giving exceptional service in Factories, Warehouses, Office Buildings, Schools, Creameries, Dairies, Breweries, Docks, Driveways, Garages, Railway Stations, Freight Houses, Electric Lighting Plants and in all other classes of buildings where long wear and freedom from dust are important. Wherever an ordinary concrete floor can be laid, a better one can be laid by Master Builders Method.

How to get Master Builders Method

Architects, Contractors and Dealers in Building Supplies will furnish you with our "Standard Specifications" or you can get them from us on request. We are not contractors. Your own contractor will lay your concrete floors by Master Builders Method, obtaining Master Builders Concrete Hardner from our nearest branch, or from his Building Supply Dealer. Simply write into your Specification—"Concrete Floors to be laid by Master Builders Method." This is definite. It insures you a concrete floor that, when everything is considered, will prove most serviceable, efficient and economical.



After [illegible] laying [illegible] concrete floors [illegible] Master Builders Method, Mr. Langwith Cormney King Co., of Minneapolis.

This bag and this trade mark [illegible]

MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Master Builders Co.
Cleveland, Ohio — Sat. Eve. Post, 4-18

Please send a copy of "The Master Builders Primer"—your text book on Master Builders Method, without cost or obligation to

Name
Firm
City — State

We are interested in Better Concrete Floors for

The Master Builders Company

Main Office and Works, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

New York Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Detroit Buffalo Dallas Minneapolis Indianapolis Baltimore Boston Pittsburgh Toronto Montreal London, Eng. Sydney, Australia Christiania, Norway Vienna, Austria Paris, France

For all kinds of Men

Styleplus Clothes $17 are for *all* men *everywhere!* The demand to *dress well and save money* is not restricted to any class, age, or occupation. The business man, the lawyer, the worker, the clerk—"the man higher up" and "the man a little lower down"—men of every age and walk in life—*all* recognize in Styleplus a remarkable opportunity to obtain perfect-fitting all-wool clothes for $17.

Styleplus Clothes $17

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"The same price the world over"

No matter *who* you are or *what* you are, there is a Styleplus suit which will make you look better and spend less. Especially, if you are a young man, you will like the dashing style and vigor of the models built especially for *you*. And if you are older, there are plenty of the more conservative designs to answer your taste. One look at yourself in the mirror at the Styleplus Store will convince you of this. Styles for young men, older men, stout men, thin men, tall men, short men.

"I didn't know such suits could be bought for less than $20 to $25," you are certain to exclaim when you examine a Styleplus. And that will mean a $3 to $8 saving on your new spring suit!

Style + all-wool fabrics. Style + perfect fit. Style + expert workmanship. Style + guaranteed wear.

You can tell a genuine Styleplus by the Label in the coat, the Ticket on the sleeve, and the Guarantee in the pocket.

One leading clothier in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus Clothes. If there should not be a Styleplus store in your town, write us, and we will refer you to one nearby.

Send for our book, "As Others See You."

Henry Sonneborn & Co. Founded 1849 **Baltimore, Md.**

ADVENTURES IN BANKRUPTCY

(Continued from Page 18)

office and made them his clients. Finally he decided that the time to strike had come.

Having selected the professional receiver that he wished to have handle this difficult enterprise he took this man into his confidence, and together they made careful plans and had all things in readiness for quick action. Then the lawyer appeared before the judge in chambers and advanced the startling proposition that a receiver should be appointed without notice to the officers of the amusement corporation, for the reason that any notice would jeopardize the interests of the small shareholders and permit the directors of the corporation not only to get away with the assets—mainly in the form of funds—but also to destroy the evidences of the fraud under which the minority shareholders had been robbed of their dividends. The court finally decided that this was good reasoning and that the interests of the small shareholders must not be allowed to suffer for lack of technical precedent. Therefore the receiver was secretly appointed.

Twenty deputies were already waiting at a convenient point not far from the park gates, and another squad was in readiness at the downtown office of the corporation. A code signal was first telephoned to the park squad, and the telephone wires leading to the park were cut.

At practically the same instant the five deputies took possession of the city office and put out all the employees after making sure that they did not take any papers with them. The receiver then made a speedy run in an automobile to the park. His deputies were distributed so that every entrance was covered.

A Well-Planned Raid

Then the signal was given and each squad charged the entrance allotted to it. The private policemen of the park were seized, put outside, and the gates were closed. The receiver, with his picked men, made his assault on the office where the directors were sitting at a table on which were heaped the uncounted gate receipts. These men were seized, carefully searched for papers and then hustled out of the gates.

The most important requirement, beyond seizing the gate receipts, was to secure evidence that would substantiate the charges made in the bill that, by collusion and subcontracts with concessioners, large sums of money were diverted from the corporation to the pockets of the three majority stockholders, and that certain specific cases of graft existed by which the directors were personally enriching themselves. Not a scrap of record that might bear on this charge was allowed to be taken away.

An examination of the books and records showed that the volume of diverted funds was many times larger than had been suspected, and that there was not a concession in the park that had not paid heavy tribute. One man owning three concessions, for example, was paying a small percentage to the corporation—but was dividing his profits equally with the directors as individuals.

At the hearing it was shown that they personally received forty thousand dollars from this source alone. The directors had bought more land adjacent to the amusement park than the park itself contained.

The result of these sensational disclosures was an order from the court that the receiver continue the business, and that the directors should have no part in the management of the company. They surrendered all their stock and interests in the concern, and the business was continued. The next season the widow, with fifty shares of stock that had never paid a dividend and which could not be sold, received three thousand dollars in dividends; and her fifty shares are worth more than twenty-five thousand dollars.

Such experiences as these make the work of a professional receiver interesting. Of course these experiences do not happen often, but there is enough of novelty in the course of the routine work to make it as interesting a profession as any I could name.

A favorite plea on the part of the crooked bankrupt who has worked a deliberate frame-up for the planting of assets is the statement that the goods were sold and the money lost at the gambling table. Though the staid and respectable business man regards gambling as a disgrace, the law has not branded it as a prison offense; but the concealment of assets in a bankruptcy proceeding happens to be punishable with imprisonment.

One of the most notorious and instructive cases of this kind occurred in a large Western city, and it carries more than a casual lesson to the manufacturer, the jobber and their credit men. It also indicates the artfulness with which assets may be manipulated under the hands of a master in that branch of magic.

This merchandising house was a close corporation owned by a father and three sons. The jobbers' credit association had become suspicious of this house and had been watching its movements for ten days—long enough to reach the conclusion that careful preparations were being made for a failure. It was decided to beat them to it, and an involuntary bankruptcy was filed and a receiver appointed. The court proceedings were short; but evidently the notice to the bankrupt company was sufficient to allow its managers to manipulate their assets.

When the receiver reached the store and looked at the windows he was tempted to indulge a momentary feeling of security, for the windows were filled with a generous display of goods. Once inside the big store, however, this feeling suddenly vanished. The counters and showcases were thinly stocked.

He promptly began an investigation of the boxes on the shelves. One contained a single shirt; another, two collars; another, a solitary necktie. The stock had been skinned. Normally the store should have contained forty thousand dollars' worth of goods; actually there was not three thousand dollars in merchandise within its walls.

The unsecured liabilities of this corporation amounted to about forty thousand dollars and a large part of this indebtedness had been incurred within the previous sixty days. Naturally the first move made by the receiver was to put "the boys" on the witness stand and call on them to account, in their own way, for the situation. They declared that the goods had been sold—trade had been brisk with them—but that they had been reckless and had attempted to do up a trio of innocent-looking strangers who had drifted into a certain gambling house. Their account of this experience was highly circumstantial and entertaining.

Chasing Vanished Assets

Few courts have heard a more thrilling recital of poker combats than that given in harrowing detail by these sons, who claimed that they had been tempted into the game because their opponents looked like such easy money that it was a shame to waste the chance. Their antagonists were described as wearing their trousers in their boots, smelling of the stockyards and having mild blue eyes.

The young merchants professed great remorse at the trouble they had brought on the head of their old father, who had started them in a business that was prosperous beyond their expectations—until they fell under the blandishments of the blue-eyed strays from the stockyards.

"That's a mighty moving poker story," remarked the receiver to his custodian, "but it's too good to be true. Men who know as much about poker as that don't lose. It's up to us to find where those goods have been shunted to—and find them quickly!"

The first clew led to an empty store building in a remote part of the city. The receiver followed it in person. Half of the building was occupied by a fruit store, run by a Greek who had a wholesome fear of an officer or a court document. A display of the writ of receivership and a firm demand in the name of the law were enough to induce the Greek to show his guest into the basement and lead him up into the vacant store—the windows of which had been carefully whitened.

There the receiver found a drayload of packing cases. There had been an attempt to scrape the name of the bankrupt company from the cases, but the work had been too hurriedly done to insure thoroughness, and the name was still legible. Attached to the goods were the lot numbers corresponding to those on the list held by the

Hangnails——————?

New-Skin

will fix 'em!

It forms a waterproof protection that can be washed without coming off until you want it off. New-Skin is for immediate application to cuts and breaks in the skin. It kills germs and prevents infection. Carry New-Skin with you. Always have a bottle handy.

New-Skin comes only in glass. 10c. and 25c., at druggists. Home size sent by parcel post for 25c. in stamps. Address Dept. A,

NEWSKIN COMPANY, NEW YORK

When you need it—you need it badly

$1 Smart English Knockabout Hat

Genuine Felt

Grey, Brown, Black, Steel

$2.00 Money refunded if not satisfactory.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENTS—200% Profit

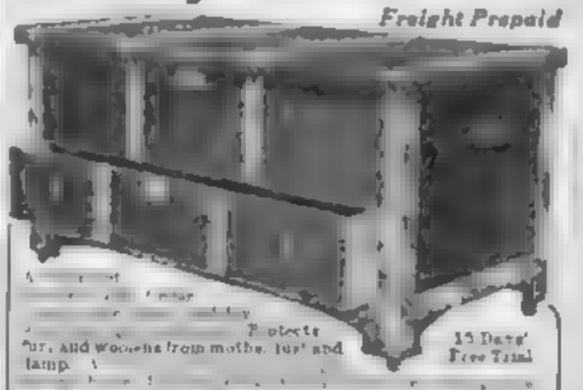
Foot Scraper and Cleaner—

THOMAS SCRAPER CO.

9466 West St. Dayton Ohio

15 Days' Free Use

Freight Prepaid



Protects fur, and woolens from moths, rust and lamp

15 Days' Free Trial

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO. Dept 84 Statesville, N.C.

DELTA ELECTRIC HAND LAMP

Displaces Lanterns, Lamps and Flashlights

Uses One Ordinary Dry Battery

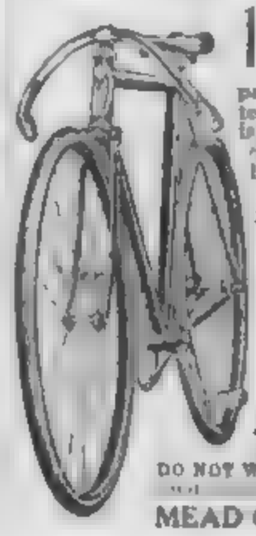
household, barn, farm, garage, auto, factory, store, camp, boat, delivery and plumber's wagons, etc

EVERY ONE GUARANTEED. PATENTS PENDING

At your dealer or sent prepaid upon receipt of $1. Canada, $1.40. Ready to use. Accept no substitute. Get a Delta.

DELTA ELECTRIC CO. Dept. A, Marion, Indiana

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid, to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not [illegible] back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent*



LOWEST PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles with puncture-proof tires, imported roller chains and pedals and many exclusive features at exceedingly low prices. You cannot buy a better bicycle than our "RANGER" no matter what you pay and you cannot buy a good bicycle at a lower price than we offer you.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1914 "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at *the low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1914 sample going to your town. Write us once for our *special offer*.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone at any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. BICYCLE DEALERS, we can offer you very attractive and liberal terms on exclusive models. Orders filled the day received.

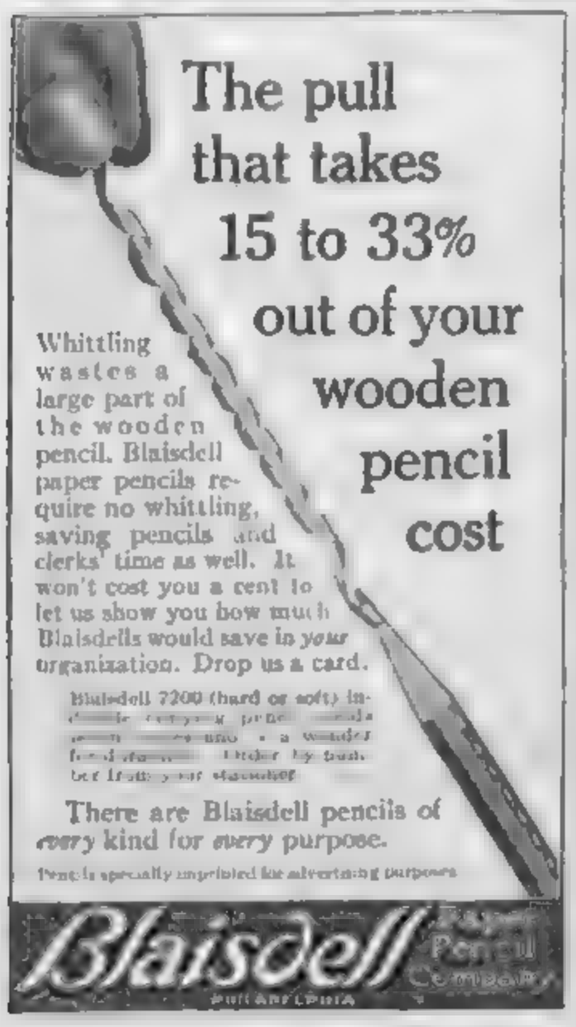
SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed at $3 to $8 each. [illegible]

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at lowest prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our *Large Catalog* and beautifully illustrated and interesting [illegible] and special offers. Write now.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. M-55 CHICAGO, ILL.

ENDURANCE
The Great Question Answered
Firestone Red Inner Tubes last longer and serve better, because the special Firestone antimony vulcanizing process insures extra density and toughness of texture. They are made of finest Para rubber, built layer upon layer and extra thick.
Maximum resistance against heat and wear; long, "lively" life; no stretching out of shape—
Most Miles per Dollar
The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio—All Large Cities
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"
Firestone
RED INNER TUBES


The pull that takes 15 to 33% out of your wooden pencil cost
Whittling wastes a large part of the wooden pencil. Blaisdell paper pencils require no whittling, saving pencils and clerks' time as well. It won't cost you a cent to let us show you how much Blaisdells would save in your organization. Drop us a card.
There are Blaisdell pencils of every kind for every purpose.
Pencils specially imprinted for advertising purposes
Blaisdell Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA

Save Half Your Floor Space With
Pat'd June, 1912.
SNUG-SEETS
BEAUTIFUL and novel in appearance. Chairs come to point and fit snugly under table when not in use. Exceedingly comfortable and ideal for soda fountains, card rooms, grill rooms, club houses, etc.
They pay for themselves by accommodating many more soda patrons than you can serve at ordinary tables. Beautifully rub-finished in mahogany, mission, white enamel, oak or any other hardwood color you wish. Price only $25 a set—monthly payments arranged if preferred. Money refunded if not pleased. Display glass show-case tops if desired. Write for catalogue.
W. B. McLEAN MFG. CO.
Main Office and Factory, 1050-76 Herron Ave.
PITTSBURGH, PENNA.
An expert fixture engineer will design and build display items that greatly increase sales in stores. Further information sent on request

receiver; but no sooner had these goods been seized and placed in care of a custodian than an uncle of the boys appeared with a writ of replevin, claiming that he had bought and paid for the goods and that they were his. The court, however, held that this was not proved and that the goods belonged to the assets of the bankrupts, and should be held and sold as such.

Nearly three months passed before the well-nigh discouraged receiver developed, from a fragment of chance freighthouse information, the hope that he had at last found another clew. As it involved more than thirty cases of goods it was well worth following.

One trail led from the dock of a steamship line to Milwaukee. Here the receiver's agent arrived just in time to find that the consignment of goods had been unsuccessfully offered for sale there and then reshipped to Minneapolis and placed in storage. There the agent watched it carefully and saw it reforwarded in two shipments over different railroads to San Francisco.

Though the receiver had, by this time, little doubt that these nimble assets belonged to the bankrupt company, he had no proof of the fact; and his only recourse was to keep on across the continent in the trail of the goods until his proof could be established. An appeal was made to the attorneys of the railroads; and they agreed that, if the court would issue a restraining order, they would not only hold up the delivery of the goods but would also allow the usual notice to go to the consignees when the goods arrived.

The receiver's agent was waiting at the San Francisco freighthouse to welcome Smith & Brown, and was not surprised when two of the boys appeared to claim the goods under their new names. As soon as they found they had been checkmated they brazenly filed a writ of replevin and sent their attorney on to Chicago. When he learned the history of his clients he refused to continue the case. One of the poker-playing sons came back to Chicago of his own volition, and the other was brought back by a United States marshal. They were both indicted for concealment of assets, pleaded guilty when the case was called, and received a sentence of one year in the Fort Leavenworth prison.

Fraud on the Heels of Loose Credits

"The business man," remarks this receiver, "ought not to miss the real nub of this incident. What made it possible for these crooks to get these goods, with which to play ducks and drakes across the continent? Loose credits! That's the whole story in a nutshell. There were a hundred seventy-five creditors in this case—all crazy to sell goods. And because the boys were sharp enough not to place a heavy order with any one house they got the goods without question. The credit man was willing to take a chance.

"If any one of those hundred seventy-five credit men had looked into the history of the personnel of that corporation he would not have trusted the boys for ten dollars; but these boys knew as much about credit men as they did about poker. The highest order they placed was for five hundred dollars and the lowest about two hundred fifty. These orders were distributed all over the country. In a word they selected houses so far apart that the credit men would have no temptation to make inquiries by personal contact.

"And they made their orders so low that the men at the credit desks would take a chance rather than enter into correspondence for an exchange of information. It was a slick job and they nearly got away with it too. No matter how vigilant and experienced a receiver may be, he's no miracle worker—and that's what's necessary in order to make a successful backstop in the majority of crooked frame-ups."

The heights of audacity and daring to which the crooked bankrupt will sometimes attain are almost beyond belief. Some years ago a shoe manufacturer began prospecting for a factory location and visited a Western town that was feeling the first tickles of the boom fever. The town was sure it had growing pains and was strong for infant industries. The visitor was very modest. He said frankly that, though he understood the shoe business, he would have to start his factory in a small way and let it grow; he considered that the safest way. The committee for securing industries was headed by the president of the strongest bank in the town—a man of large personal fortune and of strong influence in his part of the state.

The modest talk of this location prospector greatly impressed the banker—particularly when he learned that the stranger did not expect the citizens to capitalize his enterprise. All he asked from the public was the land on which to locate his factory and a moderate bonus with which to help build his factory.

The banker felt that here was the right sort of manufacturer to have in the town. It would be putting it over on the other towns that were paying fancy prices for new industries to get this one on a sound and reasonable business basis. Besides, the banker was not averse to showing his townsmen what he could do for them when he really took off his coat and went at it. The manufacturer made it clear that he looked on the banker as his special guide, counselor and friend.

The factory was built and did a good business. It grew faster than its founder or the banker had expected. This expansion demanded capital, and the banker backed the manufacturer to the limit. When the owner of the shoe factory needed a heavier line of credit than the home bank could extend, the local banker gave the manufacturer a good name with certain outside banks; but finally, in a period of general financial depression, the manufacturer failed to take up an obligation and the gates closed down on him.

What Happened at Lunch Time

When his factory was invaded by three strangers, who were empowered to take an invoice of his stock, he made them welcome and wasted no time in lamentations. The accountants remarked that he stood the gaff like a good sport. Owing to his help the work of invoicing proceeded rapidly. At noon he invited the accountants to lunch with him at the hotel. The luncheon was a good one and they ate it with becoming leisure. As one of the accountants remarked, it was not polite to hurry at a funeral! This witticism was greatly appreciated by the bankrupt, who laughed heartily.

After luncheon the invoice proceeded. There was no difficulty in telling what portion of the stock had been invoiced before luncheon, as a tally figure had been chalked on the end of each box of shoes as soon as listed. When the work was finished and the entries footed the head accountant remarked:

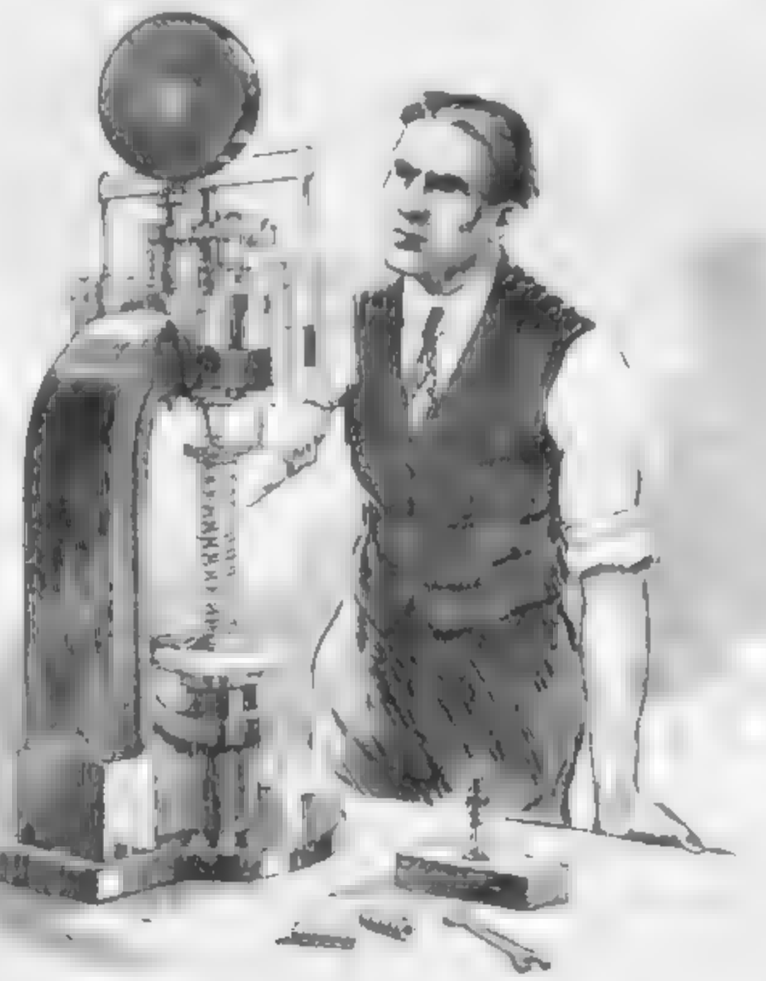
"You're not so badly off. If your creditors would get together and let you go ahead you'd pull out all right. There's almost twice the amount of manufactured stock in this factory that I expected to find when I first looked things over in a casual way."

If a sharp lawyer, who had learned from experience years before the wily character of this manufacturer, had not been drawn into the proceedings this invoice might have remained unquestioned until the day of sale; but as soon as he was called into the case he made an investigation on his own account and discovered the trick that the shrewd manufacturer had played on the accountants.

The office help had been carefully drilled in advance, and while the accountants were lingering over luncheon the employees were shifting the stock already invoiced into boxes that had not been chalk-marked. As a result about three-fourths of the manufactured stock was officially invoiced twice. The object of this plan on the part of the manufacturer was to make so good a showing that his creditors would permit him to resume business without being adjudged a bankrupt.

In subsequent litigation it was developed that the manufacturer took notes from his employees—who posed as shoedealers—and discounted them at the banks. The goods supposed to be involved in these transactions were shipped to a relative in a large city and sold at auction. With these proceeds the schemer was able to pay a portion of the fake notes at the banks—just enough of them to keep his credit in repair and at the same time increase his line.

From the testimony it was evident that this gifted schemer had his plans carefully laid for a meteoric finish—a get-away that would have broken all records for completeness; but all bankruptcy officials familiar with this incident are agreed that for simple audacity the double-invoicing trick played by this manufacturer is entitled to first rank.



THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS DEDICATED TO THE TOILERS OF THE WORLD,
practitioners of the sciences; men of brain and brawn, an union of trained intelligences co-operating to evolve a perfect product.

The world tenders respect to the man who is a master of means and methods, for when he learns and knows his task thoroughly it teaches him to respect what he learns, because merit and true worth are imparted to that which he produces.

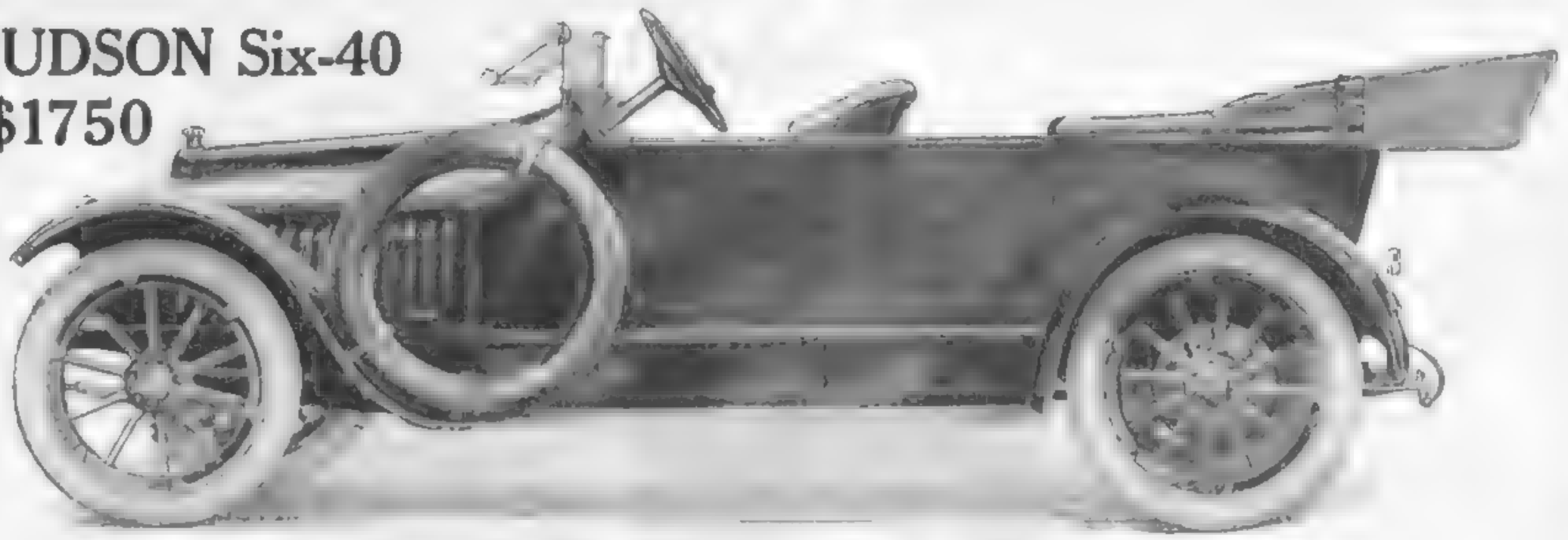
In the Hyatt workshops, the melting pot of science and skill, scholars of labor construct perfect automobile bearings, so quiet in operation that speeding motorists disturb not silent vesper hours.

"HYATT QUIET BEARINGS"

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Detroit Newark, N. J. Chicago

ILLUSTRATIVE LITERATURE UPON REQUEST

HUDSON Six-40
$1750



Now Supplied with a 5-Passenger as well as a 6-Passenger Body

The Triumphant Six

The verdict is in on this LIGHT HUDSON Six-40. The demand is overwhelming—far beyond expectations and beyond our capacity. This lightness, this economy, this beauty and price have won a triumph unmatched in all HUDSON history.

This is written to urge you to see a car which has met the ideals of thousands. See if it also meets yours.

The demand at present is beyond our capacity. But your dealer may have cars. And our increasing output, in any event, won't keep you waiting long.

Winning Features

The HUDSON Six-40 came out this year to find Motordom hungry for Sixes. Legions of men had been waiting for years to see a quality Six brought within reach of the many.

It came into a field filled with men who sought lightness. With men who called for lower operative cost.

It came with the name HUDSON on it, denoting HUDSON standards. And it came from the hands of Howard E. Coffin and his famous corps of engineers.

So the welcome was waiting—a welcome which fairly swamped us, even in the coldest months.

Weighs 2,980 Pounds

The best designing feat accomplished was this lightness combined with strength. We saved from 450 to 1,200 pounds under former cars of similar capacity.

That is, we saved you in the car itself the weight of from three to eight adults. Saved you the cost of carrying that overweight every mile you drive. Yet we have given you as staunch a car as this factory ever built.

That lightness, plus a new-type motor, has immensely lowered operative cost. We use long, narrow cylinders—a European conception for getting greater power from fuel.

We have made many tests under many conditions, but have found no equal-powered car of any type which shows so many miles per gallon.

Our Record Price

Our price—$1,750—is a record price for a quality car of this power and capacity. Not only for Sixes, but for any type of car in this class.

The car embodies the best HUDSON standards. It has a distinguished streamline body with two disappearing extra seats.

It is upholstered in hand-buffed leather. It has the "One-Man" top with quick-adjusting curtains. It has concealed hinges and concealed speedometer gear. It has dimming searchlights, the Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting. The gasoline tank is in the dash. Extra tires are carried, as never before, ahead of the front door.

It offers all the attractions in design, finish and equipment that any car can offer—even to the trunk rack on the back. Yet the price is $1,750.

The Car of Tomorrow

The HUDSON Six-40, beyond any question, marks the future type of car. Men are coming to Sixes, to lightness, to economy. They are coming, as Europe has already come, to these flowing body lines. The demand for this car shows the trend of the times.

That means that cars of this type will not depreciate like types and fashions which are going out.

Consider these things before you buy your next car. If you feel that another car offers equal attractions, compare the two side-by-side. Ride in both cars, compare every detail, and you'll decide on this HUDSON Six-40.

Car like picture, with extra tonneau seats, $1,750 f. o. b. Detroit. Five-passenger body, same price. Standard Roadster, same price. Convertible Roadster, with lined leather top and windows that drop into doors—a luxurious enclosed car for rough weather, but an open roadster in fair weather—$1,950.

Our Larger Six-54

On the same lines we build the new HUDSON Six-54. The design and equipment are almost identical with the car pictured here. But the wheelbase is 135 inches, the engine more powerful, and the price is $2,250.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7876 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THE TRAIL OF THE TAMMANY TIGER

(Continued from Page 9)

for president. When I called the Madison Square Garden reception to order Murphy's personal following and the Hearst men attempted to stampede the meeting for Hearst, but Mr. Bryan appeared on the platform in the nick of time.

Murphy's next big piece of work was his domination of the Democratic state convention at Buffalo, which nominated Mr. Hearst for governor. Mayor McClellan bolted the nomination, and so did McCarren and the Democratic organization of Brooklyn. This in itself was responsible for the defeat of Mr. Hearst, but it had the effect of establishing Murphy as the first leader of Tammany Hall since Tweed's time to become the absolute master of the New York State Democracy.

Shortly after this Murphy had a row with Bourke Cockran and drove him out of Tammany Hall, as Croker had done years before. Murphy became very busy in national politics and it became my duty to keep close watch on him. I knew he was holding conferences with Wall Street Democrats who were planning to prevent the third nomination of Mr. Bryan. Big Tim Sullivan at this time was the most powerful man in Tammany Hall, next to Murphy himself. Tim was far from being a Bryan man, but he was well aware that the rank and file of Tammany loved Bryan, and that the Nebraskan was bound to get the nomination. I depended on Sullivan to keep me posted.

In this way I learned that Murphy had refused to pledge himself to the Wall Street Democrats and that the New York delegation would vote for Bryan if they knew that his nomination was inevitable. It was through these conferences that Murphy established himself in the good graces of some of the powerful financiers. Murphy was the undisputed leader of the New York delegation at Denver, just as he was four years later at Baltimore. The men he trained with were anti-Bryan men. When he saw that Bryan's nomination was a foregone conclusion he set to work to bring about the nomination of the late Mayor Gaynor for vice-president.

Murphy showed that he had not the slightest conception of the spirit of the National Democracy, to say nothing of the spirit of the times. He came to the Bryan headquarters, accompanied by Daniel F. Cohalan, who had succeeded Bourke Cockran as Murphy's chief adviser. Charles W. Bryan was in charge. There were several of the leaders in the room when Murphy and Cohalan entered. Murphy wanted to talk about Judge Gaynor and proposed a secret conference. Charles Bryan laughed at the idea.

The Exclusiveness of Murphy

"Progressive Democrats do not hold secret conferences," said Mr. Bryan. "We believe in doing everything in the open."

Murphy and Cohalan made a hasty exit. Tammany gave Bryan very indifferent support, though on the surface they appeared to be loyal. Most of the Tammany energy was spent in an effort to elect Lewis S. Chanler governor.

The gambling and criminal elements, which, with the financial interests, largely dominated Tammany Hall, were very bitter against Governor Hughes on account of his racetrack legislation. There is no doubt they traded Bryan off to get votes for Chanler.

Mr. Murphy has been held accountable for many things for which he was not responsible. One of the great troubles with Murphy has been that he is so exclusive. He has an agreeable personality and I have heard no end of his charitable deeds. He has not lost all his bashfulness and he still dislikes to meet strangers. He has had but few advisers at a time; and up to a couple of years ago he was afraid of the Sullivans. The Sullivan tribe controlled all the districts south of Fourteenth Street, and they had the sympathy of several leaders in the upper part of the city. Murphy had all of Croker's power but not Croker's forbearance.

A very small percentage of the New York voters attend primaries; so, with the regular Tammany machine vote and the aid of toughs, the Tammany leader has practically his own way in everything.

It is really dangerous for an honest voter to attempt to cast his ballot at some of these primaries. I attempted to do so in the early days of Murphy's leadership and was told that I was a repeater—that the real owner of my name had voted hours before. I knew very well that some tough had voted for me; but as I did not want to go to a hospital I lost no time in getting out of the neighborhood.

Under the new primary law that will be in effect when the next primaries are held in the fall of this year it will be much more difficult for the toughs to operate in the almost unobstructed manner of recent years. The great fear will be that New Yorkers, not being in the habit of going to the primaries, will not take advantage of this splendid new opportunity to assert themselves. I believe the best thing that could be done would be to declare primary day a holiday. Even a half holiday might answer the purpose. If such an amendment of the law were made I have not the least doubt that nearly half of the Tammany districts would elect leaders and committees not only hostile to Murphy but in favor of the absolute destruction of Tammany Hall as a political organization.

Tammany's Dubious Future

The Tammany Society, which is benevolent and patriotic, according to its charter, would, of course, still go on. If a majority of the leaders elected were anti-Tammany they could simply declare that Tammany had nothing to do with the regular Democratic organization by taking their headquarters away from Tammany Hall, on Fourteenth Street.

The whole spirit of the times is diametrically opposed to the system that controls Tammany politics. With Tammany Hall becoming more and more a stench in the nostrils of the National Democracy, which is carrying out Woodrow Wilson's ideas of New Freedom, it is impossible for me to believe that by the end of Mayor Mitchel's four-year term Tammany Hall will be able to say who shall be the Democratic candidates for the chief city offices.

Murphy for several years has spent comparatively little time at Tammany Hall, and makes his headquarters at Delmonico's, on Fifth Avenue, where only a chosen few can meet him. After he had elected John A. Dix governor, and became more powerful than ever as the leader of the whole State Democracy, Murphy's time seems to have been occupied in opposing every healthy and progressive tendency. He has been both ignorant and indifferent to the real trend of Democracy. It was his control of the city that gave him control of the state.

After all, Murphy is but a tool or agent taking orders from certain great legal and financial influences that care only for their own good. The only time that this combination of big business and bad politics was thoroughly exposed to the public gaze was at the national convention in Baltimore, by William Jennings Bryan.

The country now knows, as it never knew before, what Murphy and his masters stand for; and it is hard to figure out how it will be possible for the same combination ever again to appear at Democratic national conventions and be a factor.

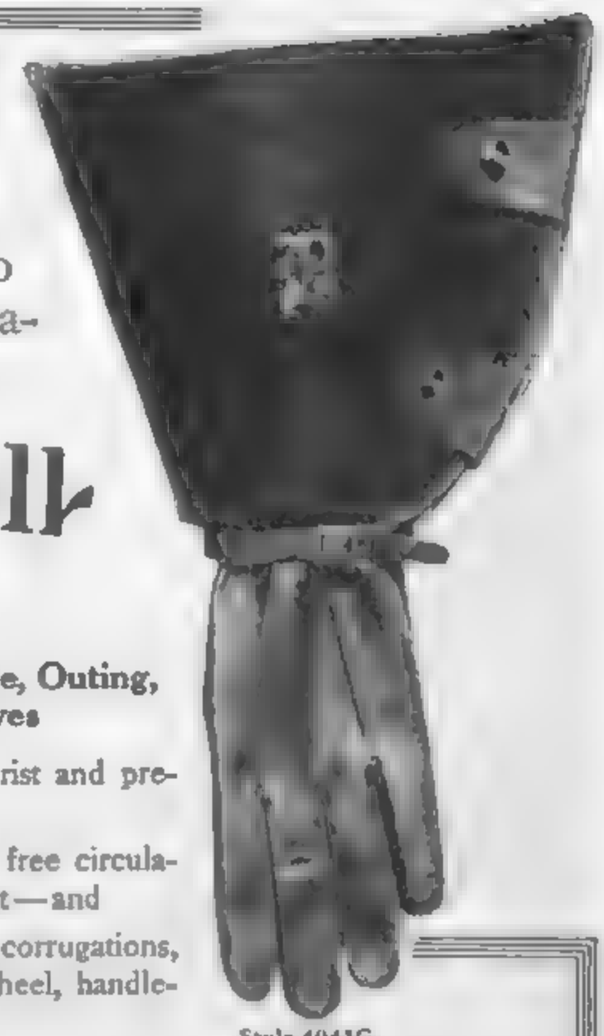
Murphy is holding on, probably hoping that the new primary law will not be successful, and that, with Republican and Progressive state tickets in the field next November, he can again elect "any old ticket." If the Brooklyn Democracy is reorganized, as it now appears it will be, and with a hostile upstate Democracy, Murphy will not be able to say who shall be the Democratic candidates. With this gloomy outlook Tammany will save whatever money it has left; and, as the financial interests will not furnish a great amount of backing, Murphy's struggle for political existence will not be unlike Huerta's desperate effort to obtain power.

Murphy has no particular adviser at the present time. He first discarded Bourke Cockran, then Daniel F. Cohalan and J. Sargent Cram; and his last adviser, Edward E. McCall, defeated by John Purroy Mitchel, is no longer on intimate terms with Mr. Murphy.

You choose supreme quality in leather, distinctiveness in style, in addition to the three exclusive features, when you select

Grinnell Gloves

Sold with a Bond



Style 4941G
One of our "Dressiest"
Price $5. Other motor styles at prices down to $1

Exclusive styles in Automobile, Outing, Dress and Work Gloves

Rist-Fit—giving a snug fit at wrist and preventing cuff from sagging—

Ventilated Back—which gives free circulation of air, yet keeps out the dust—and

Grip-Tite—the double palm with corrugations, giving a firm, non-slip grip of wheel, handlebar or reins—and double wear.

Grinnell Gloves are made of the very finest selected Reindeer, Coltskin, Cape or Kid—soft as velvet—wear like iron. They are washable on your hands, in soap and water or gasoline—they dry out soft and pliable as when new.

There is a particular Grinnell Glove for your particular purpose—whether for motoring, outing, work or dress wear—and it's the *best* glove made for that purpose.

Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co.

(Established 1856) **25 Broad St., Grinnell, Iowa**

San Francisco, Chicago, Newark

Write for Free Booklet of Glove Styles—Get a Pair on Approval

Your dealer ought to have Grinnell Gloves, ask him. If he doesn't carry them, send us his name and your size. We will send your selection on approval. Get our handsomely illustrated glove booklet, showing styles and prices from which to choose yours. Do it today.

Exposure to Fogs or Mists

can not impair the efficiency or destroy the beauty of Pompeiian Bronze Screen Cloth. The wire from which it is woven (90% pure copper) *can not* rust—*can not* deteriorate—even under the most rigorous atmospheric conditions.

Year after year screens filled with Pompeiian Bronze give unvarying service. Barring fire or accident, they last for centuries whole and sound, without renewing painting, varnishing or coating—a permanent protection against all insect pests.

Whenever or wherever you screen, use only Pompeiian Bronze. See to it your architect specifies it, your screen maker uses it, your dealer supplies it.

Every piece comes from the mill with a removable red string in the selvage. If there is no red string it isn't Pompeiian Bronze. If your dealer won't supply you we will.

Write to-day for booklet.

POMPEIIAN BRONZE SCREEN CLOTH

LASTS AS LONG AS YOUR HOUSE

Clinton Wire Cloth Company

75 Sterling St., Clinton, Mass.

First weavers of wire by power in the world. Makers of Clinton Wire Lath—the first metal lath produced and the best to-day for stucco or mesh work. Interesting book of "Stucco Houses," showing many types, sent upon request.

Keep Your Teeth for Life

Your set of natural teeth should last you a lifetime. At seventy they should be as sound as they are at forty. They *can* be—with proper care.

Proper care means protection from their deadliest enemy, *"acid-mouth."* If the acids formed by food-ferment are allowed to eat away the enamel, your teeth must decay.

Neutralizing these acids protects the teeth from decay.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

is a scientific dentifrice originated in the chemical laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. It counteracts "acid-mouth" and thus is a very great help in keeping the teeth sound.

Pebeco cleans the teeth beautifully and removes all bad tastes and odors. Its use is a daily pleasure.

You can prove its value for yourself without cost if you will

Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

They will open the way for you to keep your teeth for years—even for a lifetime. Pebeco is sold everywhere in extra-large size tubes. As only one-third of a brushful is used at a time, Pebeco saves money as well as teeth. For sample and test papers address

LEHN & FINK Manufacturing Chemists **106 William Street, New York**

Producers of Lehn & Fink's Rieeris Talcum

Martin H. Glynn, the present governor, is a genuine progressive Democrat, and almost from boyhood has been W. J. Bryan's most devoted friend and ardent admirer. An incident in Mr. Glynn's career indicates that he is not going out of his way to support Murphy in power.

When Governor Glynn was managing editor of the Albany paper he now owns he brought it out flatfooted in support of Bryan in 1896. The paper was then owned by J. H. Farrel, who was also president of the leading bank of Albany and associated with large financial interests that were bitterly hostile to the Democratic presidential candidate.

When proprietor Farrel first learned that his newspaper had become a Bryan organ he was presiding over a meeting of his bank directors. Had they been suddenly informed that the cashier had absconded with all the funds of the bank, Farrel and the directors could not have been more surprised or more indignant. One of Farrel's sons rushed over to the editorial rooms of the newspaper and not only denounced young Glynn for assuming such authority but started in to emphasize his opinion with blows. However, according to the story I got from Mr. Glynn himself, the young editor was handier with his fists and there was no great harm done.

Pretty soon Mr. Farrel himself came into the office making as much noise as an approaching cyclone. He charged Glynn with having ruined his property and betrayed a trust. Glynn kept his temper and insisted that he had enhanced the value of the property. That night there was a family council and Glynn was present. He knew that everybody would be against him. Mr. Farrel told Glynn that he did not want to hear a word from him, and then he let the whole Farrel family talk until they had exhausted themselves.

The Tammany Conscience

Glynn was then given an opportunity to present his side of the case. He pictured a greatly increased circulation, and said that for every advertiser who had withdrawn his patronage from the paper, dozens would give the paper business before the end of the year. Proprietor Farrel realized that it was pretty hard to change the policy after Glynn's action, and he told Glynn he would give him six months to make good his prophecy. The young editor's predictions were more than realized within that time. Two years after that Glynn was elected to Congress.

For over thirty years I have heard some of the leading Democrats of the country wonder how certain leaders of Tammany Hall could stand for things that would not be tolerated in the South or West. The late Speaker Crisp often asked that question. This is accounted for by what is called the Tammany conscience. The class of leaders who served under Croker would not think of doing the things they did for their organization if they were in business for themselves; but they trained themselves so as to have no compunctions of conscience. They felt that only Tammany and its chief were responsible, and they themselves were simply parts of the machine.

This is well illustrated by a story Mr. Croker told me years ago about Thomas F. Grady, who was then known as the silver-tongued orator of Tammany Hall. When Croker became the successor of John Kelly he determined that one of the first things he would do should be to expel Grady from Tammany Hall. The first day he acted as leader he was going through the papers in Kelly's desk, and found orders issued by Kelly to Grady to do the very thing Croker had objected to and for which he had publicly denounced Grady as a crook.

Grady had killed a bill in the senate that would have reduced the ferry fare to Brooklyn. This ferry was principally used by poor people. When Croker made the discovery he sent for Grady and asked him why he had not explained his reason for permitting him—Croker—to believe ill of him.

"It was not my conscience, but Kelly's," said Grady. "I always follow the leader of Tammany Hall and never ask any questions. My conscience is clear."

A short time ago I repeated this story to Senator O'Gorman. He admitted it was one of the great curses in Tammany that so many otherwise good men have a Tammany conscience!

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of four articles by Harry Wilson Walker.

to end Corns

Paring a corn only brings brief relief. And there is danger in it.

The way to end corns is with **Blue-jay.** It relieves the pain instantly. Then it loosens the corn and generally in 48 hours the entire corn comes out.

Blue-jay is applied in a moment. From that time on you will forget the corn.

Leave it on for two days until it gently undermines the corn. Then you can remove the corn. There will be no pain or trouble.

Blue-jay has ended sixty millions of corns. Millions of corns are now ended in this way.

There is nothing else like it. And no man who has used **Blue-jay** will even suggest any other way for dealing with corns.

Blue-jay
For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York

Makers of Physicians' Supplies

Ignorance Is a Crime

Especially sexual ignorance, which causes so many social ills and so much unhappiness, crime, race impairment, etc. *You can't afford to be without the sexual guidance of*

Dr. Hall's Sexual KNOWLEDGE

By DR. WINFIELD SCOTT HALL

Head of Physiology, N.W. Univ. Medical Sch.

Plain Truths of Life and Eugenics

All About Sex Matters

New Book All Need to Read

All others need to know

Scientific Sex Facts Hitherto Misunderstood

Only $1.00 postage 10c extra; mailed under plain wrapper

THE INTERNATIONAL BIBLE HOUSE

16th and Chestnut Streets, Dept. D-131, Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

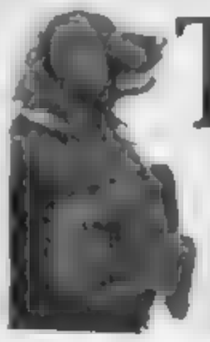
Just out in book form

THE "GOLDFISH"

Being the confessions of a successful man—the frankest, most detailed revelation of the daily living of a New York family of wealth and social position ever put into print.

At all booksellers
Price $1.30 net, postage extra

The Century Co.



THE RIGHT FOOD

will give your dog a glossy coat, sound muscle, clear eye and safe temper. To learn to feed, exercise, cure and care for your pet, send for

"About Dogs"

Free Booklet. Mail postal today. We will include sample of Austin's Dog Bread—the best food for dogs.

Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co.
207 Marginal Street Chelsea, Mass.

YOUR ancestors bought furniture laboriously wrought by hand of solid time defying oak. Its mortise and tenon construction outlasted the centuries.

You can get furniture today as faithfully and rigidly constructed as that of old, but adapted to modern use. It is Limbert's Holland Dutch Arts and Crafts, built of solid white oak, in simple, dignified patterns which never become tiresome, a combination of extreme durability and rare beauty which will delight you during your lifetime and endure for the use of your grandchildren.

Let us send you a profusely illustrated booklet of this famous furniture—it is free.

A pair of novel little Dutch Wooden shoes sent for 20 cents

Charles P. Limbert Company
Grand Rapids, Mich. Holland, Mich.
Department 5

HALLMARK
SHIRTS

—full of the satisfaction that comes of correctness in every shirt detail.

—in patterns that faithfully interpret the tendencies of fashion; and in colors guaranteed never to fade, from any cause.

—the shirts you've always wanted, at the price you want to pay. $1, $1.50 and up—at all dealers.

SLIDEWELL Arrow Collars

COLLARS

direct to us, or write for Slidewell Catalogue

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Troy, N.Y.

"Take these records home and try them —they'll play on *your* machine, you know!"

The Grafonola shown in the illustration is the Columbia "Leader." Price, $75 —on easy terms anywhere. Tone-control "leaves" at the front—not doors. Other Columbias $25 to $500

"It doesn't matter what kind of a machine *yours* is, because all Columbia Records will play perfectly on any standard make disc talking machine, just the same as *your* records will play on my Columbia."

"You know I'm not surprised you're crazy about these Columbia Double Disc Dance Records, they're just right in rhythm, tempo and spirit—that's partly because they're all rehearsed and O.K'd by G. Hepburn Wilson, M. B., the highest authority on dancing in the country. Vernon Castle himself, dances to these records in Castle House—he says they're the best he has heard. Now here are these six double records—try them tonight on your machine. I'm sure you'll be pleased with the way *your* machine plays them, too!"

Any one of 8500 Columbia dealers will gladly demonstrate to you Columbia Grafonolas and Columbia Records. If you don't know where your nearest Columbia dealer is located, write us and we will tell you.

Six Columbia Records that should be in the home of every owner of a disc talking-machine—no matter what make.

A1307 10-in. 65c.	Too Much Mustard.	Prince's Band.
	On the Mississippi.	Prince's Band.
A8531 12-in. $1.00	Puppchen. One step.	Prince's Band.
	Y Como Le Va. Tango.	Prince's Band
A1477 10-in. 65c.	Danube Waves.	Pietro Deiro, Accordion solo.
	The Return.	Pietro Deiro, Accordion solo.
A1448 10-in. 65c.	Rendezvous-Intermezzo.	Prince's Orchestra
	A Little Love, A Little Kiss.	Prince's Orchestra.
A1484 10-in. 65c.	I'm On My Way to Mandalay.	Duet. Campbell and Burr.
	While They Were Dancing Around.	Ed. Morton, baritone.
A1404 10-in. 65c.	Peg O' My Heart.	Henry Burr, tenor.
	Somebody Else is Crazy 'Bout Me.	Burr and Stoddard.

Columbia

GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

Box 438 Woolworth Building, New York
Toronto: 365-367 Sorauren Avenue

Dealers wanted where we are not actively represented. Write for particulars.

Send us 25 cents in coin or stamps and we will send you our special sample Columbia Record which will play on your disc machine, no matter what make it is.

Which Light Weight Six Will You Buy?

The Chandler is the only six-cylinder car selling for less than $2000 which has all the following features found on all the leading high-priced sixes.

Bosch Magneto for Ignition	**Used on the most famous American sixes**	**Packard**
Separate Electric Motor for Starting		**Peerless**
Separate Electric Generator		**Pierce** (Tank Under Seat)
Imported Annular Ball Bearings		**Locomobile**
Large Gasoline Tank—in rear		**Lozier**

CHANDLER LIGHT WEIGHT SIX $1785

Other Features Worth Demanding

In addition to the above features, each of them instantly *assuring* good service, there are many other features that are characteristic of high-standard design and construction and are found on *most* of the *high-priced* sixes.

The Chandler is the only light six selling for less than $2000 on which are to be found all of the following features: Mayo Genuine Mercedes Type Honeycomb Radiator. True Stream-line Body Design. No dash, no projections. Crowned fenders. Absolutely clean running boards. Single wire electric system, with wiring run through armored conduit. No side lamps. Double globes in front lights. Cast aluminum motor base, extending from frame to frame. Oiling system all contained within the motor. No outside piping. 3 Imported Coventry chains, instead of noisy gears, to drive camshaft, pump and generator. These chains run silently in a constant spray of oil. Left-side drive and center control—multiple disc steel and raybestos clutch—demountable rims—Stromberg Carburetor, with hot air and dash priming attachment—double internal enclosed brake drums—triangle section torsion rod, with forward end fitted with double spring buffers—deep 10 and 12 inch cushions.

The Chandler has *all* these features, and more. Regular equipment includes, in addition to equipment items already named, Jiffy Curtains, 8-day clock, Jones speedometer, rain-vision clear-vision ventilating windshield, Bair patent top holders, instantly adjustable tire carrier in rear of tonneau, carrying tire without straps.

Consider carefully the Chandler and the three or four other well-known light sixes. Compare values in detail. Consider the six-cylinder experience of the builders.

A full season's service in the hands of hundreds of owners all over America has not developed a single mechanical weakness in the Chandler. We know of no way to improve the Chandler chassis. The new body design is the ultimate in graceful beauty.

Four types of body: Five-passenger touring, $1785; a handsome runabout, $1785; four-passenger coupé, $2485; limousine, $2985.

Let us show you the kind of service the Chandler is giving owners everywhere. Write us today for catalogue and convincing book called "Bouquets." We will also send you our "Proof Sheet" by which to find comparative values in automobiles.

Weighs 2885 lbs. Runs 16 miles per gallon of gasoline. Averages 7000 miles per set of tires.

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR CO., 504-524 East 131st St., CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

(Continued from Page 25)

The discovery caused him even more acute anxiety. The city was full of thieves; poverty and its companion, crime, lurked on every shadowy staircase of the barracklike houses, or peered, red-eyed, from every alleyway.

And into this city of contrasts—of gray women of the night hugging gratings for warmth and accosting passers-by with loathsome gestures, of smug civilians hiding sensuous mouths under great mustaches, of dapper soldiers to whom the young girl unattended was potential prey, into this night city of terror, this day city of frightful contrasts, ermine rubbing elbows with frost-nipped flesh, destitution sauntering along the fashionable Prater for lack of shelter, gilt wheels of royalty and yellow wheels of courtesans—Harmony had ventured alone for the second time.

And this time there was no Peter Byrne to accost her cheerily in the twilight and win her by sheer friendliness. She was alone. Her funds were lower, much lower. And something else had gone—her faith. Mrs. Boyer had seen to that. In the autumn Harmony had faced the city clear-eyed and unafraid; now she feared it, met it with averted eyes, alas! understood it.

It was not the Harmony who had bade a brave farewell to Scatchy and the Big Soprano in the station who fled to her refuge on the upper floor of the house in the Wollbadgasse. This was a hunted creature, alternately flushed and pale, who locked her door behind her before she took off her hat, and who, having taken off her hat and surveyed her hiding place with tragic eyes, fell suddenly to trembling, alone there in the gaslight.

She had had no plans beyond flight. She had meant, once alone, to think the thing out. But the room was cold, she had had nothing to eat, and the single slovenly maid was a Hungarian and spoke no German. The dressmaker had gone to the Ronacher. Harmony did not know where to find a restaurant, was afraid to trust herself to the streets alone. She went to bed supperless, with a tiny picture of Peter and Jimmy and the wooden sentry under her cheek.

The pigeons, cooing on the window-sill, wakened her early. She was confused at first, got up to see if Jimmy had thrown off his blankets, and wakened to full consciousness with the sickening realization that Jimmy was not there.

The dressmaker, whose name was Monia Reiff, slept late after her evening out. Harmony, collapsing with hunger and faintness, waited as long as she could. Then she put on her things desperately and ventured out. Surely at this hour Peter would not be searching, and even if he were he would never think of the sixteenth district. He would make inquiries, of course—the *Pension* Schwarz, Boyers', the Master's.

The breakfast brought back her strength and the morning air gave her confidence. The district, too, was less formidable than the neighborhood of the Kärntnerstrasse and the Graben. The shops were smaller. The windows exhibited cheaper goods. There was a sort of family atmosphere about many of them; the head of the establishment in the doorway, the wife at the cashier's desk, daughters, cousins, nieces behind the wooden counters. The shopkeepers were approachable, instead of familiar. Harmony met no rebuffs, was respectfully greeted and cheerfully listened to. In many cases the application ended in a general consultation, shopkeeper, wife, daughters, nieces, slim clerks with tiny mustaches. She got addresses, followed them up, more consultations, more addresses, but no work. The reason dawned on her after a day of tramping, during which she kept carefully away from that part of the city where Peter might be searching for her.

The fact was, of course, that her knowledge of English was her sole asset as a clerk. And there were few English and no tourists in the sixteenth district. She was marketing a commodity for which there was no demand.

She lunched at a *Conditorei*, more to rest her tired body than because she needed food. The afternoon was as the morning. At six o'clock, long after the midwinter darkness had fallen, she stumbled back to the Wollbadgasse and up the whitewashed staircase.

She had a shock at the second landing. A man had stepped into the angle to let her pass. A gas-jet flared over his head, and she recognized the short heavy figure and ardent eyes of Georgiev. She had her veil down luckily, and he gave no sign of recognition. She passed on, and she heard him a second later descending. But there had been something reminiscent after all in her figure and carriage. The little Georgiev paused, half way down, and thought a moment. It was impossible, of course. All women reminded him of the American. Had he not, only the day before, followed for two city blocks a woman old enough to be his mother, merely because she carried a violin case? But there was something about the girl he had just passed—Bah!

A bad week for Harmony followed, a week of weary days and restless nights when she slept only to dream of Peter—of his hurt and incredulous eyes when he found she had gone; of Jimmy—that he needed her, was worse, was dying. More than once she heard him sobbing and wakened to the cooing of the pigeons on the window-sill. She grew thin and sunken-eyed; took to dividing her small hoard, half of it with her, half under the carpet, so that in case of accident all would not be gone.

This, as it happened, was serious. One day, the sixth, she came back wet to the skin from an all-day rain, to find that the carpet bank had been looted. There was no clew. The stolid Hungarian, startled out of her lethargy, protested innocence; the little dressmaker, who seemed honest and friendly, wept in sheer sympathy. The fact remained—half the small hoard was gone.

Two days more, a Sunday and a Monday. On Sunday Harmony played, and Georgiev in the room below, translating into cipher a recent conference between the Austrian Minister of War and the German Ambassador, put aside his work and listened. She played, as once before she had played when life seemed sad and tragic, the Humoresque. Georgiev, hands behind his head and eyes upturned, was back in the *Pension* Schwarz that night months ago when Harmony played the Humoresque and Peter stooped outside her door. The little Bulgarian sighed and dreamed.

Harmony, a little sadder, a little more forlorn each day, pursued her hopeless quest. She ventured into the heart of the Stadt and paid a part of her remaining money to an employment bureau, to teach English or violin, whichever offered, or even both. After she had paid they told her it would be difficult, almost impossible, without references. She had another narrow escape as she was leaving. She almost collided with Olga, the chambermaid, who, having clashed for the last time with Katrina, was seeking new employment. On another occasion she saw Marie in the crowd and was obsessed with a longing to call to her, to ask for Peter, for Jimmy. That meeting took the heart out of the girl. Marie was white and weary—perhaps the boy was worse. Perhaps Peter —— Her heart contracted. But that was absurd, of course; Peter was always well and strong.

Two things occurred that week, one unexpected, the other inevitable. The unexpected occurrence was that Monia Reiff, finding Harmony being pressed for work, offered the girl a situation. The wage was small, but she could live on it.

The inevitable was that she met Georgiev on the stairs without her veil.

It was the first day in the workroom. The apprentices were carrying home boxes for a ball that night. Thread was needed, and quickly. Harmony, who did odds and ends of sewing, was most easily spared. She slipped on her jacket and hat and ran down to the shop near by.

It was on the return that she met Georgiev coming down. The afternoon was dark and the staircase unlighted. In the gloom one face was as another. Georgiev, listening intently, hearing footsteps, drew back into the embrasure of a window and waited. His swarthy face was tense, expectant. As the steps drew near, were light feminine instead of stealthy, the little spy relaxed somewhat. But still he waited, crouched.

It was a second before he recognized Harmony, another instant before he realized his good fortune. She had almost passed. He put out an unsteady hand.

"*Fraulein!*"

"Herr Georgiev!"

The little Bulgarian was profoundly stirred. His fervid eyes gleamed. He struggled against the barrier of language,

The Best Hardware Dealer in Your City Sells "PEARL"

Stop Buying New Screens Every Season Or So

"PEARL" Gives Permanent Protection

Just as long as you continue to use *painted* screens, you're going to have *trouble* and *expense*. Paint cracks off—*rust* sets in—*holes* result—new screens are needed.

It is decidedly different when you use Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth—PEARL outwears by far any painted screen you've ever used. Its remarkable wear qualities are derived from a permanent metallic coating which is practically a part of the wire itself. As *handsome* as painted screen is *ugly*. Easy to keep clean. After a little exposure it turns to a *gray* that's practically invisible. This year—Investigate PEARL before you buy *just* screen.

For Screening Porches

GILBERT & BENNETT PEARL WIRE CLOTH

For Screening Windows and Doors

Two grades—Regular, and an Extra Heavy, Extra Strong Grade for door, window and porch use.

Conscientious Architects Specify Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth— *Good Carpenters and Contractors use "PEARL"*

"PEARL" is made *only* by The Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co. Do not accept any substitute. Insist upon seeing two Copper Wires in the selvage and a Round Tag bearing our name on each roll and you'll be *certain* of getting the *genuine* article. The best hardware dealer in your city sells Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth and will gladly supply you.

Or—write nearest office for samples, literature and the dealer's name.

The Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co. *(Established 1818)*

Dept. A-107, 277 Broadway, New York — Georgetown, Conn.
Dept. A-107, 38 So. Dearborn St., Chicago — Kansas City, Mo.

SAMPLES FREE Write our nearest office

Save Your Eyes!

Everything depends upon your eyesight. Your eyes are your most valuable possession—save them. You know how inconvenient light fixtures are located—well, here is the very thing you have been wishing for to ease eye-strain, preserve your sight and **get the light wherever you want it.**

Clamped to Chair

Stuck to Mirror

Price $4 Prepaid Parcel Post $4.50 Without Brackets

12 feet of cord, switch in base

The WALLACE Portable Electric Lamp

for Office, Home and Travel

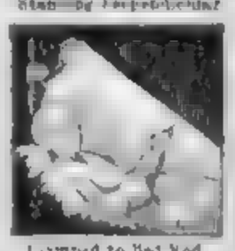
A lamp which **concentrates** the light where you want it—whether you are reading, writing, sewing, using tools, making toilet, playing piano, shaving, or doing **anything** requiring light. A lamp that—

Stands, Hangs, Clamps, or Sticks any place, or at any angle you put it

Indispensable in the home. Every traveller should have one

Handsomely finished in satin-finish brass or in high-grade nickel—an ornament anywhere. Weighs a trifle over one pound—easily carried in a grip.

Stuck to Mirror



Clamped to Bed Rod

Clamped to Piano

Special Introductory Offer—10 Days' Free Trial

We want you to see this lamp—try it—see what a necessary convenience it is. If you cannot obtain them from your local Electrical or Hardware Stores, write us and we will send you one for $4. Keep it 10 days and, if not satisfied, return it and we will refund your money. Saving your eyesight is worth "four hundred times $4." Send for trial lamp to-day.

Wallace Novelty Co. Sole Manufacturers **299 Madison Ave., New York**

AGENTS WANTED Terms and full information upon request. Write us.

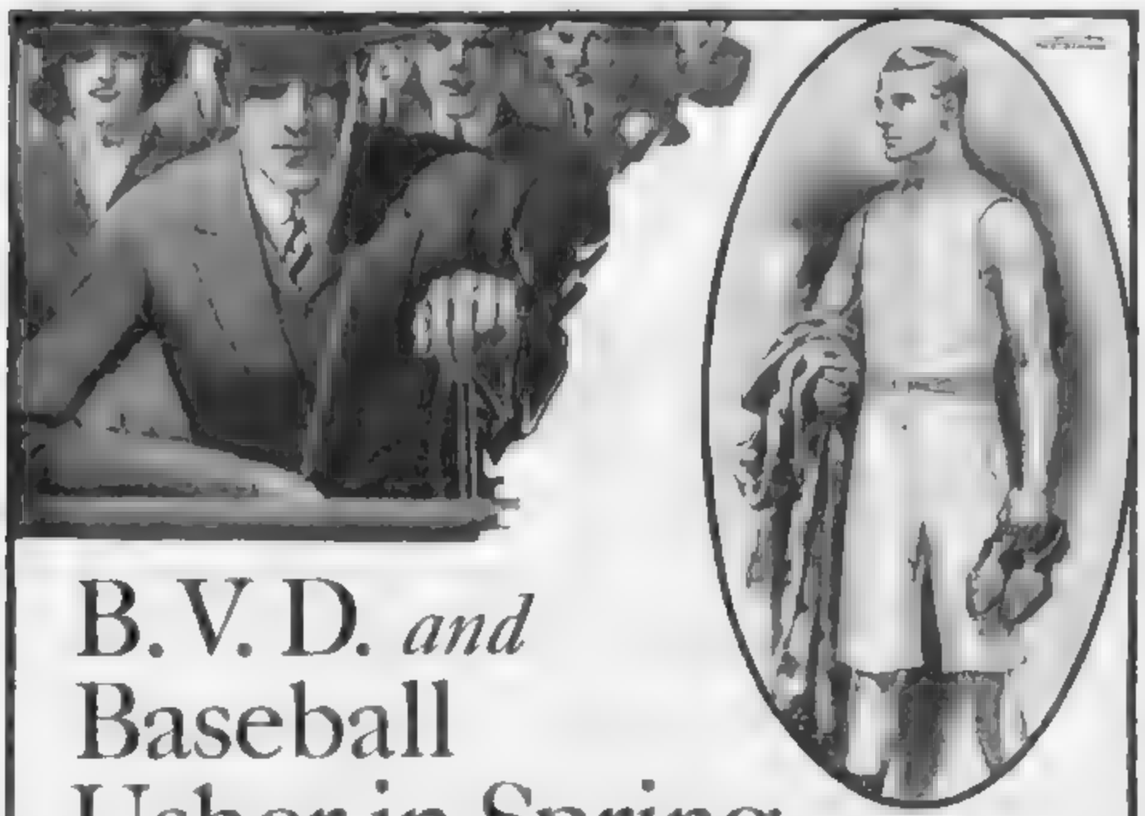
These illustrations show only a few of its many uses.

Clamped to Desk

Stuck to Mirror

Hung on Wall

Stuck to Mirror



B.V.D. *and* Baseball Usher in Spring

FOR warmish days have cool, comfortable B. V. D. ready to put on. It may be warm *to-morrow*, so buy B. V. D. *to-day*.

For your own welfare, fix this label firmly in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., and Foreign Countries)

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment

B. V. D. Union Suits, (Pat. U. S. A. 4-10-07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B.V.D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E.C.

A Young Married Man

earned $40.00 a month as a clerk. He saw no advancement ahead; apparently he had come to the sticking point. Realizing his earning power was limited by his own lack of training, he set about courageously to secure the technical education he needed. He enlisted in one of the national correspondence schools and studied in the evenings and early mornings. Shortly afterward his employer increased his salary to $60.00 a month, in recognition of his improved service. But with this he was not satisfied. He kept plugging and now, to make a long story short, is earning over $6,000 a year as a contractor.

Have you reached the sticking point? Have you come to the end of a blind alley? Then let us tell you how, through our Scholarship Offer, you can gain without cost the training you need to fill a bigger position. Don't work blindly for $40.00 a month when, by intelligently planning your future, you can become a high-salaried executive. Address your letter of inquiry to

Educational Division, Box 271

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

broke out in passionate Bulgar, switched to German punctuated with an English word here and there. Made intelligible, it was that he had found her at last. Harmony held her spools of thread and waited for the storm of languages to subside. Then:

"But you are not to say you have seen me, Herr Georgiev."

"No?"

Harmony colored.

"I am—am hiding," she explained. "Something very uncomfortable happened and I came here. Please don't say you have seen me."

Georgiev was puzzled at first. She had to explain very slowly, with his ardent eyes on her. But he understood at last and agreed of course. His incredulity was turning to certainty. Harmony had actually been in the same building with him while he sought her everywhere else.

"Then," he said at last, "it was you who played Sunday."

"I surely."

She made a move to pass him, but he held out an imploring hand.

"*Fräulein*, I may see you sometimes?"

"We shall meet again, of course."

"*Fräulein*—with all respect—sometime perhaps you will walk out with me?"

"I am very busy all day."

"At night then? For the exercise? I, with all respect, *Fräulein!*"

Harmony was touched.

"Sometime," she consented. And then impulsively: "I am very lonely, Herr Georgiev."

She held out her hand, and the little Bulgarian bent over it and kissed it reverently. The Herr Georgiev's father was a nobleman in his own country, and all the little spy's training had been to make of a girl in Harmony's situation lawful prey. But in the spy's glowing heart there was nothing for Harmony to fear. She knew it. He stood, hat in hand, while she went up the staircase. Then:

"*Fräulein!*" anxiously.

"Yes?"

"Was there below at the entrance a tall man in a green velours hat?"

"I saw no one there."

"I thank you, *Fräulein*."

He watched her slender figure ascend, lose itself in the shadows, listened until she reached the upper floors. Then with a sigh he clapped his hat on his head and made his cautious way down to the street. There was no man in a green velours hat below, but the little spy had an uneasy feeling that eyes watched him nevertheless. Life was growing complicated for the Herr Georgiev.

Life was pressing very close to Harmony also in those days, a life she had never touched before. She discovered, after a day or two in the workroom, that Monia Reiff's business lay almost altogether among the *demimonde*. The sewing girls, of Marie's type many of them, found in the customers endless topics of conversation. Some things Harmony was spared, much of the talk being in dialect. But a great deal of it she understood, and she learned much that was not spoken. They talked freely of the women, their clothes, and they talked a great deal about a newcomer, an American dancer, for whom Monia was making an elaborate outfit. The American's name was Lillian Le Grande. She was dancing at one of the variety theaters.

Harmony was working on a costume for the Le Grande woman—a gold brocade slashed to the knee at one side and with a fragment of bodice made of gilt tissue. On the day after her encounter with Georgiev she met her.

There was a dispute over the gown, something about the draping. Monia, flushed with irritation, came to the workroom door and glanced over the girls. She singled out Harmony finally and called her.

"Come and put on the American's gown," she ordered. "She wishes—Heaven knows what she wishes!"

Harmony went unwillingly. Nothing she had heard of the *Fräulein* Le Grande had prepossessed her. Her uneasiness was increased when she found herself obliged to shed her gown and to stand for one terrible moment before the little dressmaker's amused eyes.

"Thou art very lovely, very *chic*," said Monia. The dress added to rather than relieved Harmony's discomfiture. She donned it in one of the fitting rooms, made by the simple expedient of curtaining off a corner of the large reception room. The slashed skirt embarrassed her; the low cut made her shrink. Monia was frankly entranced. Above the gold tissue of the bodice rose Harmony's exquisite shoulders. Her hair was gold; even her eyes looked golden. The dressmaker, who worshiped beauty, gave a pull here, a pat there. If only all women were so beautiful in the things she made!

She had an eye for the theatrical also. She posed Harmony behind the curtain, arranged lights, drew down the chiffon so that a bit more of the girl's rounded bosom was revealed. Then she drew the curtain aside and stood smiling.

The Le Grande paid the picture the tribute of a second's silence. Then:

"Exquisite!" she said in English. Then in halting German: "Do not change a line. It is perfect."

Harmony must walk in the gown, turn, sit. Once she caught a glimpse of herself and was startled. She had been wearing black for so long, and now this radiant golden creature was herself. She was enchanted and abashed. The slash in the skirt troubled her: her slender leg had a way of revealing itself.

The ordeal was over at last. The dancer was pleased. She ordered another gown. Harmony, behind the curtain, slipped out of the dress and into her own shabby frock. On the other side of the curtain the dancer was talking. Her voice was loud, but rather agreeable. She smoked a cigarette. Scraps of chatter came to Harmony, and once a laugh.

"That is too pink—something more delicate."

"Here is a shade; hold it to your cheek."

"I am a bad color. I did not sleep last night."

"Still no news, *Fräulein?*"

"None. He has disappeared utterly. That isn't so bad, is it? I could use more rouge."

"It is being much worn. It is strange, is it not, that a child could be stolen from the hospital and leave no sign."

The dancer laughed a mirthless laugh. Her voice changed, became nasal, full of venom.

"Oh, they know well enough," she snapped. "Those nurses know, and there's a pig of a red-bearded doctor—I'd like to poison him. Separating mother and child! I'm going to find him, if only to show them they are not so smart after all."

In her anger she had lapsed into English. Harmony, behind her curtain, had clutched at her heart. Jimmy's mother!

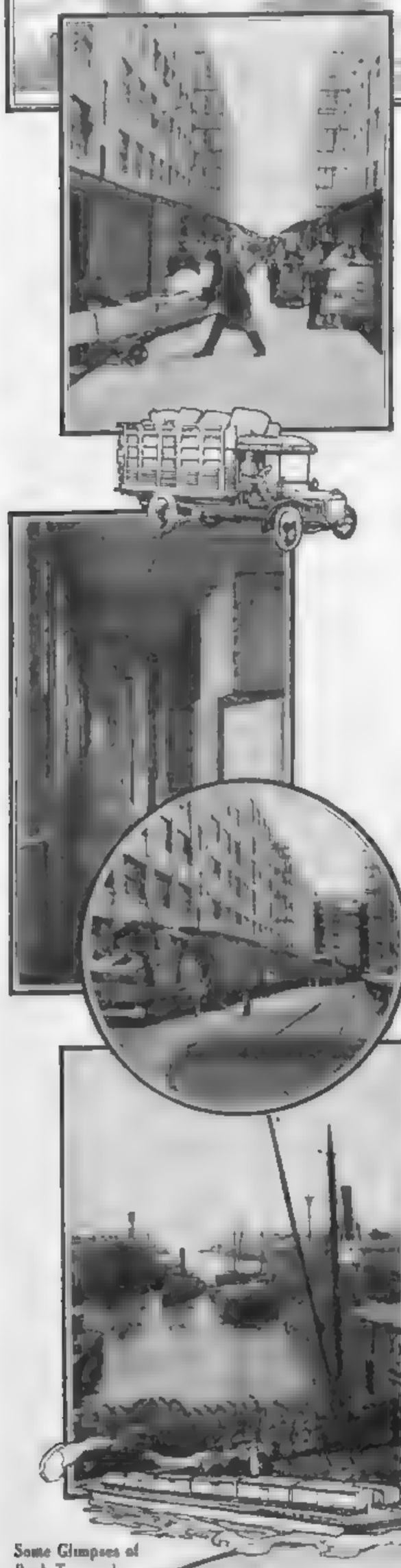
(TO BE CONTINUED)

When to Light Up

AN ALARM signal, to give warning that it is time to depend no longer on fading daylight but to turn on the gaslights or electric lamps, is now being devised. The great usefulness of a successful device of this sort is apparent. Records have shown that the greatest strain on the eyesight comes in the late afternoon hours near sundown, or on dark, dull days when it does not seem to be dark enough to turn on artificial lights. Each case is a matter for the judgment of some individual and the tendency is to delay turning on the lights. In offices, schools, libraries—and to some extent in stores—the lights are switched on many a day only after a period of eyestrain for all the people in the place; so illuminating engineers have called for a machine that will decide at just what moment lighting should begin.

There is no great difficulty in building a successful apparatus for this purpose, though there is a great problem in making one inexpensive enough for general use. All over the world there are now used light-buoys on the seacoast and in places dangerous to shipping, so constructed that they turn on automatically at dusk and turn off at sunrise.

It has been found possible to make their response to light so delicate that the light would be turned on in the daytime when a cloud passed over the sun. Selenium has the peculiar property of permitting a greater or a lesser amount of electricity to pass through it, according to the amount of light thrown on it; and on this principle most of these light-controlled devices operate. Therefore it would be entirely feasible to have an alarm bell controlled by a selenium cell in such a way that when the daylight in an office faded to the point where artificial illumination was required the bell would ring. Thus far the idea has not been developed to the point of marketing such an alarm, but it is being worked out and may come into general use before long.



What are You Doing to Develop Your Eastern and Export Business?

How 200 Wide-Awake Concerns Have Solved the Problem

OVER 57% of all imports entering the United States land at New York. Over 40% of all exports are shipped from New York. The total value of foreign commerce from this city alone exceeds one and one-half billion dollars a year. In fact, New York leads all the cities of the world in volume of international trade.

Do you import?—export?—sell in foreign countries? Do imported raw materials enter into the manufacture of your product?

Have you an Eastern or Atlantic Seaboard market that is capable of greater development—of lower selling cost—of quicker deliveries—of cheaper transportation—of BIGGER PROFITS?

Do you, as a manufacturer or distributor, realize that for handling your Eastern or Export business New York offers advantages not to be found in any other city in the country?—that it is the *one logical* center for a manufacturing, assembling or shipping branch? Do you know that such a plant would have 27% of the buying population of the United States within one hundred miles of its door?

Perhaps you have felt that to locate in New York is difficult and expensive. It used to be, but now it is easy, simple, economical. The magic key that unlocks the door to these tremendous commercial advantages and makes it possible for YOU to secure them RIGHT NOW, to a maximum of efficiency and at a minimum cost, is

BUSH TERMINAL

A community of large, new, modern, fire-proof buildings where already over two hundred representative concerns (some of them in the ten million dollar class) are enjoying the most up-to-date industrial quarters that engineering skill can devise

SOME of these concerns use Bush Terminal as a branch distributing point, some an assembling plant, some storage warehouses, some manufacturing headquarters. Among them are many who have moved from distant places and according to their own statements, they save enough in cartage, freight handling, insurance, labor problems, etc., to *pay their rent.*

All railroads and steamships connect directly with Bush Terminal. Incoming goods are delivered at your door; outgoing shipments are taken from your elevator, practically eliminating cartage and hauling expense.

In Bush Terminal you can get the exact amount of space you need, divided to suit your needs. You can get additional space as fast as your expansion demands it. You can have your factory on one floor or on several floors. You get just what power, light, heat and water your business requires and pay only for what you use.

Bush Terminal Buildings have maximum daylight—cheerful, ideal. They are well ventilated and are equipped with all modern, sanitary arrangements. They are absolutely fire-proof, with the additional protection of a million dollar sprinkler system. Insurance in Bush Terminal costs 10c to 20c a hundred. How much do YOU pay?

Labor supply is plentiful. Living accommodations for help are nearby and reasonable in cost. There are express, telegraph and cable accommodations in this modern industrial city; also regular post and parcel post offices.

BUSH TERMINAL cannot afford to have a dissatisfied tenant. You want us—and we want you—only if it will *save* or *make* money for you.

For your protection, we will make an analysis of New York facilities in the light of your own commercial activities and requirements. We will give you the full and unbiased facts on whether Bush Terminal, New York, as an operating point for your own particular business, would CUT PRODUCTION COSTS by reducing overhead, by solving labor difficulties, by reducing handling and transportation expense, thus netting you BIGGER PROFITS on present business—whether it would bring you closer to your raw material markets—whether it would enable you to develop MORE BUSINESS in the eastern, export or import market and enable you to make quicker deliveries, quicker sales, and outdistance competition.

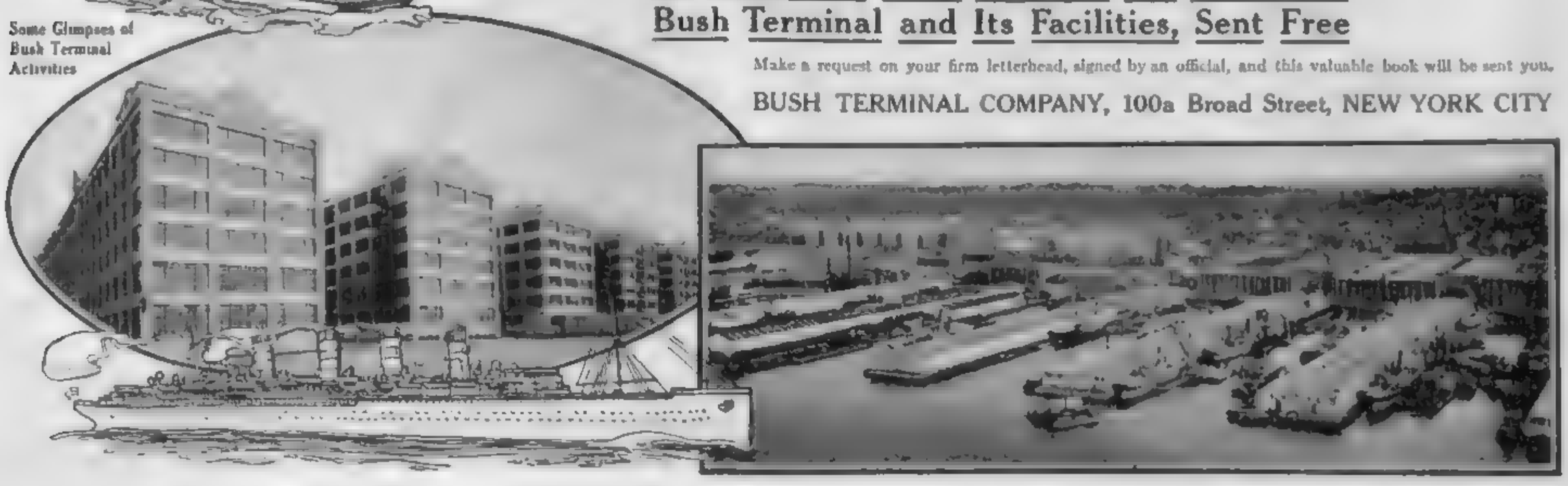
For any concern, big or little, we shall be glad to make such an investigation without charge or obligation.

An Interesting Book, Picturing and Describing Bush Terminal and Its Facilities, Sent Free

Make a request on your firm letterhead, signed by an official, and this valuable book will be sent you.

BUSH TERMINAL COMPANY, 100a Broad Street, NEW YORK CITY

Some Glimpses of Bush Terminal Activities



Maintain Your Efficiency

By Smoking TUXEDO—The Mildest, Pleasantest Tobacco Made

FOLKS are talking physical efficiency in modern business life. The idea is, that modern business keeps a man just about as occupied as the fabled one-armed paperhanger with the hives. And if you want to join in with the Gimp Bros. and travel with the Pep and Ginger crowd, you want to cut out a lot of things that make your day's work go wrong.

Take the item of smoking, for instance. It's much better not only for *you* but for your *job* if you smoke a light, soothing pipe tobacco like Tuxedo. Get a pipe and try Tuxedo awhile. You'll see the difference.

Your whole efficiency make-up will respond right away to the gentle and cheering influence of Tuxedo.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Pipe Tobacco

gives you this moderate and reasonable refreshment because it is primarily a pure, light, mild selection of the highest grades of Kentucky Burley tobacco.

Tuxedo can't bite your tongue. It can't irritate you in any way. There's no drag or sag in it. Simply pleasant, whiffable, aromatic, easy smoking.

Tuxedo has all these splendid qualities because it is made by the *original* Tuxedo process of treating Burley leaf. Many other manufacturers have tried to *imitate* the Tuxedo process—but never succeeded. Hence there is no other tobacco "just as good."

If you've tried the imitations, go try the *original*. At the end of one week you'll find yourself in line with the thousands of famous business men, lawyers, doctors, ministers, singers, athletes, who endorse Tuxedo as the one perfect tobacco.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient Pouch, *innerlined* with moisture-proof paper . . . 5c
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c
In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

ARTHUR LUCK

Conductor of the Philadelphia Harmonic Orchestra, says:

"Tuxedo is easily my favorite smoke—giving greater fragrance, mildness and coolness than I have found in any other tobacco. Never stings or bites the tongue. Tuxedo doubles my enjoyment of pipe smoking."

Arthur Luck

A. H. GRIFFITH

Director of Detroit Museum of Art, and [illegible] says:

"Like Omar I sometimes wonder what the makers of Tuxedo buy, one-half as precious as the stuff they sell. It's the greatest ever."

A. H. Griffith

VICTOR P. ARNOLD

Member of the Chicago law firm of Northrup, Arnold & Fairbank, says:

"After a battle in the court-room, there is nothing like retiring to your private office, sitting back in your chair with your feet on your desk and enjoying a fine smoke of Tuxedo. It is immense!"

Victor P. Arnold

We Give You This Fine Leather Tobacco Pouch

Every smoker appreciates a leather tobacco pouch. This handy, serviceable, Tuxedo Draw-Pouch is made of fine, soft, flexible tan leather, with a draw-string and snap that closes pouch tight and keeps the tobacco from spilling.

Send us 10c and your tobacco dealer's name, and we will mail you prepaid, anywhere in U. S., a 10c tin of TUXEDO and this handsome Leather Draw-Pouch. We gladly make this offer to get you to try TUXEDO. Address

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
Room 1197, 111 Fifth Avenue New York

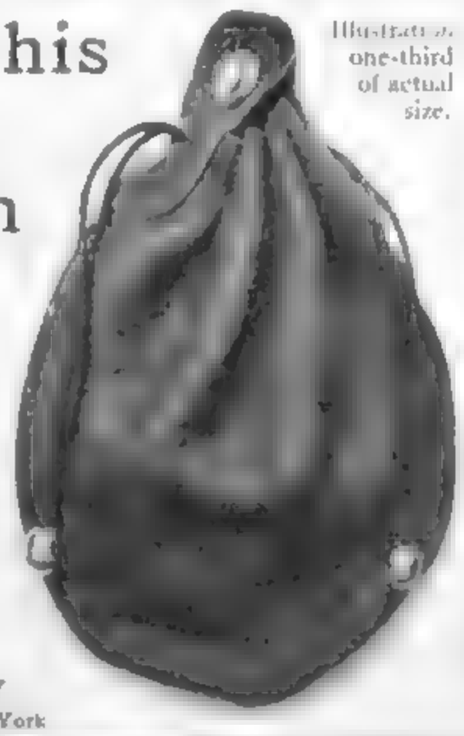


Illustration one-third of actual size.

WILLIAM COLLIER

Popular comedian, starring in "A Little Water on the Side," says

"My pipe is always Tuxedo-filled. I tried other tobaccos before I discovered Tuxedo. Now there IS no other."

William Collier

JAMES R. HAYES

Owner and Manager [illegible] says:

"Sports afield and afloat appeal to me, but the day would not be wholly enjoyable without the evening pipe of Tuxedo, my favorite smoke."

J. R. Hayes

PATRICK H. O'DONNELL

A prominent lawyer of Chicago, says:

"A canvass of my friends would show that Tuxedo is most popular with them. Many say it is the only pipe tobacco."

Patrick H. O'Donnell

THE JURY AND THE JUDGES

(Continued from Page 19

opinions of foreign civilians are your perpetual theme; but who ever heard you mention Magna Charta or the Bill of Rights with approbation or respect? By such treacherous arts the noble simplicity and free spirit of our Saxon laws were first corrupted.

Junius touched here the great central idea in this struggle. The theory of the people as judges in a cause was the Saxon idea, while the chancellor was a Norman importation. The early English people were opposed to a centralized authority, as we are today. They were afraid of power in the hands of either one man or a body of men. They believed that justice ought to be administered by the whole people. Their shires and their hundreds each had a court where suits might be instituted. A larger jurisdiction was exercised by a county court, and from this appeals were sometimes made to the Witenagemot; and here they were decided by a vote of all those who constituted that assembly.

They had no chief justice nor any supreme judicial tribunal. The chief justice was an importation of that Norman robber, William the Conqueror. He had a genius for keeping all authority within his hand; and his plan was to have a grand central tribunal for the whole realm, which should not only be a court of appeal but in which all causes of importance should originate and be finally decided.

So William the Conqueror set up the first supreme court in England. The constable, the mareschal, the seneschal, the chamberlain and the treasurer constituted this court, over which the grand justiciar presided, and which sat in the hall of the king's palace. Arlotta, of romantic legend, who fascinated Robert, Duke of Normandy, as he rode by the door of the Tanner of Falaise, was the mother of the first chief justice of England—and a fine figure of a rogue he was!

And so we see that this struggle between the people, who wished to remain the source of justice, and the judges is as old as the race. Nor can it ever be harmonized; for the first idea is English and has its origin in the instincts of the Anglo-Saxon people, and the latter idea is Norman and has its origin in the divine right of kings.

When today we see benches of judges undertake to annul laws the people have passed, and assume to say by what laws the people shall be governed, and by what laws they shall not be governed, we see the system of William the Conqueror dominating the Anglo-Saxon machinery of justice. And when we see the jury made the mere subservient creatures of the judges in the trial of causes, we see the Norman idea dominating the English idea of justice.

We are moved to inquire whether the long struggle of the English people to keep the administration of justice in their own hands is, after all, useless; and whether we are about to abandon what our ancestors with so much difficulty gained and held.

The True Source of All Justice

Lord Blackstone declared that the jury system was the chiefest glory of the English law. He said it was the one device by which our civilization had been able to preserve itself from that decay which had eventually overtaken all previous civilization.

This idea, that the jury shall be the sole and ultimate judges of the whole case in every controversy, is particularly adapted to our form of government. It guarantees that our conception of right shall be of common constituency, like water drawn from a lake having a variety of sources; that the idea of justice administered in the courts shall be and remain at all times the idea of the whole people; that the motives of all classes of the people shall be interpreted by those who understand them; and that the ultimate source of all justice, like the ultimate source of all authority, shall remain in the whole electorate.

It seems wisely ordered that men do not require a special education in order to do justice. A sense of right and wrong in a cause is not the exclusive attribute of the "learned judicial monk." A lame slave, who wrote philosophy in the time of Domitian, pointed out that, though men were not born with the knowledge of a right-angled triangle and had that to learn, every one came into the world with a knowledge of what was good and what was evil, what he ought to do and what he ought not to do.

From the beginning the English-speaking people have been of the opinion that a certain number of intelligent persons taken from the whole body of the common people would always be the best guardians of public justice; that a plain common-sense passing on human affairs was not apt to be more in error than a refined philosophy.

The thing was aptly illustrated in an ancient case where the crown was endeavoring to make out a case of treason by proving a number of little things, no one of them amounting to treason; but the attorney-general insisted that, taken together, they made a case of treason against the king. And the jury met it with this piece of shattering comment: "We have yet to hear that two hundred black rabbits make one black horse!" This comment has been credited to a more pretentious authority; but it has the smoke of the fireside on it and probably came from the people.

This old idea that the jury should judge everything in a case is based on the profound truth that all sane men are born into the world with a natural sense of what is right and what is wrong, that which constitutes justice and that which constitutes injustice; and that if a matter be fully explained to the man in the ditch he will be as able to say what is the right of it as the man on the bench.

The Rarity of Corrupt Juries

The idea is a proper basis for the administration of justice in a republic. It guarantees that all persons within certain limitations shall have a share in the administration of justice; that a wise uncertainty shall be maintained as to what particular individuals shall hear and decide a particular case; and that no special class of people shall be able to take over the machinery of justice to the injury of other classes. It insures to every man a consideration of his controversy by at least some persons of the same condition in life as himself; and it would prevent any permanent corruption of the judiciary.

Mr. Joseph Choate has answered those who speak of the corruption and bribery of individual jurors as follows:

"In an experience of more than forty years in the trial of civil cases before juries I cannot recall one case where I had reason to believe that corruption or bribery had reached a single juror. And if you can show me a few authentic cases of such infamy in the jury boxes I will undertake to match them with an equal number of similar crimes committed by judges who have been properly exposed and punished.

"For I cherish, as the result of a life's work near its end, that the old-fashioned trial by a jury of twelve honest and intelligent citizens remains today—all suggested innovations and amendments to the contrary notwithstanding—the best and safest practical method for the determination of facts as the basis of judgments of courts; and that all attempts to tinker or tamper with it should be discouraged as disastrous to the public welfare."

It is the law today in our courts—and it has always been the law except for a brief period—that in the case of libels the juries are the ultimate judges of both the law and the facts in every case. This doctrine makes the jury the regnant tribunal over and above every other portion of our machinery for the administration of justice. And it is properly so. We, like our fathers before us, when we stop to consider the subject in its large, national aspect, do not believe that any one man or any fixed number of men ought to be the exclusive source of either authority or justice. We believe the whole people to be the common source of both.

We do not believe any class of men could be so well acquainted with the multiple affairs of life as to be able to appreciate the motives and status of the whole people. We fear that if any particular class of men were to undertake the whole administration of justice, even though their motives were forever pure, they would be unconsciously influenced by the trend of ideas among their kind, and that their decisions would be favorable to that class of which

Here's Your Real Joy Pipe

It insures *always* a cool, dry, sweet smoke, productive of the *full fragrance* of your favorite tobacco untainted by any foreign odor or bitter taste. Delightful to *you*, never offensive to others. It cannot become "strong," or stale or foul, because, *first*, owing to its ingenious construction it is so easy to clean; and, *second*, it is made of "Condensite," which is *absolutely non-absorbent* — the invention of Mr. J. W. Aylsworth, who has been for over twenty-five years the chief consulting chemist of Mr. Thos. A. Edison.

⅔ Actual Size

TRADE HARDRIGHT MARK

Price $1.50 with Sterling Silver Stem Band as shown in illustration above, packed in handsome box. With Sterling Silver [illegible] plush lined genuine [illegible] and case complete, $3.75. Other mountings in gold, from $6 to $25. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us $1.50 for a HARDRIGHT by parcel post. *Your money back if not entirely satisfied.*

You can see below when the juices and nicotine collect in the space under fire bowl, they drain off automatically by gravity from the [illegible] bowl. They cannot get into the [illegible] bowl [illegible] resulting in a [illegible] cool, dry, perfect smoke.

Only 3 Pieces

Play Golf?

Improve Your Game! Much depends on your drive. Players using the HARDRIGHT Driver-Head report that it drives from 15 to 25 yards farther than a wooden head. It is made of [illegible] is entirely non-absorbent [illegible] It is equivalent [illegible] or Brassie, $5 fitted with best [illegible] grained hickory shaft and [illegible] and grip, or $3.50 for either Head only.

Money Refunded if not Satisfactory

Hardright Shaving Brushes are guaranteed forever against bristles coming out.

Write for Illustrated Booklets

Hardman & Wright, Belleville, N. J.

A well kept lawn near Rye, New York

COLDWELL COMBINATION ROLLER AND MOTOR LAWN MOWER

THE Coldwell Combination Roller and Motor Mower is the best and most economical mower made for large stretches of turf.

The Coldwell motor mower mows and rolls at the same time. It does the work of three horse mowers on less than a gallon of gasoline an hour. It climbs 25% grades easily. It is simply designed and easy to operate.

The Coldwell line includes horse mowers with the new demountable cutter feature. Also hand mowers in 150 different styles and sizes. Write for catalogs and an interesting booklet "The Care of Lawns."

Coldwell Lawn Mower Company
Newburgh, New York
Philadelphia Chicago
Mfrs. of Hand, Horse and Motor Power Lawn Mowers

COLDWELL LAWN MOWERS

What is there about that substance known as

Zinc

which makes the paint so good?

Technically it is a long story, but the facts are quickly stated.

Zinc makes paint look better, whether white or colored; it makes it last much longer, and it transforms the paint into an impervious shell of protection from all kinds of weather.

Proof: The best paint manufacturers use it in their best paints.

The story is readably told in our booklet, "Your Move," which we would like to send you.

The New Jersey Zinc Company, 55 Wall Street, New York

For big contract jobs consult our Research Bureau.

We will pay cash

for your late afternoon hours. In your town are many persons who will read *The Saturday Evening Post* if its real character is explained to them. They will subscribe if you give them the opportunity. For each subscription you receive we will give you a liberal cash commission and salary credit. An hour three times a week may yield you several hundred dollars a year. Address your inquiry to

The Agency Division, Box 273

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rapid Fireless Cooker

Get My 1914 Special Price Offer

A big saving [illegible] and food tastes better.

30 Days Free Trial

Complete outfit aluminum utensils free. Covers and [illegible] Write for Free Book and [illegible]

Wm. Campbell Co. Dept. 14, Detroit, Mich.

Two Guns in One—

MARBLES GAME GETTER GUN

Upper barrel (rifled) shoots 22; lower barrel (smooth bored) shoots 44 shot or ball. Lengths, 12, 15 or 18 inches. Fits you for large and small game or inexpensive target practice. Stock folds up or detaches. Shoulder holster furnished. Sample Nitro-Solvent Oil for nasse spotting goods dealer. Send for catalog of Marble 600 Outing specialties.

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO., 800 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.

Successor to Marble Safety Axe Co.

OCCIDENT

The Guaranteed Flour

[illegible]

Costs A Little More Than Others—Worth It

[illegible] Milling Co. Minneapolis, U.S.A.

they were a part. We have read in the books, and our fathers have told us, that it is not natural to expect the few to be attentive to the interests of the many!

English-speaking people have always known this. They knew it before the Conquest; they knew it during the long struggle with the king's judges; and they know it today. They need only to be awakened in order to see that the administration of justice is kept in their own hands.

There is no danger to the liberties of a country when the people are roused into attention. When Washington, riding north out of Virginia, heard of the Battle of Bunker Hill, he did not ask who had won; his only inquiry was:

"Did the militia fight?"

He knew that if the people were awakened the fortunes of any particular battle would not greatly affect the ultimate result.

We are apt to forget the struggle that plain, common men—unknown, unremembered and long dead—have made to keep the source of justice in the body of the whole people. The king's judges were not men easy to oppose. Wright was a crook; Kelynge was a vulgar tyrant; and Scroggs and Jeffreys were unconscionable beasts. But the common people of England, like Doctor Johnson's countryman, Elwall, were afraid of neither the king's "red-guards" nor his "black-guards."

Juries Firm Under Judicial Pressure

Lord Ellenborough was so anxious to convict William Hone of a libel on George IV that he got up from a sick-bed and went into court to conduct the trial himself. When he took his place on the bench Hone said to him: "I know what you are come here for, my Lord Ellenborough; I know what you want." The judge replied: "I come to do justice; my one wish is to see justice done." But Hone shattered his hypocrisy with the answer: "Is it not rather, my lord, to send a poor bookseller to rot in a dungeon?"

That was the precise thing for which Lord Ellenborough had come into the courtroom, for he presently exerted himself to force the jury to find Hone guilty by declaring to them that the publication was a "most impious and profane libel." But the jury was not under the thumb of Ellenborough or of any other judge, and Hone went free.

In the celebrated trial of the seven bishops, whom the king had committed to the Tower and wished to prosecute because they presented a petition to him praying that they might "not be forced to violate their consciences and break the law," the stubborn resistance of the jury to the royal judges was conspicuously marked.

The king had selected Chief Justice Wright, who the biographers say was "the lowest wretch that had ever appeared on the bench in England," to conduct the trial. And he had managed to get his brewer on the jury; but the people were stanch in those days in their resistance to tyranny, and, in spite of everything the king's judges could do, the jury could not be coerced into a conviction. They were given into the custody of a bailiff who was sworn not to let them have "meat or drink, fire or candle" until they had agreed on their verdict. The king's brewer stood out for a conviction; but at six o'clock in the morning a huge countryman in the panel rose and thus addressed him:

"Look at me!" he said. "I am the largest and the strongest of the twelve, and before I find such a petition as this a libel, here I will stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco pipe!"

A stubborn contest between juries and judges has not been infrequent in our own day. We have seen a jury find a verdict and the judges set it aside—and a new jury find it again.

This happened in the case of Shaw versus the Boston & Worcester Railroad Company. The jury found a verdict of ten thousand dollars and the Supreme Court of Massachusetts set it aside. It was tried a second time and the second jury found a verdict of eighteen thousand dollars. The court set this verdict aside and remanded the case for a third trial. The third jury found a verdict of twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars, and the supreme court finally abandoned a contest that seemed to result only in a larger verdict on each reversal.

Restrictions on the exercise of power written into great national charters and old bills of rights have always a meaning founded in some desperate experience of the people.

It is not for a small reason that trial by jury is guaranteed in the Constitution of the United States and the state constitutions following after it. It was the accumulated experience of English-speaking people that put in this safeguard.

They knew the tendency of judges to accumulate power and to reach out after an extended jurisdiction. They had had a long experience with the centralization of authority and had ample cause to fear and resist it. They did not intend that the whole body of the people should ever cease to be the common source of justice.

The Anglo-Saxon people have always been opposed to a centralization of authority—to the exercise of power, judicial or governmental, by any particular class of men. They have believed in an administration of the government by the people and in an administration of justice by the people; and their resistance to this day against the exercise of excessive powers by executives or judges is a racial resistance.

It is the resistance of the instincts of a people to a custom antagonistic to them. Government by tribunals apart from the people was a Norman custom superimposed on the English system of jurisprudence. It is adverse to the spirit of Anglo-Saxon institutions. It is contrary to the great idea of self-government for which the Anglo-Saxon has always contended, and it cannot be made to harmonize with a republican pretension.

The hostility of the people to it is seen in their statutes restricting the authority of judges, confining them in some states in their instructions to the juries to a mere written statement of the law. It is seen in a common practice among the states of making the office of judge elective, and in the great agitation today against the pretension of courts to annul acts of the legislature, by their decisions to make laws for the people and to say in effect by what laws the people shall be governed.

The Two Legs of Self-Government

It ought to be remembered that the only person in a courtroom who is in fact clothed with the attributes of the sovereignty of the people is the juror. He alone is permitted to exercise the larger powers of sovereignty. He alone has the rightful power of life and death over both the law and the facts in a case.

Compared with him the judge is an officer of delegated powers, within certain fixed limitations; but the juror sitting in judgment in a case is a sovereign. He can decide it as he pleases; and he can take the law, which the judge explains to him, to apply to the case or not to apply, as he chooses. He is responsible to no one for his verdict. He is under the dominion of no authority. He is supreme! The judge is helpless before him.

The law is binding or inoperative on him as he pleases. This is the law for which the people contended against the king's judges—a right they forced Parliament to recognize and which they have preserved to themselves in their great charters.

It is a correct principle of justice. Somebody must have supreme authority in the decision of causes. These great powers of sovereignty could not be delegated to a particular person for a term of years or for life, for those cogent reasons always apparent to English-speaking people; but they could be delegated to persons unknown until they were drawn out of the whole body of the people.

And they could be delegated for the brief time that a jury panel would exercise them. Thus the source of justice would remain in the body of the electorate. The imperial powers of judicial tribunals would issue out of the body of the whole people and return to it.

Self-government goes forward on two legs—the people are the source of authority and the people are the source of justice. To amputate either is to put democracy on crutches.

One Firm—One Service—One Guarantee back of every Johns-Manville Automobile Accessory

COVERS THE CONTINENT

THE H. W. Johns-Manville Company are the first to offer to users of automobile accessories the protection afforded by a standardized Service and Guarantee on accessories of standardized Quality.

The purchaser of any Johns-Manville Accessory is protected by the reputation and financial stability of the H. W. Johns-Manville Company, whose liberal guarantee is standard on every article sold over its name.

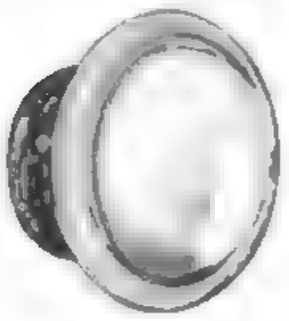
He is further protected by the Service which this company renders through its wide distribution of direct representatives and its Branch Houses in every important city of North America.

He is still further protected in buying accessories that have received the authoritative endorsement of the H. W. Johns-Manville Company as products of proven excellence.

Complete Johns-Manville equipment is the strongest possible guarantee of complete satisfaction.

Long Horn

Positively cannot fail. Offers absolute reliability plus certain economy. Utilizes no batteries or wires—operated instead by hand or elbow. Produces powerful warning, dominant above all traffic noises, with volume of sound under operator's complete control. Handsome in appearance and built to outlast the car. First cost its only cost—price $10



J-M Lens (Non-Blinding)

Makes night driving safe. Enables you to see the road clearly ahead, and prevents driver of approaching car from misjudging your position. Effect produced by semi-spherical lens with entire surface frosted except for small, oval area through which central ray is seen against a surrounding arc of non-glaring light. For all standard makes of lamps. Price $2.50 each

J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining

Grips drum instantly, tightly and noiselessly. Positively unaffected by heat. Impervious to water, oil or gasoline. Now supplied in strips to fit any make of car and woven ends packed in cartons with rivets for attaching. Equally well adapted to internal or external brakes.

J-M (Mezger) Soot-Proof Spark Plug

Furnishes short circuits [illegible] to clean itself. Insures hot spark for quick starting. Is [illegible] Is not affected by [illegible] but burns [illegible] Absolutely guaranteed not to foul

A Few Other Johns-Manville Automobile Accessories

Spark-No Burglar Alarm	J-M Mobilite Electric Lamps
Automobile Lock	Arnold Electric Heating Plugs
Arnold Electric Vaporizer	J-M Fire Extinguisher
G-P Muffler Cut-Out	
"Noark" Enclosed Fuses	

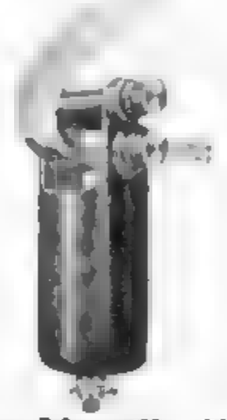
Write nearest Branch for booklets

J-M Dry Batteries

The most efficient and lasting batteries for all ignition [illegible] Guaranteed [illegible] months [illegible] new batteries without cost or [illegible] purpose [illegible] Made [illegible] Round and square

Jones Speedometer

Centrifugal type, controlled by centrifugal force which is as absolute as the law of gravity. Insures accuracy of readings in all temperatures. Large clock face dial with widely spaced figures makes it easy to read from any part of the car. Odometer registers both forward and backward travel, interchangeable for left or right wheel drive. Fitted with instantaneous trip reset.



Johns-Manville Shock Absorber

Pronounced simplicity of construction makes it possible to offer this highly efficient absorber at almost half the cost of other makes. Single cylinder, utilizing specially designed spring, gives greatly increased flexibility and riding comfort with less added weight. Attached to any car in one hour. $15 per pair.

Carter Carburetor

Multiple-Jet principle. Number of jets in action depends on variation of fuel level in jet tube, which is controlled directly by suction of engine. Insures absolutely progressive flow of fuel. Responds instantly to every change of engine speed. Promotes wonderfully increased flexibility, economy and power.

H·W·JOHNS-MANVILLE CO·

Akron, Albany, Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Charlotte, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Dallas, Dayton, Denver, Detroit, Duluth, Galveston, Houghton, Houston, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Louisville, Memphis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Newark, N. J., New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., Rochester, St. Louis, St. Paul, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Seattle, Syracuse, Toledo, Washington, Wilkes-Barre, Youngstown

THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY, Ltd., Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

2357

Cadillac
Standard of the World

How much should an automobile weigh?

Suppose that railroads should offer you as an inducement to trust your life in their hands, the argument that the weight of their rolling stock had been reduced to the lowest notch.

Suppose in the locomotive, they make the boiler wall so thin and so light, that it will barely withstand the normal pressure for a limited time.

Suppose they make the trucks, the wheels, and the axles barely strong enough to support the engine under the most favorable conditions.

Suppose they make the connecting rods barely strong enough to turn the wheels.

Then, going back to the cars, suppose they make the trucks, the wheels and the axles no stronger than just enough to carry them a few thousand miles.

Suppose they make the frame barely strong enough to support the body of the car.

Suppose they make the body barely strong enough to hold together.

Suppose they reduce the weight of every vital part to the lowest point—

Would you trust your life in the hands of a railroad which offered you such inducements?

Safety demands strength.

Strength demands material.

Material means weight.

If these be true, then:—

Absence of weight must mean absence of material.

Absence of material must mean absence of strength.

Absence of strength must mean absence of safety.

These things apply, whether you have in mind railroads or automobiles.

How much is your safety worth?

Cadillac materials are selected for their adaptability and fitness for the functions and duties which they must perform.

The designs of the various parts are adopted only after they have proven themselves to embody liberal factors of safety.

The Cadillac car will appeal to you because of its strength and its security, rather than upon the basis of lightness.

The Cadillac will appeal to you for its comfort as the luxurious Pullman appeals to you in contrast with the light weight flimsy coach.

The Cadillac will appeal to you for its smoothness and steadiness in running, as the majestic liner is in contrast with the light weight barque in a choppy sea.

The Cadillac will appeal to you because of its sturdiness and its endurance, rather than upon the basis of fragility and impermanence.

Because of its strength, because of its enduring qualities, the Cadillac is an economical car to own and to operate, day-in-and-day-out and year-in-and-year-out.

The Cadillac is economical in fuel.

Hundreds of 1914 Cadillac users are averaging from 15 to 18 miles per gallon of gasoline in every-day service.

Special test runs have been made showing more than 22 miles per gallon, but this cannot be taken as a criterion for the average user.

In the recent test by the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain, which won for the Cadillac the Dewar Trophy, the 1914 car averaged 17.17 miles per gallon for 1000 miles over give-and-take roads—in spite of frequent stops and starts in testing the electrical cranking device.

It consumed less than one gallon of lubricating oil in traveling the 1000 miles.

Hundreds of users are averaging more than 5000 miles on tires. Some users are reporting from 6000 to 8000 miles and even more.

We believe that in tires, fuel and oil, the 1914 Cadillac will average more mileage than any car which approaches its efficiency.

Because of its standardization, because of the interchangeability of its parts, because of its sturdiness, because of its endurance, the Cadillac has been called The Everlasting Car.

That this appellation is merited, we need but point to the 75,000 Cadillacs produced, all of which to the best of our knowledge are still doing duty, the oldest after eleven years of service—and many of them after having passed the 100,000 mile mark.

How much should an automobile weigh?

It should weigh enough to enable it successfully to perform the duties required of it.

It should weigh enough to enable it successfully to perform those duties day-in-and-day-out and year-in-and-year-out, at a minimum outlay for operation and maintenance,—performance and satisfaction considered,—and with a minimum depreciation in value after years of service.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES

(Continued from Page 4)

fiscal year ending March 31, 1913—the latest issued at this writing: "Considerable progress has been made with the work of providing additional plant, both external and internal, in those areas where the National Telephone Company reduced or stopped construction work during the period immediately preceding the transfer of their system to the post office. This class of work will be actively pursued during the coming year and it is estimated that throughout the country a sum of almost two million pounds will be spent on the providing of additional underground and overhead wires."

This starved condition of the plant should be taken into account in considering the poor service subsequent to the government purchase. I just came from a London office in which two telephones stand side by side on the same desk. One is Central; the other is Bank. In other words they belong to different exchanges. At the American Embassy one telephone is Victoria, while the other is Gerrard. All through the telephone directory you will find this same condition of two telephones in the same office that belong to different exchanges. The reason, of course, is that one was formerly a post-office telephone, while the other was a National Telephone Company instrument; and the duplication has not been corrected—at least, the phones have not been assigned to the nearest exchange.

The National Telephone Company's license required it to pay the government a yearly royalty amounting to ten per cent of its gross exchange receipts. In the last year of its existence it paid the government on that account one million seven hundred thousand dollars. As to the fiscal results of government operation, all I have is the brief statement in the postmaster-general's annual report, which shows a gross telephone revenue of a little over twenty-eight million dollars and a net revenue of a million nine hundred thousand dollars—or substantially what the National Company would have paid the government as a royalty if it were still operating the lines. The National Company, however, paid a six per cent dividend on its stock, after paying its royalty to the government.

The same report says that service in London was improved during the year, "the number of completed calls being kept steadily between seventy and seventy-one per cent"; whereas in 1911 it was between sixty-five and sixty-seven per cent. I do not dispute the figures; but all the telephone users I talked with seemed unable to appreciate the distinction between getting their number seventy per cent of the time as against only sixty-five per cent. I think it a fair statement that the service, originally not good, has not improved under government ownership. Rates have not been reduced; and the meager information so far available indicates that the government has made less profit from the lines than the private owners did.

Service Dear at Any Price

A few other things in the report may be mentioned. For example:

"Traffic on the Anglo-French lines—government-owned on both sides—has increased satisfactorily during the year; and the increase would have been more marked but for the fact that, owing to bad weather experienced during the early part of the year, two of the lines were out of order for some time, while the others were unworkable for shorter periods.

"Negotiations are proceeding with the Dutch administration for the joint provision of a direct Anglo-Dutch telephone cable.

"The possibility of affording telephonic communication between Germany and this country is under consideration."

Germany and Holland, of course, are separated from England by comparatively short stretches of water and there is a great volume of business between the island and the continental countries. I venture to think that in America, under like conditions, telephonic communication would already have been established.

Telephoning is cheaper in England than in the United States. The charge for a business telephone in London, with unlimited service, is eighty-five dollars a year; or one can get a residence telephone by paying five dollars for the instrument and two pence—or four cents—a call. But these rates have no particular bearing on the question of government ownership, as they were the same when the lines were privately owned; and the rate signifies little, except when the quality of service is also taken into account. Cotton is cheaper than wool—but nobody wants a winter overcoat made of it. The only object of a telephone anyway is to save time and effort; therefore a cheap, slow service may be really dearer than a more costly and faster one. I expect to have something to say about comparative telephone rates in another article—therefore I will drop the subject here.

There was always a reason why the British Government should go into the telephone business. That reason is that, for more than forty years, it has had a monopoly of the telegraph business. It acquired the privately owned telegraph lines in 1870; and here again I may point out that the total investment was only forty million dollars, which, by the way, was substantially twice what it was estimated to be when the bill passed Parliament; but taking over a forty-million-dollar concern is rather different from taking over a several-hundred-million-dollar one.

The English Telegraph

Pretty much the same general reasons that led the American Bell System to buy control of the Western Union Telegraph Company led the British Government into the telephone field. The telephone is a competitor of the telegraph and a complement to it.

Now the British post office's management of the telegraph is one of the most successful instances of government ownership in the world. The service is good; certainly as good as the telegraph service in the United States, and perhaps better. For telegraphing anywhere in the United Kingdom the minimum charge is sixpence, which carries a message of twelve words, and for every additional word the charge is half a penny; but both the address and signature are counted as part of the message.

The average address probably contains five words—as, John D. Smith, Peoria, Illinois—and the average signature will no doubt take two words. Of course if a street number is added the address will take more than five words.

On the other hand, there are many registered telegraph addresses that take but a single word besides the name of the city. If we take five words as the average address and two as the average signature, then the average cost of a ten-word message—exclusive of address and signature, as on the American plan—would be seventeen cents in England, which is well below the cost in the United States.

There is, of course, an immense difference in distance. All England is within about six hours' ride of London. Concerning a projected trip to Glasgow—a night's run—an English friend raised the objection that it was "a very long journey." There are few daily papers in England outside of London.

The town of ten or twenty thousand inhabitants, which would support at least one or two dailies in the United States, gets late editions of the London papers at breakfast and has no local daily. So telegraphing in England is all dense, shorthaul business, which naturally affects the rate.

Nevertheless, telegraphing under fairly comparable conditions—as between London and Manchester or Liverpool and New York and Philadelphia or Boston—is cheaper than with us and the service is quite as good; but because a government succeeds well in one field it does not necessarily follow that it will succeed well in all other fields.

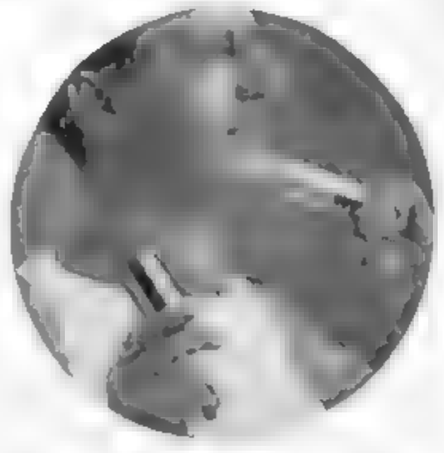
And on the fiscal side the British Government's operation of the telegraph can hardly be called a complete success.

The post-office reports show that for the last five years expenses of the telegraph system have ranged from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty per cent of gross receipts. In other words, gross receipts have paid for only two-thirds of the service, the remaining third coming out of the public treasury.

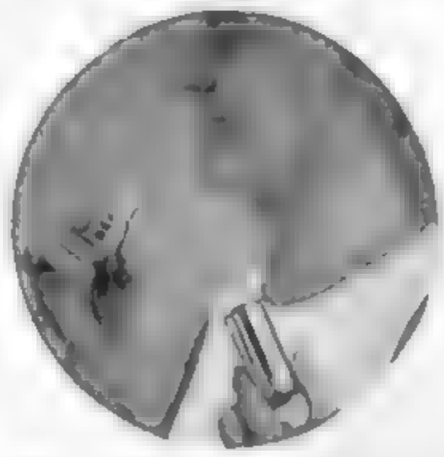
In these five years salaries and wages—exclusive of engineering—have never been less than eighty-two per cent of gross receipts, and the proportion has risen quite steadily year by year. To be more exact,

He Guards Morse's Chocolates
"O'er Morse's I'm always on guard.
They cannot grow stale or get hard.
They keep soft and sweet
And are always a treat
MASTERPIECE CHOCOLATES
Morse's Chocolate Soldier stands guard
Morse's
Masterpiece Chocolates
Learn what joy they hold as The Desired Gift.
of absolute freshness.
Sold wherever the best is sold—in 20c, 80c and $1 packages. Or send $1 for a more than-pound package—all charges prepaid
A. G. MORSE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Williams'
PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick



Convenient when you first use the stick.



More convenient when the stick is nearly used up.

The more you try other kinds, the better you will understand why Williams' Shaving Soaps are so popular.

STICK
POWDER
CREAM

A miniature trial package of either of these four shaving preparations will be sent postpaid for 4c. in stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

That Foster Plug Prevents Slipping

CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

make walking *safe* as well as comfortable—no more slipping on wet sidewalks, pavements or polished floors.

That is why they are worn regularly by thousands who have tried other kinds first.

Comfort Plus Safety

The extra quality of rubber gives a greater resiliency—you walk with a new buoyancy and lightness—and there are no holes in the heel to track mud and dirt.

Have a pair put on your shoes today. 50c. attached—black or tan—all dealers.

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
105 Federal Street Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

If—

you are on your feet much—if you tend toward overweight—if your arches show signs of weakness—

then you should wear *Foster Orthopedic Rubber Heels.*

The corner of the heel extends under the shank of the shoe, giving a firm but resilient support to the arch.

Conductors
Motormen
Letter-carriers
Waiters
Policemen
Floor Walkers

especially prefer Foster Orthopedic Rubber Heels because they keep the position of the foot normal and natural—and when anything ails your feet you feel it all over.

75c. attached of your dealer—or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50c. and outline of your heel.

A Parent Who Is a "Pal"

is a power for good in the life of a boy

This parent enters into the youngster's joys, directs his enthusiasm and guides him along the path to manhood.

The spirit of this companionship is the spirit of the booklet "What Shall I Do With My Boy?"

For fourteen years we have worked with and worked for boys. We have studied them, the motives which stir them, the influences which guide them. We know boys well.

What we have learned has been written into "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" for the parents of boys who know they have a boy problem. A copy of this booklet will be sent you with our compliments. Please address your request for a copy to

Sales Division, Box 275

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

five years ago salaries and wages took over eighty-two per cent of gross receipts, while last year they took over eighty-seven per cent each intervening year showing a rise. In the same years the expenditures for maintenance of plant have steadily fallen, both absolutely and relatively. Five years ago maintenance took twenty per cent of gross receipts—last year only twelve per cent.

All these figures, it should be said, are made after crediting the telegraph with the estimated value of services rendered free of cost to other departments of the government; so when you pay twelve cents to send your English telegram you are paying only two-thirds what the message costs. The extra six cents is paid by the government—which means the body of taxpayers. Or it may be argued that it comes out of the postal revenue proper, which, exclusive of telegraphs, shows a surplus. But, however you figure it, users of the telegraph system pay only two-thirds of what the service costs.

The last five years have not been exceptional in this regard, for the telegraph service has shown a deficit pretty steadily since the government took it over; so that giving a service at less than cost seems to be its settled policy.

In all branches the British post office employs two hundred and forty thousand persons—a fact which has considerable political significance. About a decade ago relations between the post office and its employees were decidedly strained, because the post office refused to recognize the labor unions to which some of its employees belonged—insisting on dealing with its men as individuals rather than through the representatives appointed by the unions. This led to a rather bitter fight, and one incident of the fight was that a postmaster-general lost his job. Various other explanations, official and non-official, were given; but no doubt it was the fight made on him by dissatisfied postal employees that forced him out of office.

The upshot of the contest was that the post office recognized the unions. Naturally this increased the membership and strength of the unions, and in late years labor questions have been settled by conferences between representatives of the post office and representatives of the unions.

In the last ten years organized labor in England has made many contests for the principle of recognition of labor unions, and has been pretty generally successful. As a recognized labor leader explained to me, the greatest of all victories in that line was the one over the post office because of its moral effect on other employees.

Unions being fully recognized, relations between the post office and its employees in late years have been quite amicable. It is the opinion of well-informed men that postal employees get better pay, better hours of work, more secure tenure, more consideration and more holidays than like labor in private employment. No doubt this condition sufficiently accounts for the fact that labor generally is in favor of nationalization of railroads in England.

The Pay of Postal Clerks

That telegraph wages take nearly eighty-eight per cent of the gross receipts of the service I mentioned above. For the whole postal service, salaries and wages—exclusive of engineering—took thirty-one per cent of gross receipts a generation ago, and of late years have taken from forty-seven to fifty-one per cent.

Under the head of Health of Staff the post-office report shows there were one hundred seventy thousand absences on sick-leave last year. In the metropolitan district fifty-five per cent of the men and eighty-three per cent of the women of the established staff were absent on sick-leave during the year, the absences averaging fourteen days for the men and seventeen for the women.

It may be mentioned that there are one hundred eighty-one thousand men employed and fifty-nine thousand women; but the women, in all the more important positions, such as the money-order department, and so on, are well organized, probably three-fourths of them belonging to unions.

As I write this a rumor is in circulation that a special committee of Parliament, which has been investigating the subject, is about to make a report recommending equal pay for equal work in the post office—that is, the same pay for a woman as for a man doing the same grade of work. If this Parliamentary report is made it will be a distinct victory for the organized women of the postal department.

That the organized employees of the post office constitute a political factor that every political leader is bound to take into account cannot be disputed. The reader may regard that as a good thing or a bad thing, according to his taste and inclination; but it is a thing that must be taken into account in any consideration of government ownership in a democratic country.

My own notion is that better wages and better hours—better treatment of labor all round—are decidedly good things; but they must be paid for. And a large body of citizens who stand in a dual relationship to the government, first as its employees, then as voters, tends to create a rather difficult situation in any democratic country, especially if the employees are well organized, as they are in England, and therefore able to act promptly as a unit.

Here again it is necessary to consider the comparatively small size of the British Government's trading enterprises.

The Strike at Leeds

That public ownership may count heavily against labor was recently illustrated at Leeds. Like a majority of British cities, Leeds owns the street-car lines as well as the gas, electric-light and water works, and some other utilities. Common ownership of these things naturally tended to solidify the labor employed. Last winter the men demanded a flat raise of two shillings a week all round. Some of them at least were no doubt underpaid. The city granted some increases in wages, but not all that was demanded. A strike began and at one time the whole municipal force was on strike.

The leaders calculated that the city would be obliged to surrender very quickly; that two days, at most, of complete tying up of the public utilities, including street cleaning, street-car service, and so on, would secure their demands. Now if any one set of them had been striking against a private employer public sympathy would have been a good deal on the side of the men; but this was a strike against the city, and the citizens rose up and smashed it. Volunteers carried on the necessary public works—manning the street cars, and so on, until the men gave in.

Under the same conditions the same thing has happened elsewhere, and sometimes on a larger scale. In striking against a government the men usually have public opinion against them. In striking against a private employer public opinion is likely to be with them. And every experienced labor leader knows—though he may deny it on occasion—that public opinion is an important element in nearly every strike.

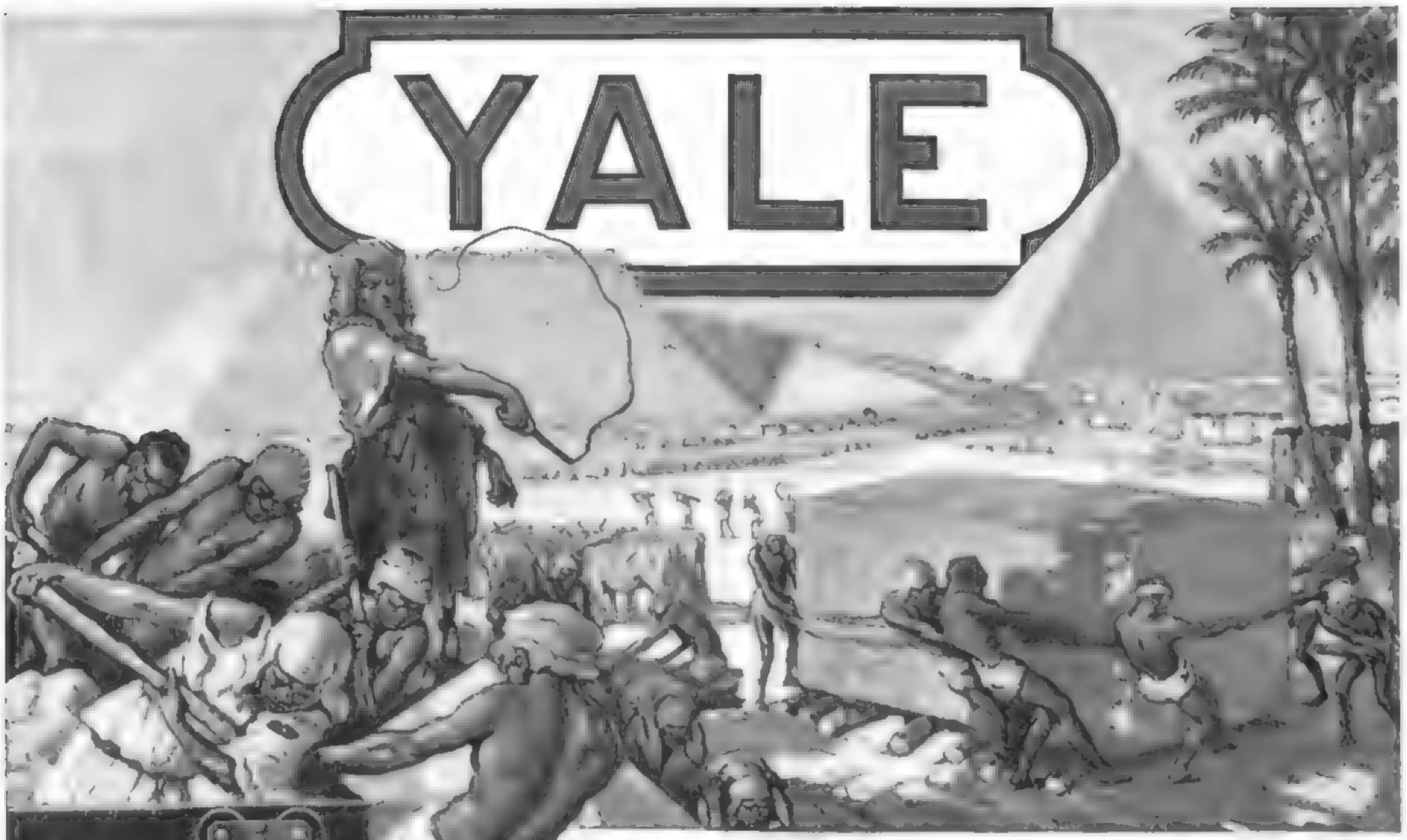
I am not trying to make an argument against government ownership or for it. Nobody worth considering would wish our Government to turn the mail service over to a private corporation. Most of the British cities own and operate street cars, gas plant, electric-light works, and do it quite successfully. The London County Council operates a very good street-car service in London.

On the other hand, privately owned motor busses and subways carry millions of passengers cheaply and, on the whole, quite satisfactorily. Both arrangements work very well as they stand. The County Council does nothing with the street cars which tends to show that it could do any better with the busses and subways than the present private owners do. Why, then, should it take them over?

The British Government has operated the telegraph for more than forty years—practically growing up with it, for the total number of telegrams handled in its first year was under ten millions, against over ninety millions now. Considering the deficit, it is doubtful whether it handles telegrams more cheaply than a private corporation would; but it is a fairly satisfactory established condition and it ought not to be radically changed except for some cogent reason. There ought to be a strong presumption that somebody would benefit by a change.

I believe the British mail service is better than ours, and if that assumption is correct a fair inference from it would be that our post-office department would handle telegrams and telephones less efficiently than the British post office does.

As for England's experience with publicly owned telephones, there is nothing in it from which a fair argument for public ownership of telephones in the United States can be deduced.



The building of the pyramids was a miracle of manual labor. But that was 4000 years ago—and besides you are not in the pyramid-building business

WE all wonder at the age-long persistence and grinding manual labor that raised and carried and set the giant blocks of stone that made the pyramids.

But today when there are loads to lift, loads to move, and loads to lower, the industrial world calls upon the Yale Triplex Block—the modern hoist with which one man alone can accomplish what 300 men *might* do unaided. It takes the place of the old-fashioned block-and-tackle, the floor truck and the crowbar and rollers.

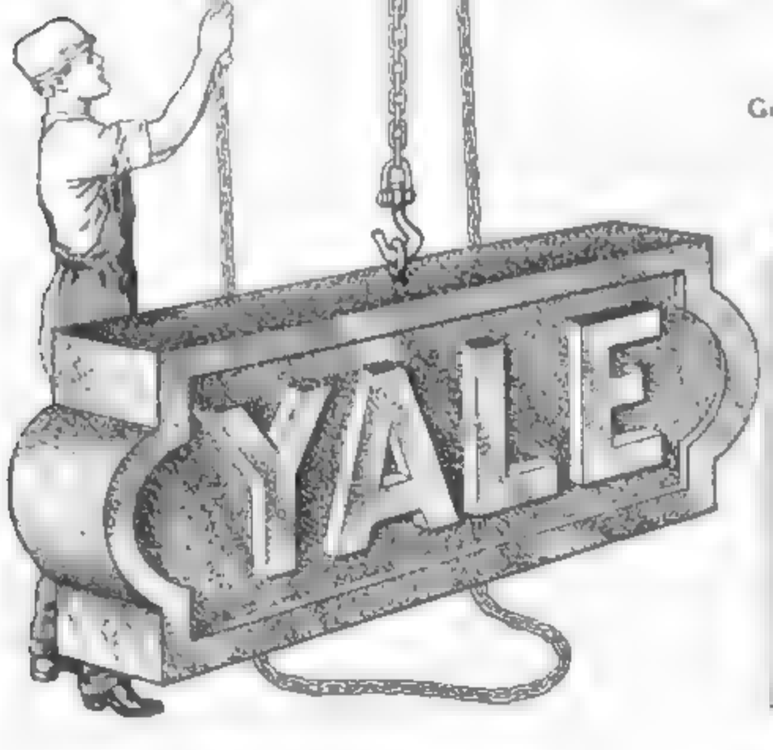
The Yale Triplex Block and trolley will lift *your* loads and carry them where you will, whether they weigh 100 pounds or 20,000 pounds. The Yale Triplex Block will do this efficiently, safely, easily, economically. And it will do it with the labor of one man's one hand.

Are you interested in knowing particularly how the Yale Triplex Block will help you to handle your loads in the better, safer and more economical way? Our book, "Hoists", tells a graphic story of facts and figures of special interest to YOU. A request will bring it.

The Yale Triplex Block is made by the manufacturers of *Yale Locks and Hardware*

The YALE TRIPLEX BLOCK—

From Hook to Hook a Line of Steel



THE YALE & TOWNE MANUFACTURING CO.

Makers of Yale Locks, Hardware and Chain Blocks

General Offices: Yale & Towne Building, 9 East 40th St., New York. Works: Stamford, Conn.

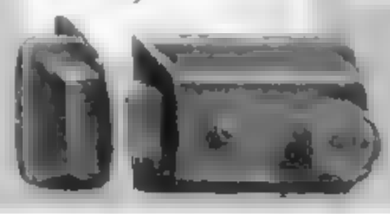
Chicago. San Francisco. Canadian Yale & Towne Limited, St. Catharines, Canada

Look for the name Yale on Locks and Hardware

Building a house? When you think of locks and hardware, what is the one word you think of first? YALE. But be sure you get Yale.

There's a whole lot of difference in the *insides* of padlocks. Buy your padlock with the name YALE on the *outside*.

Yale Night Latch. A burglar proof dead-lock. Attached to any door. Secure against everything except your own key.



Wherever there is an open door—front, back, pantry, bedroom or bathroom—there is need of a Yale Door-Closer.

Guaranteed

VITALIC TIRES

TRADE MARK

Bicycles - Motorcycles

Why this remarkable BICYCLE tire can be guaranteed

You have found that the rubber in some tires gets hard and cracks. That is because it was dried hurriedly and artificially. Natural drying is an expensive process and is out of the question with rubber that goes into cheap tires or into tires that are simply made to sell.

The pure rubber used in Vitalic Bicycle Tires, after it has been washed and rolled, is hung up in drying rooms and left there until it is dry naturally dry. All its original toughness and elasticity are retained.

The pure rubber inner tube of Vitalic Tires will remain elastic and unbreakable until the tire is worn out. Its tough, wear-resisting outer tread will endure until you've got your money's worth in actual mileage. To prove the sincerity of these claims, Vitalic Bicycle Guarantee

VITALIC BICYCLE TIRE GUARANTEE

"If Vitalic Tires do not,—in your judgment and to your entire satisfaction,—prove all we claim for them, you may return them to us and get your money back, or new tires."

Send for *Free Cross Section* of tire and for our new book,

"The Truth from Tube to Tread"

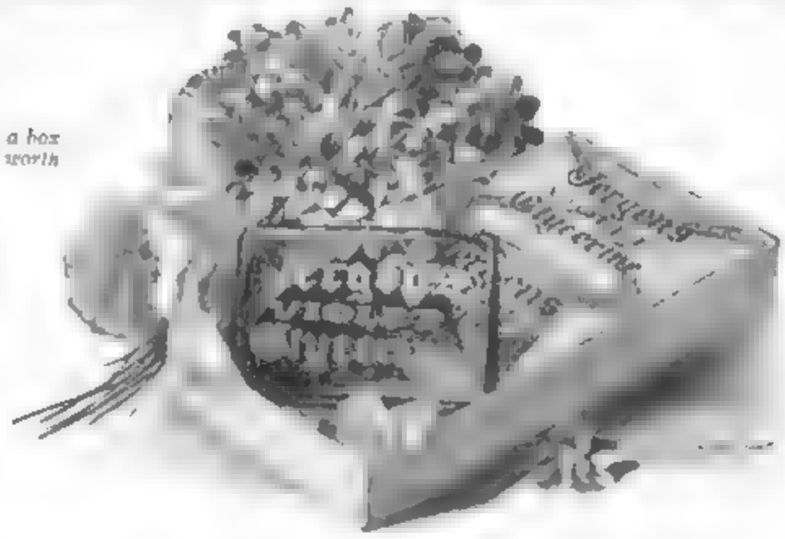
which tells many facts of interest about the tire question.

Continental Rubber Works

19th and Liberty Sts., Erie, Pa.

Largest Single Makers of Bicycle and Motorcycle Tires in the World

10c a cake; 25c a box
Let a quarter's worth



"Freshen-up"—just once!

—with this soap with the *real* fragrance of violets

Get Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap at your dealer's today.
Smell it!
Hold it to the light!
"Freshen-up" with it!

Its delicate perfume of fresh, sweet violets, its translucent color of fresh violet leaves, its instant lather so plentiful in any water, will bring to your "freshening-up" time a new delight.

Tear out the illustration of the soap above and tuck it in your purse as a reminder to get this "freshening-up" soap today.

See, when next you "freshen-up," what a sense of dainty cleanliness it brings you, what an exquisitely fresh fragrance it imparts to your skin.

Send 2c for a guest-size cake. Slip a 2c stamp and your name in an envelope. Mail it to us at once by return mail we will send you a guest-size cake of this "freshening-up" soap. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 30Y Cincinnati, Ohio.

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 12Y, Perth, Ontario.

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout The United States and Canada.

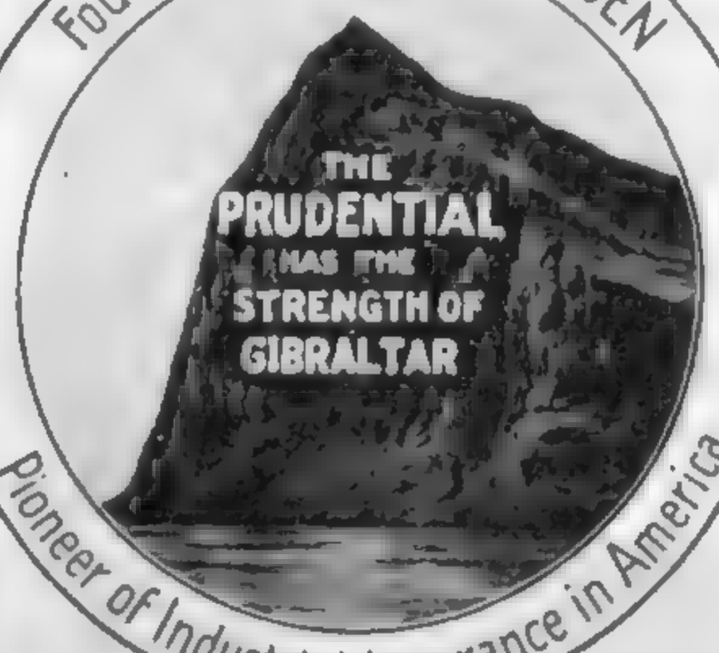
Jergens VIOLET Glycerine Soap

The Prudential

A National Institution of Public Usefulness

Assets, over	323 Million Dollars
Liabilities (Including Policy Reserve $260,000,000)	297 Million Dollars
Capital and Surplus, over	25 Million Dollars
Amount Set Aside for Holders of Deferred Dividend Policies, over	31 Million Dollars
Dividends Payable to Policyholders in 1914, over	6½ Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders during 1913, nearly	34 Million Dollars
Total Payments to Policyholders, since organization, over	300 Million Dollars
Number of Policies in Force	12 Million
Real Estate Mortgages and Farm Loans, over	92 Million Dollars
Voluntary Concessions Paid Policyholders to date, nearly	18½ Million Dollars

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN



Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

New Business Paid for during 1913, over 481 Million Dollars

LOWEST EXPENSE RATE IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY

Over Two Billion 406 Million Dollars Life Insurance in Force

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO., OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

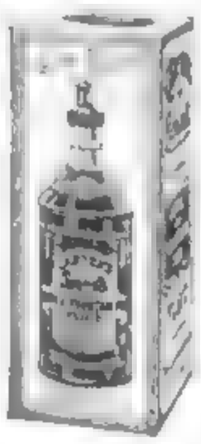
FORREST F. DRYDEN, President — Home Office, Newark, N. J.

The Prudential Issues Life Insurance for the Whole Family. Write for Information, Dept. 140.

Try This Ink in Mr. Carter's Inx

WE have produced the matchless ink that will keep Mr. Carter's Inx jolly and companionable. The new Flow Controller permits a touch of the finger to stop the flow, so that he never receives too much or too little. This ink with the new controller is called

Carter's Pencraft
Combined Office and Fountain Pen
Ink



and combines every known Carter Ink quality. *Besides, it is the matchless combination fluid for steel pens and all fountain pens.*

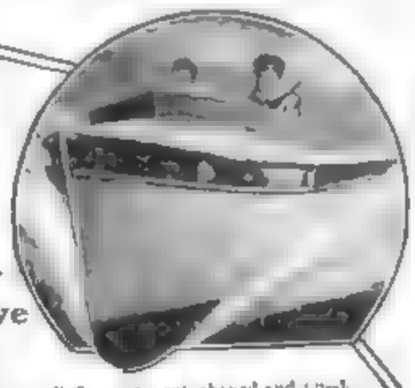
It is smooth and even-flowing. It writes a snappy blue and dries a brilliant, permanent black.

All the best stationers are now selling Carter's Pencraft Ink in various sizes at prices from $1.00 (quart) to 15 cents a bottle. Learn the convenience and economy of having a large sized bottle of ink on your home shelf ready to give Mr. Carter's Inx a drink when he gets thirsty.

Look for this decorated carton

After all, no ink like Carter's

You Can Build This Boat—and Save Money



We will send you all the parts, cut, shaped and ready for you simply put them together, guided by full size patterns and illustrated directions. The work is simple and easy anyone can do it.

THE BROOKS SYSTEM

enables you to build a fine cruiser, a launch, a [illegible] model sail boat, row boat or canoe—or a boat of any [illegible] a big saving. $2 and up buys full size patterns for [illegible] model. Only $30 buys complete knocked down frame for [illegible] foot power boat with patterns and directions to finish.

Boat Book Mailed Free

Write for it. Learn how easily you can own a beautifully [illegible] Know [illegible] Starting [illegible] Mail postal today.

BROOKS MFG. CO., 8344 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

Of the Patterns System of Boa[illegible]

HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS

Original and unequalled. Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires the inventor's signature [illegible] genuine

Stewart Hartshorn

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED [illegible] free. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent [illegible] list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for [illegible] FREE

Main Offices, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D.C.

JUNK

(Continued from Page 12)

of spume boiling in the breath of the gale—but somehow tonight it seemed worse than ever before. The crashing bows of the old liner drove up tons of brine that swept the forward decks and thumped sullenly against the walls of the wheelhouse. Far aft he could hear the quick swirl of the propeller as it rose and dived again.

"I'll be glad when we're in the lee of San Miguel Island," he thought. "I'm glad I didn't take the outside course. This is a very hard gale indeed."

An hour passed and Mr. Halsey came to him and cried into his ear that they should have raised Point Arguello Light.

"We haven't," said Singgold briefly. "Keep her wide!"

So another hour passed and still there was no light visible.

"We're held back by wind and current," the captain remarked calmly. "We will wait fifteen minutes more before we haul for the outside."

At this moment the quartermaster picked up the Light and Singgold verified it. "We shall soon be in the lee," he said.

"An S. O. S., sir," gasped the wireless operator at his elbow.

"Tell me the message," said the captain calmly, putting the paper in his pocket.

"Steamer Arrivaca. Thirty-three degrees and eighteen minutes north and 121-46 east. Machinery broken down, and sinking, sir."

"Tell the Arrivaca we are steaming to that position at full speed," said Singgold evenly. Then he picked up the speaking tube and called the engine room. "Chief," he said brusquely, "please carry all the steam you can and get all the power out of your engines possible. We are steaming to the relief of a sinking vessel off Santa Rosa Island."

"Shall I wreck this machine?" demanded Mr. Bales in his harshest tones.

"You know how to drive your engines," was the sharp response. "Drive them as you never did before!"

He then gave orders to change the course and take the direct road into the open sea. He figured his course in the chartdesk and told the chief officer, who had been called, that at full speed the Chittagong should reach the designated spot within three hours.

"The Arrivaca is an excursion steamer that makes trips round the islands," Mr. Masters announced; "usually carries about two hundred passengers."

By this time the old liner was shaking from keel to truck under the tremendous impulse of her hurrying engines, and the seas that piled over the port bow kept the decks full. The gale had risen to a hurricane and Mr. Masters loudly thanked his stars that the man in the wheelhouse knew the ship and his business.

Captain Singgold's ruddy cheeks were blazing as he felt his old command respond to the emergency. He strode back and forth on the bridge, with the brine dripping from his white beard and his eyes alight with strange fires. Each time the operator sent him up a fresh message of despair from the sinking steamer he would snatch up the speaking tube, call Mr. Bales and demand more speed. In some way that ancient mechanician managed to get more power, and when the day was fully come the Chittagong was plunging through the mountainous seas at a good sixteen knots, and the smoke from her funnel poured out in a steady, roaring stream.

"My Lord!" said the second mate to the third. "This is stepping some! She's some packet!" Pride rang in his voice.

It was eight o'clock when they sighted the wreck. It lay a mere speck on the leaping horizon, but Captain Singgold knew it instantly for what it was.

"Foundering!" he said curtly. "Mr. Masters, you and Mr. Halsey will see that our boats are ready to be swung out."

There was a moment's hesitation. It was Death that was hammering on the old liner's sides and stretching up huge fingers for its victims. Even running as she was, taking the seas on the starboard bow, two boats had been smashed in the chocks and a liferaft hurled clean into the boiling smother; but something in the old skipper's eyes brought the two mates to their duty. They dropped down the bridge ladder and were quickly at work, taking off boatcovers and overhauling falls.

It was just three-quarters of an hour before the Chittagong hove to windward of

GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY
TRUCKS

Quantity production, quick sales and small profits permit us to sell trucks of the *highest grade* at prices exceptionally low.

Gasoline Chassis	From 1¼ tons at	$1500
	To 5 tons at	3000
Electric Chassis less batteries	From 1000 lbs. at	$1200
	To 12000 lbs. at	2500

The increased demand for *G M C* trucks is substantial proof that those who need trucks approve of our product and our policy.

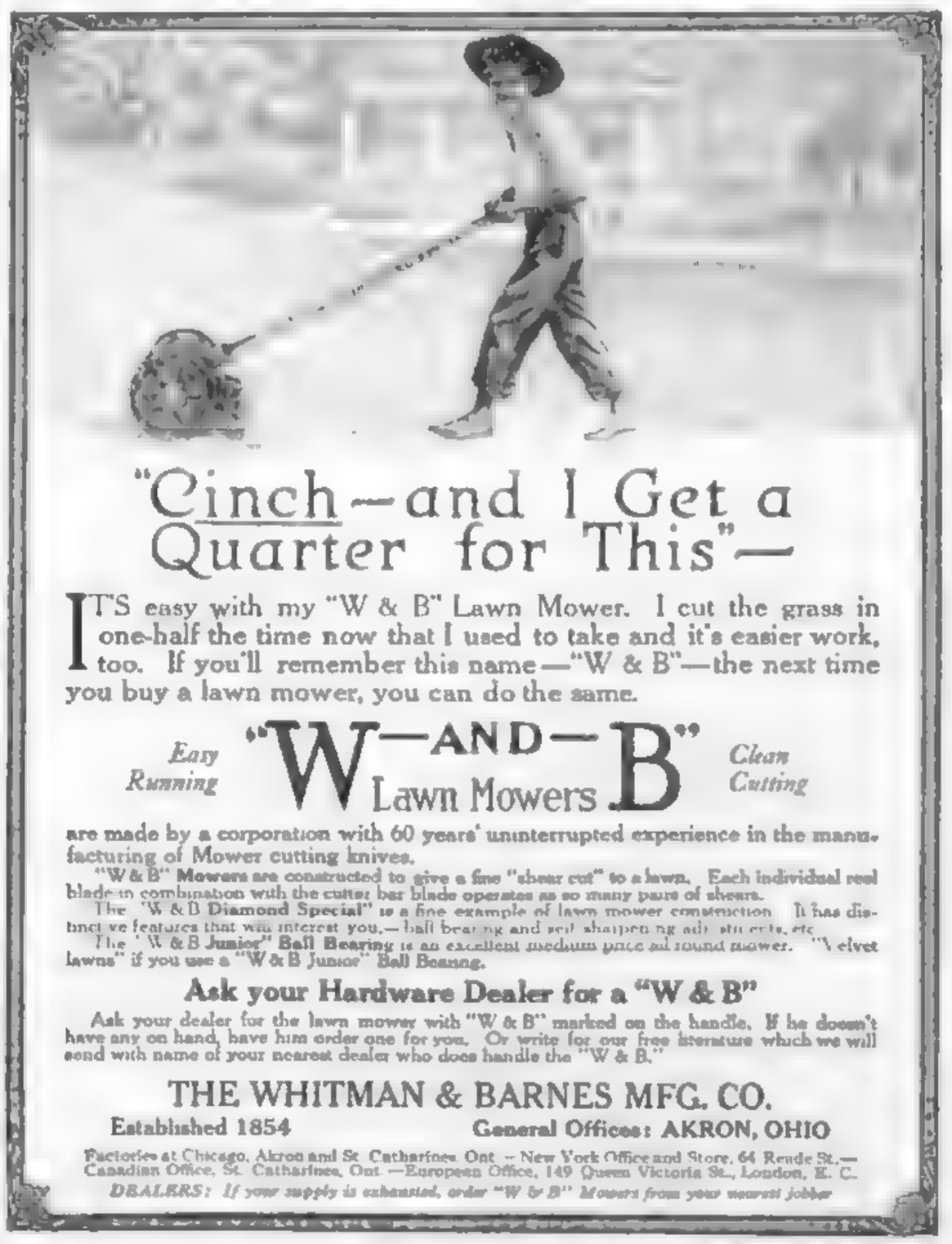
They know they can buy with assurance of complete satisfaction and with perfect confidence in the stability of the General Motors Truck Company—one of the units of General Motors Company, the strongest organization of its kind in the world.

Your business needs a truck with the SERVICE BUILT IN IT. If you choose a *G M C*—that's the kind of a truck you get.

Correspondence invited with dealers of financial responsibility.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY
Pontiac Michigan

Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis



"Cinch—and I Get a Quarter for This"—

IT'S easy with my "W & B" Lawn Mower. I cut the grass in one-half the time now that I used to take and it's easier work, too. If you'll remember this name—"W & B"—the next time you buy a lawn mower, you can do the same.

Easy Running **"W—AND—B" Lawn Mowers** *Clean Cutting*

are made by a corporation with 60 years' uninterrupted experience in the manufacturing of Mower cutting knives.

"W & B" Mowers are constructed to give a fine "shear cut" to a lawn. Each individual reel blade in combination with the cutter bar blade operates as so many pairs of shears.

The "W & B Diamond Special" is a fine example of lawn mower construction. It has distinctive features that will interest you,—ball bearing and self sharpening adjustments, etc.

The "W & B Junior" Ball Bearing is an excellent medium price all round mower. "Velvet lawns" if you use a "W & B Junior" Ball Bearing.

Ask your Hardware Dealer for a "W & B"

Ask your dealer for the lawn mower with "W & B" marked on the handle. If he doesn't have any on hand, have him order one for you. Or write for our free literature which we will send with name of your nearest dealer who does handle the "W & B."

THE WHITMAN & BARNES MFG. CO.
Established 1854 General Offices: AKRON, OHIO

Factories at Chicago, Akron and St. Catharines, Ont. — New York Office and Store, 64 Reade St.—Canadian Office, St. Catharines, Ont.—European Office, 149 Queen Victoria St., London, E. C.

DEALERS: If your supply is exhausted, order "W & B" Mowers from your nearest jobber

IN OLUS the outside shirt and underdrawers are **one garment.** This means that the shirt can't work out of the trousers, that there are no shirt-tails to **bunch in seat,** that the drawers **"stay put,"** to say nothing of the comfort and economy the saving of a garment affords.

OLUS is **coat cut**—opens *all the way down*—closed crotch—closed back. See illustration.

For golf, tennis and field wear, we recommend the special attached collar OLUS with regular or short sleeves. **Special sizes for very tall or stout men.**

All shirt fabrics, in smart designs, including silks—$1.50 to $10.00

OLUS one-piece PAJAMAS for lounging, resting and comfortable sleep. Made on the same principle as OLUS shirts: Coat cut—closed crotch—closed back. **No strings to tighten or come loose.** $1.50 to $8.50.

Ask your dealer for OLUS. If he cannot supply you, we'll send prepaid. **Booklet on request.**

PHILLIPS-JONES COMPANY, Makers, Dept. O, 1199 Broadway, NEW YORK

To dealer: If our representative does not call on you, write for Agency for PHILLIPS-JONES products—Emperor, Princely, Jack Rabbit and OLUS SHIRTS.

Plan Next Summer's Vacation

FIRST of all, you will need money. To go on a camping trip, you will need ten dollars or so; to go to the shore for two weeks, you may need forty dollars; a sea trip will probably cost you a hundred.

You can secure the funds you need without squeezing your present income

An hour or so a week as our representative in your own town will yield you the vacation money you want. Let us tell you how, like thousands of others, you can *guarantee* your next summer's outing.

This is the time to plan it. Write us now. We will tell you all about our offer. Address

Agency Division, Box 264

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

the Arrivaca. She was deep by the head and a hundred passengers were huddled on her afterdeck. A cloud of steam blew from her funnel, showing that the fires were being extinguished. Just as the Chittagong rolled into the trough of the sea a despairing, thin, tremulous cry came from the wreck. A huge comber swept over her almost submerged bows and broke in wild fury against the deckhouse.

Captain Singgold did not hesitate. He leaned far out over the after-rail of the bridge and bellowed his order to lower the boats. A moment later the little crafts were swinging over the crested surges toward the doomed vessel.

For the next hour Captain Singgold maneuvered with all the skill of his fifty years at sea to pick up his boats when they got away from the Arrivaca, while Masters and Halsey risked their lives every instant in getting the huddled passengers down the side of the rolling wreck and into their boats.

Meantime the hurricane continued to increase in force and the old liner lost one thing after another as the combers swept her; but at noon the Arrivaca's people were safe on board of her, and the wreck, as if having struggled to the limit of her strength, rolled under a terrific sea and did not appear again.

"Now for Santa Barbara!" said Singgold calmly when the last boat was aboard.

"You'll have to make it quickly!" growled Mr. Bales in his ear. "She's opened up below. Water's a foot deep in the fireroom. One of the boilers has fetched loose too. I just came up to tell you. I'll keep her going."

"Charlie," said the captain, putting his mouth to the chief's ear and whispering, "keep her going s'long as you can. I never knew the old packet to fail. She'll save these people anyway. I can tell by the feel of her that she won't last long; but spin those engines up as much as you can, Charlie."

Then he called the wireless operator and commanded him to send out his S. O. S. call.

"And keep it going, son, for we're in an awful tight pinch. Get the latitude and longitude from the third officer."

He then went down and saw to it that the rescued were well fed. To the gray-haired chief steward he said:

"Don't spare your stores. We won't need 'em ourselves."

And the old man looked at the captain and smiled—the solemn smile of those who must depart from the activities of life and assume the dignity of death.

For two hours the Chittagong ran before the howling hurricane, and then appeared a steam schooner. The wireless operator reported that she was coming to the rescue.

"Tell her to hurry, son!" was the grim answer.

It was drawing into the late afternoon when the other vessel hove to, a quarter of a mile from the old liner and sent word by her wireless that she had no boats left.

"We've got two," Singgold remarked. "Mr. Masters, you and Mr. Halsey will transship the passengers. I saved those boats a-purpose."

There was consternation among the saved from the Arrivaca when they were told they must leave the big Chittagong and once more brave the furious seas to reach the little steamer that rolled to leeward. Then some one openly refused to go and there was a tempest of revolt.

When he heard of this Captain Singgold came down himself. He strode into the hysterical throng and raised his voice authoritatively and effectively.

"This ship is sinking!" he said. "You have only half an hour to save yourself. Women and children first! Have no fear!"

From the bridge he again superintended the getting away of the boats. It was a comparatively easy matter, for the Chittagong made a good lee and the master of the steam schooner crept up to within a cable's length. The boats had made two trips each and had come back, their crews exhausted.

"Now," said Singgold calmly, "take our crew off. Be sharp about it too!"

He saw the mates race back to their boats and bent over the speaking tube.

"Chief," he said quietly, "send your men topside. Would you mind staying by your engines a little while longer?"

"Oh, I'll stay!" came back the bitter response.

Singgold rang his engines astern; and as the old Chittagong slowly drew back abreast of the other steamer he waved his hands to the officers to lower away. He saw that both boats were full. He rang the engines down, stared at the dial a moment and then put his hand over his quivering lips. The dying liner had done her duty gloriously. Now she was to rest forever.

Mr. Bales came slowly up the bridge steps and bent his seamed face before the gale. Behind him came the boson, and behind him the head fireman. Singgold looked at them, the men who had been with him when the Chittagong came racing round the Horn a maiden ship.

"A boat will be back for you," he said gently.

They turned their eyes toward the steam schooner. The boson gave a grunt.

"That whooping sea will get 'em if they ain't quick!" he muttered.

With unwinking eyes they watched the tragedy. They saw the two boats sweep alongside, the quick grasping for the falls, the wild pulling on them, the slow creeping of the laden boats up the steamer's streaming flank. Then the huge and terrific sea flung the little steamer far over, roared over its bows and tossed the boats upward. They saw the men spilled out on the deck, saw them grasp at handholds, discerned their agonizing struggle not to be thrust overboard. Then the two empty boats rose in shattered fragments and flew away before the shrieking wind.

"No more boats!" said Singgold slowly, shielding his face from the stinging gale. "We're going with the Chittagong."

The four of them stared down at the decks, now awash and filled with foaming water; they stared at the cruel and heartless sea.

"Well," said Charlie Bales, "I guess we'll stay with her."

Tom Allen peered from under the pent of his sou'wester.

"Yes, sir; we'll go with her."

The head fireman puffed out his hairy chest and made gruff assent.

"Charlie," said Singgold quietly, "I'm sorry I couldn't get you off. I did my best—and the old Chittagong did her best; but we're all old."

"I don't mind," rasped the engineer. "I'm going down to my cabin."

"I think I'll go down to my room, sir," said the boson quietly.

"I might draw them fires," said the fireman.

Two of the men went down the lurching steps and vanished, but Captain Singgold laid a detaining hand on the chief engineer's arm.

"I want to say something to you, Charlie," he said. "Let's get in the lee of the chartroom."

Standing squarely on their feet, they looked at each other.

"There's one thing I never told you about my wife—Ruth," said the captain. "You remember when we were married? She came into the room that night with her hair down and said to me: 'Ted, all this has got to end some time. You or I will have to go first—and alone. I hope I'll go first.'"

Singgold paused and his lips quivered.

"She went first. She was buried off this ship. I've crossed that spot hundreds of times, and I've said: 'There'll be somebody to meet me.' You haven't anybody to meet you, Charlie. Ye remember how she used to always ask you to supper? I—I want ye to come with me, seeing you've got nobody waiting on the pier. She'll be awful glad to see you."

There was silence between them. The chief engineer rubbed his hands on a sodden bit of waste.

"She'll be awful glad to see you, Charlie. Come with me!"

"I'm nothing but old junk," muttered the engineer huskily.

"S'far as that goes, we're both junk; but Ruth won't think so. I'm just asking you to come with me—to supper."

Beneath them the Chittagong trembled terribly. Together they made their way to the forward bridge. Far off they saw the steam schooner. Below them the bows of the old liner were sinking beneath the waves.

"Yes, Charlie," said Captain Singgold, grasping the engineer's arm tenderly, "you just come with me. I'll take you along with me. Ruth will be mighty glad to see you."

A tremendous sea rose out of the dusky distance and raced toward the dying Chittagong. It seemed to pause a moment over her submerged bows and then swept clear over her, while the captain and the chief engineer stood calmly side by side, Captain Singgold's hand still steady on Mr. Bales' arm

As Easy As A High Grade Motor Car And Infinitely Easier Than Many A Low Priced One

TWO-SPEED YALE TWIN

$285

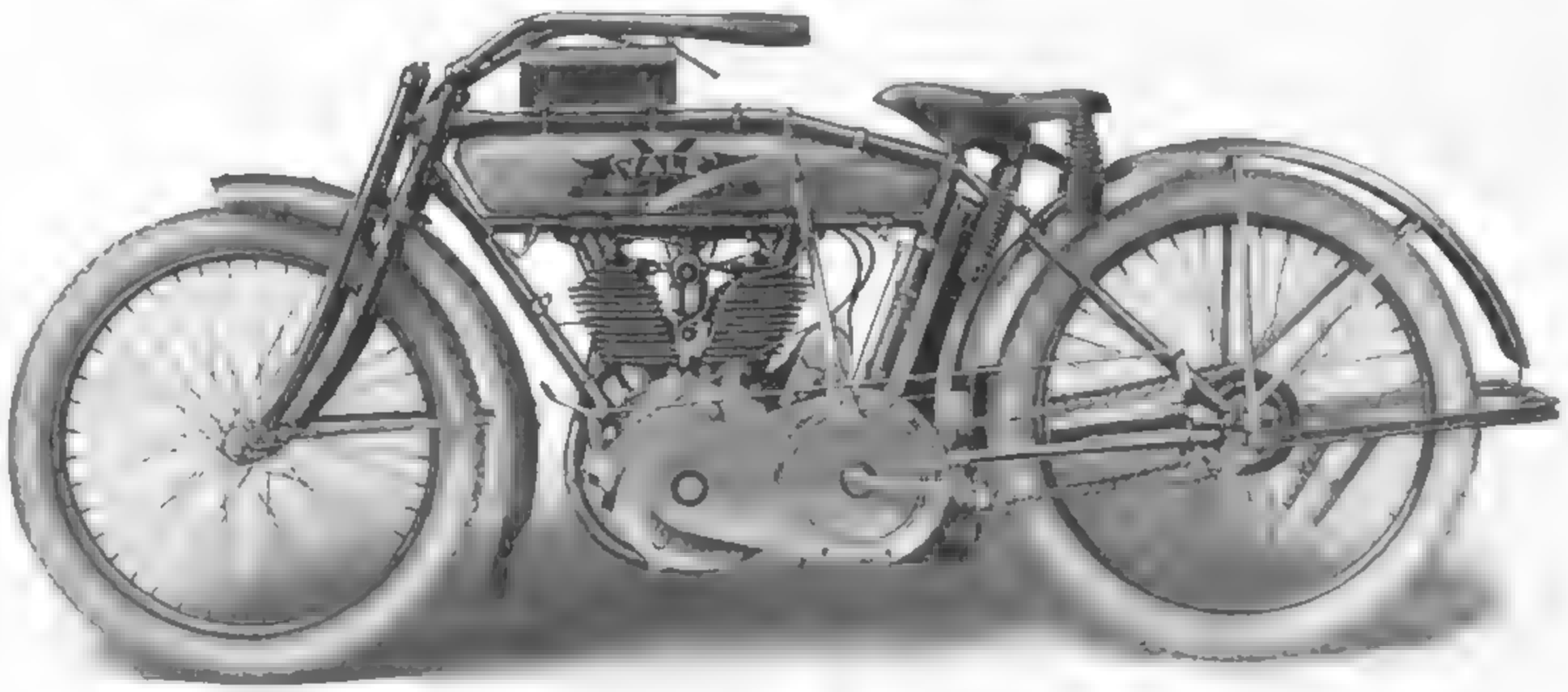
F. O. B. TOLEDO, OHIO

Only motorcycle with two-speed gear *built into countershaft.*

Only two-speed with *one-hand, one-motion control*

Only motorcycle with two speed gear built into *all models without extra cost*

Two-Speed Yale Single F. O. B. Toledo **$235**



Transmission Side of Yale Twin, Showing Patented Two-Speed Gear *Built Into* Every Yale

DOES THE Side-Car ride as comfortably as a *high class motor car?*

It *does* if it is attached to the Two-Speed Yale.

It *does not* when attached to a single speed motorcycle or one not equipped with a Two-Speed which equals the Yale.

Do we mean that the Side-Car passenger is actually as *comfortable* as the passenger in a touring car tonneau?

We *do*—and every Yale dealer in America stands ready to *demonstrate* it.

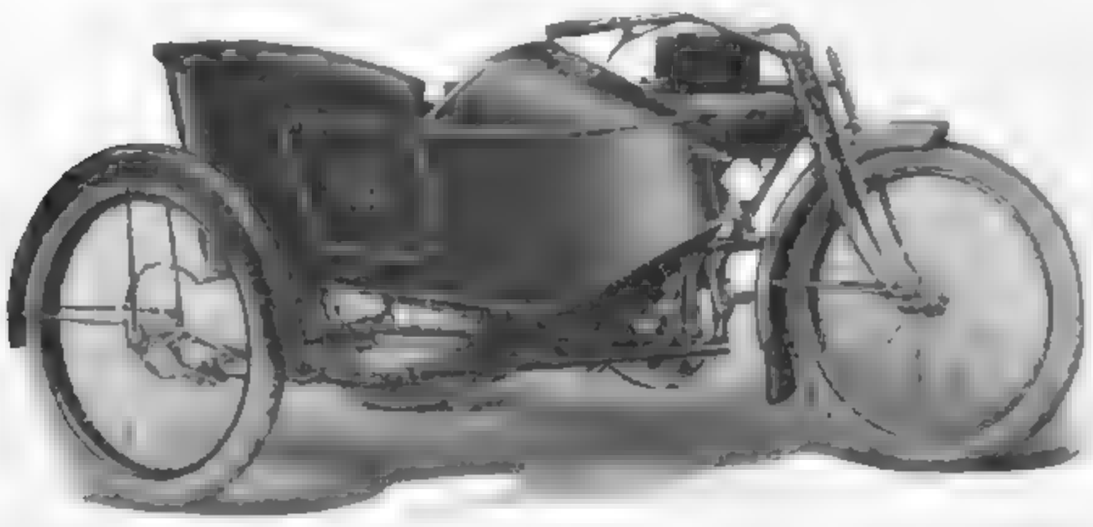
We mean that the Yale Side-Car "gives" and "takes" in its spring action as perfectly as a high class touring car.

We mean even more. We mean that the Yale Side-Car rider is joggled and jolted and swayed and swung less than the rider in a motor car.

Yale Side-Car springs are "compensating" springs—one motion "taking up" and neutralizing the other.

The rider simply sits suspended, close to the ground, in continuous ease. He or she is *above* the jolts and jars, and free from them, instead of being subjected to them.

And what is true of the one who rides in the Yale Side-Car is true of the man who rides the Two-Speed Yale itself.



Comfortable Yale Side-Car—Note Graceful, "Stream-line" Body

The Jolts, The Jars, The Bumps —Are Gone

There *was* some vibration and shock in the old single speed motorcycle.

But the Two-Speed Yale practically eliminates the jolts, the jars, the bumps.

It makes motorcycle riding *smoother* than it ever was before.

It makes motorcycle riding *simpler* than it ever was before.

It makes motorcycle riding more *economical* than it ever was before.

These claims may sound extravagant.

But in reality we are *under*stating, rather than *over*stating the advantages conferred on the Yale by its Two-Speed gear.

Judge the Two-Speed Yale by What It Does

We want you to *satisfy yourself*, though—by seeing the Yale—by taking a ride *on* it, or *in* the Side-Car.

Go see your Yale dealer today—

Tell him you want to *know more* about "the new kind of motorcycle"—the Two-Speed Yale.

Get in the Side-Car.

Watch him change from high to low, or low to high, with *one simple, easy motion.*

Note how easily he stops, starts, or slows down, in crowded quarters.

No Hill the Two-Speed Yale Can't Climb

Have him take you to the highest, steepest, wickedest hill in town.

Note how tranquilly you soar to the top.

Experience these sensations yourself—*learn* for yourself the *comfort*, the *power*, the *simplicity*, the *wonderful all-around ability* the Two-Speed Yale offers you.

Then let the Yale dealer give you the "whys and wherefores."

You can't be content this year unless you have a *good Two-Speed* mount—and there are a number of Yale advantages *you can't get elsewhere.*

Don't wait—you can't afford to—because the one sure way to get a Two-Speed Yale is to get it *now.*

The Consolidated Manufacturing Company

1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio

Also Manufacturers of

Yale and Snell Bicycles, Hussey Handlebars, Steel Tubing Bent Parts, Drop Forgings

Pacific Coast Representative:

The Yale California Company

511-512 L. A. Investment Bldg.
Los Angeles, Cal.

FOR INFORMATION SEND THIS COUPON

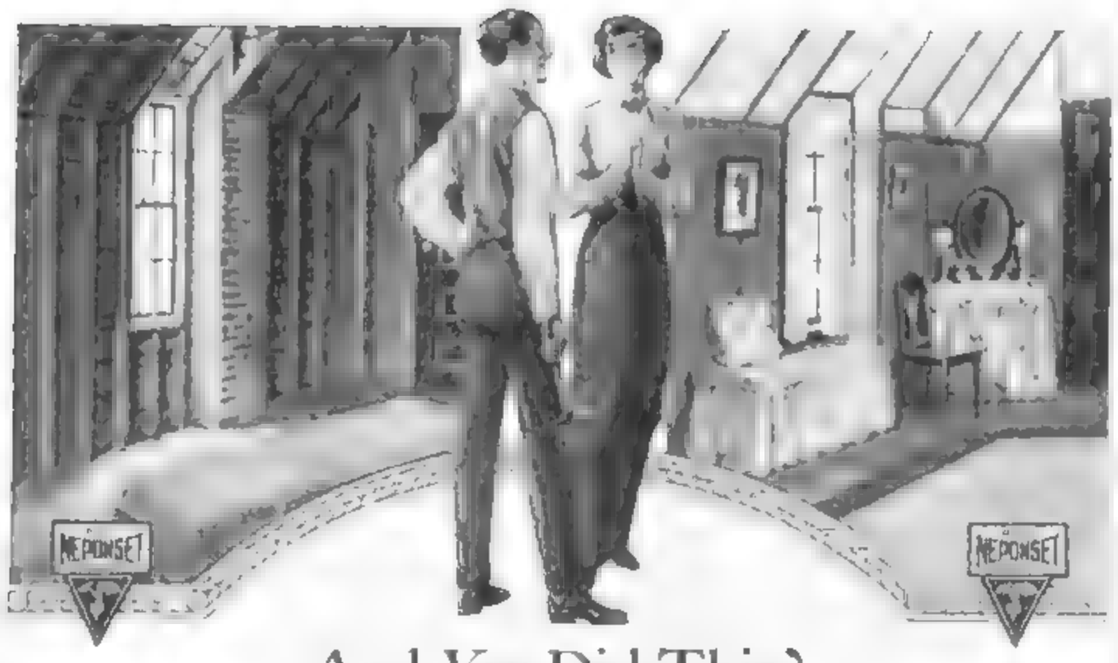
Consolidated Mfg. Co.
1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

[Check here]

Send me name of Yale Dealer ☐
Send me Yale Detail Book ☐

Name

Address



And *You* Did This?

YOU don't need plaster and laths—you don't even have to be "handy" with tools to do as this husband has done. With wide (32 inch) sheets of *already decorated* Neponset Wall Board, a saw, hammer and nails, you can easily and quickly change a garret or unfinished room into a beautifully finished room.

Just nail to studding—or over plaster. Then cover joints with battens. Three most attractive finishes—plain oak, cream white and burnt leather. No painting necessary. Entirely takes the place of lath and plaster. Much more quickly applied. Costs less.

Neponset Wall Board is just the thing for partitioning large offices or factory spaces.

NEPONSET WALL BOARD

Ideal for making ice-cream parlors, altering halls into Moving Picture Theatres, erecting garages, etc., etc.

SURELY SEND for samples, because nothing else can tell you so eloquently the wonderful possibilities of this material

BIRD & SON (Est. 1795) 342 Neponset St., East Walpole, Mass.

The makers of the famous "ready-made" Neponset Roofings for over forty years — Neponset is a reputable Building Paper.

New York
Chicago
Washington
San Francisco

Portland, Ore.
Canadian Office and Plant
Hamilton, Ont.

A MAN MUST BE PROUD OF HIS BUSINESS BEFORE HE FEELS ANY INCENTIVE TO PUT HIS LETTERS ON OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

THOUGHT THAT YOU wish to express about yourself, but cannot put in words—the subtle suggestion that you are proud of your business and ambitious for it—your stationery says that. You may be sure your readers look for this hidden message too, and Old Hampshire Bond stationery tells every man who opens your envelopes and reads your letters the one thing you have left unsaid, yet want him to know. This paper is economical because of its efficiency.

Old Hampshire Bond

¶ Write on your present letterhead for samples of modern letterheads on Old Hampshire Bond. If you care to include 10c. we will send along a sample box of Old Hampshire Bond Semi-Business Stationery.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.
THE ONLY PAPER MAKERS IN THE WORLD MAKING BOND PAPER EXCLUSIVELY

Why Grow Two Apples Where One Grew Before—IF You Can't Sell the Extra Apple?

THIS man is going to sell his apples and eggs and vegetables this year because he made use of *The Country Gentleman* Selling Service. We will tell you how to sell the products of your farm, too, if you will write out your problems and send them to us.

Selling Service shows you how to find customers, how to pack produce, how to ship to market, how to get better prices. Address

Selling Service Department

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five Cents the Copy, of all Newsdealers. $1.50 the Year, by Mail

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa

I have a small truck farm and want to specialize in eggs, live poultry—broilers and roasters—berries, fruit, vegetables, and probably butter and buttermilk. I should like information on packing and marketing over wagon route. Is there any way I could obtain tiptop prices? S. I. L., N. C.

ONE variety of packing material will serve as the basis for pretty nearly everything you enumerate, and that is waterproof, semi-transparent parchment paper, which comes in sheets measuring twenty-four by thirty-six inches, and costs about a cent a sheet. This will make an attractive, sanitary wrapper for poultry, butter and vegetables, provided they are carefully cooled before being packed. There is also on the market a fast-color tape in red and other colors and of various widths for tying fancy packages. Eggs can be marketed in cardboard boxes holding a dozen, costing about a cent. Buttermilk ought to go into regular milk bottles with paper caps.

Your proposition is one of supplying a number of families in the best residential section with most of the produce needed for the table at prices as high as the stores charge, by reason of better quality and cleanliness of your produce. Make the service as regular and complete as possible, and get out a folder telling what measures you take at your farm to be clean. If your farm is a place that can be shown to advantage, let people know that you like visitors. Get close to your customers in filling orders; not only let them know that you will bring an extra roaster or basket of fruit on the wagon whenever they want supplies in an emergency, but call them up yourself the day you are picking and packing, and take orders.

$35,000 in Assets; $11,000 a Year Profit—

Without Investment

This Letter Tells How It Was Done

Menasha, Wisconsin

"Seven years ago the Phillips Company installed a $35,000 Automatic Sprinkler System in the plants of the Menasha Paper Co. We *did not invest a dollar,* but agreed to give them our insurance savings of a few years.

"Two years ago they gave us the system—terminated their contract. We now get *all the insurance savings ourselves.* They amount to $11,000 a year, showing us a 31% profit on the $35,000 *we never invested.*

"But $35,000 increase in assets and $11,000 a year profits seem relatively small considering the fact that the system *saved our mills from destruction* three years after it was installed. Without this protection our steady going business would have been crippled and our enormous tonnage curtailed.

"Further than this, we know our employees are now safe from fire—and this is a load off our minds."

MENASHA PAPER COMPANY
M. H. Ballou, *Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.*

WHAT we did for the Menasha Paper Co. we have done for hundreds of others—can do for you. Mail us the coupon below and we will soon tell you how quickly we can give you *your* system. The protection against fire *you get at once.* That's the big thing.

THE PHILLIPS CO.

Temple Building So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

COUPON

Insurance carried _____

Rate, cts. per $100 _____

Size of Building _____

Name _____

Address _____

Smooth and Delightfully Soft

AND guaranteed in writing to wear four [illegible] or replaced with a new pair. That's the kind of [illegible] you receive when you ask for

BUSTER BROWN'S DARNLESS Guaranteed Hosiery

For Men, Women & Children

[illegible] with a [illegible] and styles, all [illegible] and [illegible]

Ask Your Dealer

[illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible]

BUSTER BROWN'S HOSIERY MILLS
901 Sherman Avenue
Chattanooga, Tenn.

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: The incredible and incessant clamor of the Democrats for office continues unabated. Every known device and some not previously known—for making vacancies has been resorted to by the harassed senators and representatives; and still the wolves howl unceasingly. They want jobs, these Democrats, jobless for sixteen years; and they do not see why they cannot have them. Nor will they see.

"This man is a Republican, isn't he?" they ask of their supposedly influential man in Congress.

"He is."

"And I am a lifelong Democrat, ain't I?"

"You are."

"And I've supported you loyally in the past, haven't I?"

"You have."

"Well, then," shouts the place hunter, "why don't you turn him out and put me in? What good did it do us Democrats to get control of the Government if the Republicans are to hang on to the places and get the money? Answer me that!"

There isn't any answer to that kind of talk. All excuses that the civil service interferes; that the policy of the Administration is to allow officials to serve out their terms; that there can be removals, in many cases, only for cause, fall on indignant ears. The rank and file of the party do not understand. They do not want to understand. What they want is jobs, and they expect their representatives at Washington to get those jobs for them. There is no reasoning with them, no pleading with them that is effectual.

"We want jobs!" is the battle cry of the jobless Democrats, and they intend to have jobs or take such reprisals as they can.

The Voracious Victors

Viewed from a distance, a man who is a senator of the United States seems to have a great and comfortable position, and he has. Outsiders are accustomed to think of him as a statesman participating in momentous discussions of big affairs, shaping and debating legislation, consulting with the President on matters of national and international import, pronouncing and perfecting far reaching policies, and all that.

But are they? Not exclusively, my dear James, not exclusively. The fact is that the greater number of the senators of the majority and the greater number of the representatives of the majority—the Democrats—are patronage brokers, no more and no less. Their chief concern is to get jobs for their constituents. Their chief grief comes when they do not get them; and most of their troubles may be summed up under the broad, general heading of patronage.

The early hurrah and elation are gone. The senators and representatives have settled down to the grind, and with the settling down many trials and tribulations have come. Big Democrats are getting sore. Patronage is on their nerves. They are ridden to distraction by the place hunters; and they, in turn, ride the place givers to distraction. So inconsequential a thing as a little public office has caused hard feeling between men in Congress and men in the Cabinet. Legislators who have been friends for years are at odds. Underneath there is a great dissatisfaction.

The job business is the most perplexing and most troublesome phase of the cares of a new Administration. You cannot make a Democrat who has been a Democrat always, and who has stood by the party in times of defeat, think that a Republican should continue in the office the Democrat wants for himself. Merit system, civil service, tenure of office, policy of the Administration—none of these arguments has the slightest effect. The creed of the average Democrat is: "To the victors belong the spoils!" And that is the creed of the average Republican and the average Progressive.

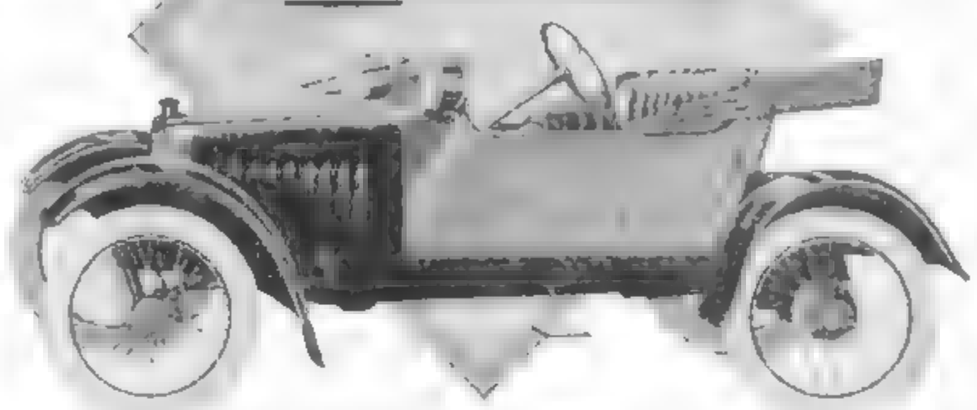
"We won, didn't we?" they ask.

"Yes."

"Then give us the jobs! We are entitled to them and we are going to have them."

SAXON $395

A Good Low Priced Car



The price of $395 includes Top, Windshield, Lamps and Tools

A high-grade, well-designed, carefully built, lightweight automobile, with four-cylinder motor, standard tread, standard features; produced by an experienced, soundly financed organization.

The Saxon is not a cyclecar, but a real automobile—the first car to offer all the essential features of standard motor car practice at a price under $500. The first cost is lower than a good horse and buggy, the upkeep cost far less. Considering time saved, it is cheaper than riding on street cars

The Saxon meets the demand for a low-priced car that is both good and good-looking. It is a big car for the price, with 96-inch wheelbase; roomy, comfortable body; ample leg room; generous doors.

There is nothing skimpy or cramped about the Saxon. Molded oval fenders, tapered bonnet, streamline body, graceful, sweeping curves make this car a delight to the eye. The Saxon has style.

The Saxon is a car of the widest usefulness—a source of pleasure and health for the man of moderate means, a great time-saver for salesmen, physicians, contractors and all others to whom time is money; an economical convenience for the man who already owns a big car who can use the Saxon to better advantage than his big car for running about town and in a dozen other ways.

It is a car for the young man—or for the young couple. In a Saxon two people can enjoy all the pleasures of touring at a cost so low as to be negligible.

Saxons are selling fast everywhere. See your dealer early for a demonstration. Send the coupon today for a detailed description of this sturdy car.

SAXON MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

SAXON
Good Low Priced Car

This is the Saxon Trademark

For centuries the Saxon race has typified strength, simplicity, durability, courage and endurance. Saxons have made good all around the world. Among motor cars Saxon stands for simplicity of design, sturdiness of construction, economy of operation, and endurance. The true-blue Saxon makes good everywhere.

Saxon Features

4-Cylinder Motor, water cooled.
Standard Tread.
96" Wheelbase.
Left Drive, Center Control, enter from either side.
15 Horsepower.
Sliding Gear Transmission.
More leg room than high priced cars.
Streamline Body.
Honeycomb Radiator.
Dry Plate Clutch.
Light Weight.
Wire Wheels.
Good Looks.
Low Upkeep.

Saxon Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.
Kindly send me your catalog.
Name
Street
City
State

EXTENDED [illegible] FOLDED

Cuts Like Price

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

PLANT THE SEED TAPE!

IT'S THE SCIENTIFIC WAY
Make Vegetable Gardening Easy

Just unwind American Seed Tape from spool and plant as directed. Selected seeds, properly spaced inside paper tape and fastened with glue fertilizer, insures a quick, sturdy growth, because the paper attracts moisture to the already fertilized seed. Sprouts a week earlier than seeds planted in [illegible]. Proper spacing means no seed wasted—no thinning out. You save time and back-breaking labor.

Send ONE DOLLAR for 50 ft. *each of White and Red Radish, Boston and Curly Lettuce, Onion, Spinach, Beet, Turnip, Carrot and Cabbage Seeds.* 500 ft. in all. Correct planting instructions in each package. Send the dollar now. *NO AGENTS.*

AMERICAN SEED TAPE CO.
1604 Walnut Avenue CLEVELAND, OHIO

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search
BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES **FREE**
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer,* Washington, D. C.

The United Mills Offer Great Bargains, Direct to You, in Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, Blankets

WE PAY FREIGHT
United Mills Mfg. Co.

SAFETY FIRST

You never bought better tires than you buy in Goodrich Tires this year

We never made tires as good as we are now making them.

\+ + +

This is simply for the reason that in all our forty-four years of manufacturing experience our idea has been longer service and more satisfaction to tire users.

\+ + +

Goodrich leads in *quality*. We set the standard by which all other tires are judged.

\+ + +

We have not only been pioneers in perfecting and devising the best means to put mileage and quality into rubber and fabrics, but we have been the pioneers in bringing tire prices to their present low level and raising the standard of quality.

\+ + +

All this in addition to the pleasing sense of security which you have when you equip your car with Goodrich Safety Tread Tires.

The Accepted Standard

Goodrich Safety Tread Tires

Best in the Long Run

The Goodrich Safety Tread

Five Bars and a Crosstie —the Safety First Symbol

Just the unit-group of bars and crosstie which brace and balance the strain on the tire so that the Safety Tread runs as a smooth tread does and gives more actual service and mileage.

Here are the prices on the best tires ever produced in the Goodrich factory:

Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Grey Inner Tube Prices	Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Grey Inner Tube Prices
30 x 3	$11.70	$12.65	$2.80	34 x 4½	$33.00	$35.00	$6.15
30 x 3½	15.75	17.00	3.50	35 x 4½	34.00	36.05	6.30
32 x 3½	16.75	18.10	3.70	36 x 4½	35.00	37.10	6.45
33 x 4	23.55	25.25	4.75	37 x 5	41.95	44.45	7.70
34 x 4	24.35	26.05	4.90	38 x 5½	54.00	57.30	8.35

Dealers almost everywhere have Goodrich Tires or can get them for you from one of our Branches or Depots.

Factories: Akron, Ohio **The B. F. Goodrich Co.** Branches in All Principal Cities

There is nothing in Goodrich Advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

For Interesting and Valuable Information about **PATENTS WANTED** and *bought* by Manufacturers, send 6 cents postage for large Illustrated paper *Visible Results* and Terms Book. E. G. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 2, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Dept 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

LOOKS FINE AND WEARS WELL

You'll never expect to get more out of hosiery than you'll find in every pair of "Notaseme"—for men, women and children.

Dealers or Notaseme Hosiery Co., Philadelphia

NOTASEME SILK LISLE 25¢ HOSIERY

Shirley President Suspenders 50¢

Help clothes fit; make shoulders happy

"Satisfaction or money back"

Be sure "Shirley President" is on buckles

The C. A. Edgerton Mfg. Co., Shirley, Mass.

We Will Pay For Your Next Summer's Vacation

GO where you please; do what you like. We will advance the money you need, in exchange for a little of your spare time this spring. Hundreds of young men and women have been able to go to the shore, to the mountains, to the country, because they accepted *this offer we are making you.* Upon receipt of your letter, we will tell you why we will "finance" your vacation. Address

Agency Division, Box 272

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Democrats in Washington are doing the best they can, but their best isn't good enough. And the cruel feature of it all is this: When a senator or a representative gets a place for a constituent, that doesn't help the giver any. Instead, it hurts him; for always there are several candidates for each office, and they continue angry and resentful until their dying days.

You cannot make any applicant for an office believe that his claims for recognition are not greater and more securely founded than those of any of his competitors. You cannot make him think that another deserved the office more than he did. That is contrary to the nature of the human animal. He thinks he is preëminently the person for the place. He doesn't get it; and he becomes an enemy of the man to whom he applied and a disgruntled party member forever after.

Take the post-office situation, because there are more postmasterships than other offices. Postmaster-General Burleson, working at the highest possible speed, appointed sixteen thousand postmasters during the first year of the Wilson Administration. He replaced sixteen thousand Republican postmasters with sixteen thousand Democratic postmasters—an average of more than fifty a day for the three hundred working days of the year. That, of course, didn't make much of a dent in the total number of postmasters in this country, which is in the neighborhood of eighty or ninety thousand; but it shows that the Postmaster-General is at least making an earnest effort to put Democrats where Republicans have flourished for sixteen years, subject to such limitations as are prescribed.

Substituting postmasters seems a comparatively easy thing to do, you think. Well, let me tell you some things about it, just to show you how fierce the strife is and how difficult the situations, of both the Postmaster-General and the Democratic senators and representatives, to say nothing of the position of the President himself, who must pass on all first, second and third class appointments to postmasterships.

Four disappointed candidates for post offices have committed suicide since March 4, 1913, when Postmaster-General Burleson took office. Several others have tried to kill themselves. A number became insane over their failure of recognition.

The President Not to Blame

In several states the two senators have had bitter quarrels over small post-office appointments. In numerous cases these quarrels have been carried to the White House, with consequent disturbance of the President and his Congressional policies.

To show you how seriously the Senate takes it, five or six hours were spent fighting over the confirmation of a man appointed postmaster of a small Western town—five or six hours of the time of the Senate of the United States over a twenty-five-hundred-dollar job! This is but one of many similar instances.

The Postmaster-General is blameless. His appointments are made according to his best lights. He is an able and conscientious man, and he has a place of enormous difficulty. The senators and representatives are not to blame. They do the best they can for the party, for the local communities affected, and with an eye to the most advantageous political effect. The President is not to blame. He depends, as he must, on the recommendations of those beneath him, who are familiar with all the circumstances.

It is the system that is to blame—the system of parceling out offices as reward for voting this way or that; the system that places the administration of the business affairs of this Government in the hands of the party for the instant in power and, disregarding the plain business sense of the situation, makes a political reward of an Administration place instead of making that place a business responsibility.

Of course all this is as old as the hills. It has been going on since we began as a nation, and in all probability it will go on until the end. I cite it merely to show that, so far as demanding spoils for victory is concerned, we haven't advanced an inch beyond the days of the early seventies, notwithstanding all our efforts at civil-service reform—not advanced an inch, I mean, so far as the impulse is predicated.

Under pressure of public opinion the civil service has been expanded and it retains many persons in office; but in

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe

The Duke—proper style with "Natural Shape" comfort features. Cool because Skeleton Lined.

WHEN you see a smart, polished shoe think of Florsheims—men wear them everywhere. Shapes and leathers to fulfill every requirement. Priced at $5—and up to $7.

The Florsheim dealer will show you the season's correct styles.

Free on Request
"THE SIGN of CORRECT STYLES"

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

"Bristol" Steel Fishing Rods

FLY CASTING, TROUT!

The time is here. Is your kit ready? The new "BRISTOL" Fly Rod No. 29 is most popular. Weighs about 5½ oz. [illegible] Price $6.50. Also many other styles

Send for New Catalogue, Free

[illegible] Only agate guides used in Bristol Rods

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
96 Horton Street Bristol, Conn.

Pacific Coast Branch:
THE PHIL B BEKEART CO
717 Market Street
San Francisco
Calif.

Agents Make Big Money Selling The NO-KEY PADLOCK

Biggest, quickest seller ever offered agents. Sells on sight. Nothing else like it. No keys to carry, no knobs to turn, no clicks to count. Simply press buttons and lock flies open. 40,000 different combinations. 100,000 in use. [illegible] Agents making 100 [illegible] Write for terms of free sample. Get [illegible] money now. A postal will do.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., Factory No. 9, Cincinnati, O.

HOT NOSE HOT ALL OVER

American Self-heating Flat Iron

Sold on a positive guarantee

Never sticks on any kind of starching. Ordinary four hours ironing can be done in two, and done better, with less labor and expense and many times the satisfaction as compared with any other method. Send for circulars. If your dealer does not sell this guaranteed iron, write us direct.

American Gas Machine Co., 615 Clarke St., Albert Lea, Minn.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

B&B
Absorbent Cotton
In a Patent Package

Forbidden

Reason forbids the use of Absorbent which is not aseptic.

All Cotton is aseptic when it leaves the laboratory. But B & B goes further. *It is kept aseptic.*

We seal it in an air-tight package. In a patent package, which lets you use the Cotton without taking out the roll.

This keeps the Cotton *clean, untouched.* Keeps it wrapped as it came from our laboratory. No other package does that.

Nothing is more important. But you get in addition a perfect Cotton. Our experts have worked 25 years on this specialty.

Remember B & B. There is no other Cotton so ideal, no other so protected. You can feel that B & B is safe.

10c up—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Home Uses for Absorbent

For dressing wounds. Absorbing discharges. Covering salves and poultices. Applying antiseptics. Bathing eyes. Absorbing perspiration. Applying face powder. Filtering baby's milk. Corking milk bottles. Straining liquids, etc.

their hearts the members of the dominant party always loathe the civil service, and there never has been a minute in the past thirty years when every civil-service law would not have been repealed if the men with the repealing power had dared.

I have tried for many years to discover what there is in public office that makes it so attractive to Americans. The only solution I have arrived at is that a public office gives—or is supposed by the holder to give—a little added importance to the holder; to make him somewhat superior to his fellow citizens; to pin a badge on him that shows his standing in the community. That must be all there is to it, for most public offices do not pay large salaries, and most public officeholders lose rather than gain financially by holding office.

That's it, Jim—recognition. They want to be given the stamp of approval. They hunger to have a medal pinned on them. They cry for a little brief authority, so they may strut about in their own communities, proud in the distinction conferred on them. They resort to any subterfuge, suffer any deprivation, take any sort of office—and are happy.

There is a government elevator in this town, Jim, that is run by a man who was once a candidate for United States Senator in his own state. There is a minor legal position that is filled by a man who was once almost daily in the dispatches concerning the proceedings of the House of Representatives. There are clerkships and assistant secretaryships, and other similar offices by the dozen, held by men who once were prominent politically.

And the way the incumbents hold on! You'd think, to hear those Republicans who are in office talk about it, that the crowning political crime of the ages would be committed if they should be removed to make way for Democrats. Men who in Republican days shoved Democrats out incontinently weep over the cruelty of a Democratic Administration that has the uncharitableness to say to them: "We need your places for men of our own political faith. You have been in office for sixteen years. We want your jobs."

The Outraged Patriots

They get indignant over the outrage. They seem to consider themselves some sort of superior political beneficiaries, who must not be disturbed lest the Republic shall perish! And when they were in office under Republican Administrations their sole political thought was to keep themselves and their friends in place, and to shove any Democrat who might be hanging on precipitately into private life.

It is a toss-up between these sniveling hypocrites who want to be retained and these foolish patriots who want to obtain. One lot of them makes your gorge rise, and so does the other.

The more you look into the psychology of office hunting and office holding, the farther into the gulch you get. The only rational explanation of it, it seems to me, is the explanation of the passion for recognition, for trifling distinction over one's fellows, which in the American mind comes from holding office. Why should a man give up a good practice at the law to come here and take office as an assistant to some Cabinet officer, for example? The pay is small; the social position is *nil;* the work is laborious; the future is not bright. Or why should a man move heaven and earth to get to be an assistant secretary in one of the executive departments or to be a bureau chief? I don't know. It's beyond me!

Patronage may not be a great rock on which the Administration will strike—though patronage has been such a rock in the past—but it is and will continue to be a series of troublesome reefs on which Captain Wilson's Ship of State will bump, and which will jolt the captain and the crew to a considerable and a continuous extent.

And you think a senator has a nice, easy, gentleman's job, do you, Jim? Maybe so—maybe so; but you can't make any Democratic senator believe it.

For instance, a woman who has a grievance has been here for one hundred and eighty days. In that time she has called on a defenseless senator, who comes from her state and knows her people, two hundred and fifty times by actual count, and has told him her monotonous tale of woe each time—and he can do nothing! And she is but one case out of a hundred.

Yours on the outside, genially looking in,

BILL.

Make the Lake or River Your Playground

Join the happy throng of canoeists and enjoy the cool shady nooks, the charming views and bracing air of lake and stream. To own your own canoe, to trim it with flags and cushions, to use it whenever you want for an idle hour or two, for picnic, fishing, camping and vacation trips, is genuine "joy o' living." Canoeing is uncommon pleasure—especially in

"Old Town Canoes"

They respond to the lightest touch of the paddle, yet are so sturdy and so truly proportioned that children handle them with perfect safety. They are the modern, improved adaptation of the red man's birch canoe—swift, graceful and durable. They are the choice of experienced guides and woodsmen.

We have 3000 canoes in stock, assuring immediate shipment. Write for our catalog and name of dealer in your town who will show you an "Old Town Canoe."

OLD TOWN CANOE COMPANY
355 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

See this name-plate

"Old Town Canoes"

Snap Your Fingers at Trolley Blockades

You can get home in half the time the trolley takes. More time with the family and always at work on time! The fares saved pay for the bicycle in six months. Every ride is a joy-ride. Great for health.

The Iver Johnson is a wonderful mechanism. Bearings are perfect in design and workmanship. Truss frame of seamless tubing has maximum strength. 5 coats of hand-rubbed enamel. Prices $30 to $55.

IVER JOHNSON
Truss Bridge BICYCLE

Send for 82-page book telling about Bicycles, Motorcycles, Revolvers and Iver Johnson Champion Shot Guns.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
290 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers Street, New York
717 Market Street, San Francisco

Chairs and Tricycles
For Invalids and Cripples.
We also rent wheel chairs.
WORTHINGTON CO.
702 Cedar St., Elyr'a, O.

Do Your Printing!

Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18, Rotary $60. Save money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, outfits, samples. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

East and West
From Maine to California
thousands of people are enjoying Stillwell 1 and 2 story homes.

STILLWELL BUNGALOWS have the charm of the Golden West and all the comforts which simple living need.

STILLWELL PLANS provide labor-saving built-in conveniences; direct economies in space and cost; help practical builders to please particular owners; pay for themselves in what they save.
Our Books give photos—plans—costs—full descriptions.
"REPRESENTATIVE CALIFORNIA HOMES" 50 ideal homes, $1600 to $6000—Price 50c
"WEST COAST BUNGALOWS" 54 inexpensive homes, $600 to $2000—Price 50c
"LITTLE BUNGALOWS" 20 perfect little homes, $300 to $1400—Price 25c (Postpaid)
ALL 3 BOOKS FOR $1
We sell Books and Blue Prints on a Money-back Guarantee
E. W. STILLWELL & CO., Architects
4106 Henne Bldg., Los Angeles

WHITE TAR BAGS
TAR AND CEDAR PAPER
DUSTPROOF MOTHPROOF

White Tar Bags are ideal for the storage of fur and woolen clothing of every description.
Sizes to fit any garment without fold or wrinkle. May be hung anywhere by the strong steel hook on every bag. Our new patent air-tight closing device makes the White Tar Bag positively proof against insects, dust or dampness. Garments thus stored are ready for instant use without airing or pressing.
White Tar Paper best for lining trunks or boxes and for wrapping all kinds of goods or garments—12 sheets to the roll, each 40 x 46 inches. Cedar, 60c the roll. Pine Tar, 50c the roll.
White Tar Bags and Paper are sold by dealers generally. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will, charges prepaid, on receipt of price.

Size	Tar	Cedar	Odorless
24 x 37	$0.50	$ .65	$ .60
30 x 50	.60	.75	.70
30 x 60	.75	1.00	.85
30 x 70	.90	1.25	1.00

WHITE TAR COMPANY, 103 John St., New York

IF YOU HAVE A BOY and are interested in his future, let us send you, without charge, a copy of a mighty interesting booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" *Sales Division, Box 274,* THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA.

MEPHISTO
INDELIBLE COPYING PENCILS

All an indelible copying pencil should be—and more. One Mephisto outlasts three ordinary copying pencils. Two grades of lead—medium and hard. Take your choice—at any stationer's.

L. & C. Hardtmuth, 34 East 23rd Street, New York

When in Need of a Wrench Look for This
Billings & Spencer
Wrench Display Board
at Your Hardware Dealers

Enables you to quickly and easily select the exact size and style of wrench you need.

Look for it at your hardware dealer's.

To be sure of absolute satisfaction—no matter what kind of tool you need—specify the B trademarked brand

Behind it stands a manufacturing experience of a half century.

Insist on your dealer showing you the B trademark tools

The Billings & Spencer Co.
Hartford, Conn.

Again—the famous Warner

AGAIN the Warner is practically the only speedometer to be found at one of America's greatest social events. So it was at the New York Grand Opera Season, the New York Horse Show, the Importers' Automobile Show, the New York Automobile Show, the Chicago Automobile Show, at all of New York's most fashionable weddings and receptions, at all of the exclusive country clubs and city clubs. No matter where you go, if you are among high-grade automobiles and people of wealth, refinement and prominence, you rarely find any other than the Warner Auto-Meter in use—the costliest speedometer made.

At the Chicago Auditorium, on the opening night of the Grand Opera, a record was taken of every car, its speedometer and owner's name. The result was as follows:

Out of 129 cars equipped with speedometers, 113 carried the magnetic type speedometer.

Leaving only 16 cars equipped with other types. Just think of it!

In other words, 87.6% of all the cars equipped with speedometers carried the magnetic instrument.

Following is a partial list of the high-grade cars that were equipped with the speedometer of world-wide fame—the magnetic instrument. We mention only those makes represented by two or more cars:

25 Pierce-Arrow cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
14 Packard cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
7 Locomobile cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
7 Cadillac cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
6 Stearns cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
5 Peerless cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
4 Garford cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
4 Chalmers cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
3 Lozier cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
3 Stevens-Duryea cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
3 Simplex cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
2 Franklin cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
2 White cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
2 Renault cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
2 Fiat cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
2 Stoddard-Dayton cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
2 Alco cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
2 National cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
2 Haynes cars carried the magnetic speedometer.
2 Hudson cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

Here is a partial list of the prominent Grand Opera box holders who have Warner equipped cars:

Mr. J. Ogden Armour
Mrs. P. D. Armour
Mr. Wm. G. Beale
Mr. Henry A. Blair
Mr. William J. Bryson
Mr. H. M. Byllesby
Mr. Cleofonte Campanini
Mr. Charles H. Conover
Mr. R. T. Crane
Mr. E. A. Cudahy
Mr. Stanley Field
Mr. Egbert H. Gold
Mr. William O. Goodman
Mr. Samuel Insull
Mr. Ferdinand Jelke
Mr. John Lambert
Mr. R. P. Lamont
Mr. Victor F. Lawson
Mr. Frank C. Letts
Mr. Frank G. Logan
Mr. W. H. Lyford
Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick
Mr. Harold F. McCormick
Mr. R. Hall McCormick
Mrs. Edward Morris
Mr. Ira N. Morris
Mr. Charles A. Munroe
Mr. Honore Palmer
Mrs. Potter Palmer
Mr. Potter Palmer, Jr.
Mr. Max Pam
Mr. George F. Porter
Mrs. George M. Pullman
Mr. Alexander H. Revell
Mr. George M. Reynolds
Mr. R. H. Ripley
Mr. Theodore W. Robinson
Mr. Maurice L. Rothchild
Mr. Edward P. Russell
Mr. Edward L. Ryerson
Mr. J. A. Spoor
Mr. A. A. Sprague
Mr. Redmond Stephens
Mr. Edward F. Swift
Mr. G. F. Swift
Mr. George A. Thorne
Mrs. Elisha P. Whitehead
Mr. William Wrigley, Jr.
Mrs. Otto Young

All of which bears out our oft repeated statement that people of wealth, taste and judgment—people who are accustomed to the very best of everything—will take no other than the Warner Auto-Meter—*the world's finest speed and mileage indicator.*

Wise automobile manufacturers know this and willingly equip their cars with Warner Auto-Meters. And these same manufacturers have been equipping with Warners for years—in fact, since the introduction of the magnetic instrument. They will use no other.

They have been offered other speedometers by the score and at much lower prices. But car manufacturers realize the big advantage of equipping their cars with Warner Auto-Meters. They know that the dealers seek to sell cars equipped with the up-to-the-minute speedometer, because the car buying public look with avowed approval on any car equipped with the magnetic speedometer.

The Warner Auto-Meter costs more than any other speedometer. Car manufacturers willingly pay a much higher price for it. They further know that a speedometer built on the magnetic principle is reliable, accurate and safe for all time.

It will pay you to have a Warner on your car. If you are getting a new car look at the speedometer it carries. Make sure it is a Warner. You will have no difficulty in getting one. Makers of high grade cars use nothing else. If you are buying a high grade car insist on the Warner.

All dealers will gladly supply a Warner Auto-Meter with any car you buy if you ask for it.

Here are the high-grade cars that are Warner equipped:

Ahrens-Fox
American
Anger
Austin
Bailey
Benton
Benz
Brintwell
Buick
Cadillac
Cartercar
Case
Century Electric
Chadwick
Chalmers
Colby
Cole
Crawford
Crescent
Crow
Cunningham
Davis
Detroit Electric
Easton
Federal
Fiat
Gabriel
Great Eagle
Grinnell
Havers
Haynes
Jackson
Jeffery
Keeton
King Truck
Kissell
Lyons-Knight
Locomobile
McFarlan
McLaughlin

Model 50-A
Price $50

Here are the high-grade cars that are Warner equipped:

Marmon
Maxwell
Metropol
Moline
Multiplex
National
Norwalk
Oakland
Ogren
Ohio Electric
Olds
Packard 4-48
Peerless
Pierce-Arrow
Pilot
Premier
Republic
Russell
S. & M.
S. G. V.
Seagrave
Seitz
Simplex
Spaulding
Speedwell
Stafford
Standard
Staver
Stevens-Duryea
Stutz
Tate
Touraine
Traveler
Universal
Velie
Westcott
White
Willys-Knight
Winton
Zimmerman

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Factories: Chicago and Beloit, Wis.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 1935 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago

Seventeen Branches. Service Stations in all cities and large towns.

Auto-Meter Dominates

Gen. M. Reynolds
He uses only the Warner Auto-Meter

Mrs. Potter Palmer
She uses only the Warner Auto-Meter

J. Ogden Armour
He uses only the Warner Auto-Meter

Mrs. Carnegie and Stanley Field
They use only the Warner Auto-Meter

Harold McCormick
He uses only the Warner Auto-Meter

Mrs. Geo. M. Pullman
She uses only the Warner Auto-Meter

Here are just a few of the prominent Chicago Grand Opera Box holders who use only the Warner Auto-Meter. See opposite page for long list of others.

FAIRY

For every member of the family

Fairy Soap completely satisfies every requirement of the toilet and bath. Made of choice vegetable oils and high grade materials—pure, sweet and agreeable to the tenderest skin and complexion.

5¢ **FAIRY SOAP** 5¢

¶ The Soap for particular people. ¶ The oval cake fits the hand naturally. ¶ It always floats within easy reach. ¶ It wears down to the thinness of a wafer. ¶ It cleanses to the last atom. ¶ Best for washing dainty fabrics and delicate laces; it adds to their life.

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

MAKERS

FAIRY